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# BUILDERS IN NEW FIELDS

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COLONEL ROBERT PATTERSON, PIONEER  
1753-1827

# BUILDERS IN NEW FIELDS

*By*

CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER

PART ONE

ROBERT PATTERSON, 1753-1827

PART TWO

JOHN HENRY PATTERSON, 1844-1922





*With Portraits*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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*To*

ROBERT PATTERSON, THIRD

Whose love of family and country and whose zeal for the unearthing and preservation of source material has made this book possible.

C. R. C.

Dayton,  
October 1938.

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## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

### *Builders in New Fields* (*A Study in Heredity*)

In the opinion of the writer, the lives of the two men herein described are worth recording. They were neither in any sense large national figures; neither eminent nor distinguished in the accepted meaning of the terms; neither will be the subject of striking description among the leading political, national, administrative or literary figures in the future histories of the United States. They belonged to the general run of American citizenship but they both possessed one qualification in common, that of conscientious, intelligent, responsible public duty. That they both belonged in the same family strain will not be overlooked by the biologists. The keen minds of both grandfather and grandson showed what was wrong in their community; their keen consciences showed them what they could do about it. One worked in the field of primitive pioneer days, the other in the world of modern industrialism; both were reformers, both were pioneers; both were builders.

The investigation of their several activities and the recording of them has been a sincere pleasure.

C. R. C.,

Dayton, O.



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**PART ONE**

**ROBERT PATTERSON**

**1753—1827**

*The Pioneer*

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# ROBERT PATTERSON, PIONEER

## CHAPTER ONE

### *The Call of the West*

"One of the earliest, bravest and best of the pioneers and heroes who made the great west."—  
CHARLES ANDERSON (Governor of Ohio, 1865).

Seen from a Pullman car window the forest-enshrouded summits of the Allegheny Mountains seem to march past each other in solemn procession to the distant horizon. So did they in 1770, glowing with green under the summer sun but dark and forbidding in their depths. A hundred and sixty years ago the sylvan fastnesses of the valleys showed no crowded cities nor traffic-congested roads,—nothing but woods,—interminable, impenetrable, impassable woods. Forest giants ten feet or more in diameter, surrounded by thickets of saplings and clutching each other's branches forty feet from the ground made a dim and mossy twilight below. Age-old vines interlacing the spaces between, disputed the settler's axe and the march of empire westward. Yard by yard and foot by foot our backwoodsmen imperialists had hacked their way through to extend the domain of the United States. Small oases of cleared land here and there, at distant intervals, where cabin chimneys smoked proved that human effort had won a foot-hold.

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Linking these tiny homesteads with the eastern seaboard was a twelve-foot pathway, called sometimes "Washington's Road" because Washington had surveyed it, sometimes "Braddock's Road" because his army had trodden it to the semblance of a thorofare.

Through this mere aisle of over-hanging greenery passed, at different times, soldiers on their way to Fort Pitt to protect three hundred miles of defenseless frontier; surveying parties intent on staking out land either for themselves or for the government, and always and interminably a procession of emigrant families with horse and cow, axe and gun, feather-beds, iron-pots and babies, threading their deliberate way toward the setting sun and a home of their own.

In October 1770 one of these surveying parties was encamped on the banks of the Conococheague in Bedford County, Pennsylvania. It was night and around that brushwood fire sat men who knew the wilderness, who had tramped with axe and sextant through the forest pathways, living from gun to mouth, so to speak, on the game which the woods afforded and fixing boundaries that still hold in the courts of Pennsylvania. From the outside shadows of the wood a sixteen-year-old boy wandered into the fire-light and sat down to listen to the talk. He was a tow-headed boy with blue eyes. Not from the Londonderry-Donegal Bay days had the Pattersons ever produced a dark-haired son. This was Robert, the son of Francis, the son of Robert. He knew these men and their work; he admired their leader, a straight young soldier and surveyor whom the rest called Washington.

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All of the party had been at one time or another at his father's house in the valley. He had heard their tales of the great West, of a mighty river called the "Oyo," of more rivers flowing into it and of a land still farther south and west about which he came now to know more.

Amid the forest whisperings young Robert listened and glowed and yearned. His was the age to take fire for adventure. The talk that night was of that wonderful land, Kentucke. All the testimony of earlier travelers was repeated here. The land of golden promise, the land of rich fertility, of vast fields of wild cane, of herds of buffalo and browsing elk in the rich river bottoms. A new empire! And all to be had for the living upon it!

A part of their present errand, so the boy learned, was to survey lands already pre-empted by Washington, that he had title already to no less than forty miles of territory along the Big Kanawha and fifteen along the Ohio. What could not be learned and experienced in such a trip? A wild idea leaped into the boy's brain and found instant utterance. Springing to his feet and into the inner circle of campers Robert exclaimed: "Oh let me go with you, Mr. Washington! Let me go with you." He was only sixteen, he explained, but really a man. He could plough as straight a furrow and as long a day as his father. He could hew down unaided a giant sycamore. He could even fell it from the top if it proved too tightly held by other trees to fall when severed at the root. He had sowed, reaped, cut puncheon logs for floors, helped his father build a mill and kept the family in fresh meat by means of his rifle.

One wonders how Washington could resist so im-

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passioned a plea. But he did. The party, he told Robert, was already made up. Perhaps, too, the market was glutted with muscular boys who could shoot and chop and who wanted to go west.

Therefore not at that time did Robert find his heart's desire. But the idea never left him. Kaintuckee, Cantucky, Caintucke,—spell it as you please, it was the same reputed paradise and the El Dorado of his dreams. Patiently, therefore, he put in his time for the next few years, training in the border militia, studying surveying whenever he could find a willing teacher and walking miles to watch a corps at work,—thinking, dreaming, waiting, but also working and learning, and never relinquishing his dream of a home beyond the Ohio.

Along the military road which passed his father's door went troops on foot and horse, pack-trains and artillery on their way to Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh). For the Indians were again on the rampage, making trouble for the whites, to even up the score of the trouble the whites were making for them. Odd and unusual soldiers were there. No spick and span uniforms, no standardized arms, no formation. Just a lot of rough backwoodsmen, with any kind of a weapon from a hatchet to a flint-lock musket, with home-woven shirts and deer-skin leggings and caps made out of a muskrat-skin with the tail behind. In single or double file, they sauntered and slouched through the forest an easy mark for lurking savages. Lord Dunmore who commanded the forces at Fort Pitt was much disturbed because he could not "deploy" without running into trees.

The center of the enemy's activity was the Scioto Val-

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ley, then the Pickaway Plains, now south central Ohio. There a number of flourishing Indian villages and well-tilled fields have proof that the owners if let alone, might perhaps have preferred hoeing to fighting. They certainly knew how to raise corn and their dwellings at some points gave evidence of intended permanency. That they could not endure placidly the ever-increasing tide of white men, occupying their lands, thinning out the game, and threatening their very existence is not to be wondered at. Three thousand troops were mobilized at the mouth of the Hockhocking river waiting for reinforcements. Then the Indians were to be wiped out, once for all.

Dunmore at Fort Pitt was drilling the "Lancaster Rangers" and here we find Robert in camp in June 1774 under orders, like all the rest, to join the regular forces by October first. During the forced march down the banks of the Ohio or across the lands north of it, Robert, it does not appear how, lost his horse. To lag behind was to court sudden death—the obvious thing was to keep up with the mounted men. Whatever had to be done the Pattersons always did, and in his case with no comment. "I kept up with the advance" is all he says about it.

After a two-hundred mile march the rangers joined the regulars and advanced to the foe. The campaign was a short one. It resulted in the complete, if not final, conquest of the five Indian tribes occupying that region, the Shawanese, the Delawares, the Wyandots, Mingoes and Iroquois who all promised (with their

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fingers crossed), to relinquish the Kentucke hunting lands forever to the white men.

Sparse as are the accounts of this part of his life we may read between the lines of his memorial to Congress (made many years later when praying for a pension), that this bushwhacking was much to Robert's taste. "In the days that followed the battle," said he, "scouting all over the Pickaway Plains, we enjoyed fruit from the Indians' orchards and vines, all the beans, corn and fresh meat we could eat. We rested inside the fort at night and made forced trades with the warriors for better horses and blankets, taking what suited our fancy. We had a rollicking time for two weeks or more."

This battle is what Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West" calls "The opening act of the drama which closed at Yorktown." It was also the opening act of a series of dramas earlier than Yorktown, in many of which Robert Patterson took a part but which he failed entirely to describe as "a rollicking time."

During this expedition four young men were his companions with whom he was to have varied associations in the years to come. They were Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, James Harrod and Benjamin Logan. The first has filled the histories with tales of the border, beloved of the boy reader, the second suffered fearful things at the hands of the Indians, the third built a fort which has been since known as Harrodsburg and the fourth commanded Indian campaigns into the Ohio lands. All four knew more or less of Kentucke and longed to see it. So did Robert Patterson. When George Rogers Clark, already at that time a valiant soldier, proposed

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an expedition the next spring into the region south of the Ohio he found five loyal supporters at hand.

The spring of 1775 found Robert once more at home definitely preparing for the six-hundred mile journey. A contract was duly agreed upon. Francis Patterson was to equip his son with horse and arms for hunting or fighting and in turn Robert was to secure a thousand acres of land for both in Kentucke. A new suit of clothes, in which to make his fortunes! Home-made as a matter of course, with skin cap and leggings; a musket, shot-pouch, hunting-knife and powder-horn (all still held precious among family treasures after a hundred and sixty years) and,—Courage! Oh, unlimited quantities of that, and promises to make a home for them all in wonderful Kentucke.

We do not know but we may be sure that Robert kissed his young brothers and sisters tenderly,—and his stepmother, who never knew the difference between her own brood and her proud big step-son, and that the hand-clasp with his father was a strong one, the promises on both sides faithfully to be kept. Five or six of the neighboring boys all busy and enthusiastic were to make the journey to Fort Pitt and meet the down-going party. Besides Robert's personal outfit there was a paternal barrel of flour to take care of and fourteen head of cattle to drive to the Ohio.

Once at their destination the fort was found to be a beehive of activity, with many other parties preparing to go "down river." In every case the procedure was the same, repeated hundreds of times that summer and the next and repeated by word of mouth thousands of times

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in future years to the descendants of the pioneers. First the building of a "broadhorn," a rude flat-boat, every plank for which had to be cut from the forest and hewed with a broad-axe; then the provisioning of it for the journey which was to take them far from the sources of supply. Patterson did the marketing, so to speak, for his party, going into the forest back of the fort, gun on shoulder and emerging with the carcass of a deer or bear. The meats were consumed on the spot or smoked for use on the journey while the pelts were exchanged for dry provisions at the sutler's. No flour would they see again except what they took with them; seed corn was a necessity for future crops while beans and lentils could be eaten or planted. The staple commodity seems to have been that succulent delicacy known as "jerked beef."

The front of the boat held the cattle, the men navigating with poles or oars, the back was roofed over as shelter for the women and children. Precious pieces of furniture, treasures from far eastern homes, were stored in the stern. All the mahogany bureaus and grandfather clocks in Kentucky and Ohio made that journey on the river—pioneers like their owners.

There must have been a shifting of personnel and a division of passengers into other boats for the names of Patterson's river party as they have come down to us were, Patterson, John McClelland and family, three McConnells (father and two sons), David Perry and Stephen Laury. Boone and Kenton had preceded them some weeks before. Every man had a rifle, a



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hatchet and a knife; never was he one minute without all three.

Only the unreflecting mind will see nothing in this journey but a placid summer outing. True, the treaty with the Indians gave for the time being a certain sense of security. True, it was a lovely stream upon whose current they were drifting. "Oyo" means beautiful river. Its descendant, with its tree-denuded hills, mud-banks and strings of dirty coal barges from the mines at Pittsburgh, has fallen upon evil days. Its distances, however, are still impressive and its vistas full of charm. A river framed in foliage, then gorgeous with October coloring! Trees! Trees! Trees! Standing trees reflected in the water, fallen trees choking the course of contributory creeks and bayous, huge water-soaked logs floating lazily with the current and piles of driftwood lining the banks.

What those apparently harmless thickets held of danger was not to be disregarded. It was once stated by an Indian chief that never a boat-load of whites came down the Ohio river that was not watched from the beginning of the journey to the end. The wonder is that any one party was allowed to reach its destination unmolested.

This party happily did. Two weeks from Fort Pitt a landing was made at the mouth of Salt Creek. Here the party separated. Just why is not plain, unless it was the overweening zeal of the young men to dash into the new territory. What instinct of woodcraft told them they were making a short cut across the peninsula made by the bend in the Ohio? ( Cincinnati, Covington). Anyway the McClelland boat floated farther down the river

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while the boys went ashore and, carrying as much of their belongings as possible, made their way up the channel of the creek. Lacking a buffalo trail where the beasts came down to water it was the only way to reach the back country. The same impassable jungle left behind in the east met them in their new home. Fallen trees, tough tangled vines of wild grape, luxuriant ferns with stems as thick as an arm and swampy holes made progress laborious. A benison to the eye when they came to them were the open savannahs, or, as they were sometimes called, "the Barrens," where forest fires, set probably by the Indians, had cleared off the land.

Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton were the only two white men in Kentucke at that time. In search of these needles in a haystack our explorers followed directions given them the summer before. Up the bed of Salt Creek to its source, across the savannahs to Blue Licks on the banks of which were encamped the two hunters, overjoyed to see their friends and be the first to do the honors of Kentucke.

The McClellands had entered the Licking river where it joins the Ohio and were coming up stream. Somewhere among its contributories or those of the Elkhorn, Patterson hoped to come across them. How they ever found each other in those forest fastnesses can hardly be explained except by the wisdom of the woods, learned very early by the pioneers. Eventually the original party was reunited and augmented by others who joined later.

That summer of 1775 saw a wonderful egress of immigration from the eastern seaboard, settlers driven by that inexplicable passion for exchanging comfort for

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hardship, cleared land for unbroken forest and well built dwellings for rough cabins. Except for such illogical preferences the west would never have been conquered.

Water being the primal necessity for either temporary or permanent living, we are not surprised that at the edge of a noisy bubbling spring the party halted. It might have been a small subterranean river issuing full size from under shelving rocks and tearing noisily down the hillside. In Robert Patterson's mind was a picture of Falling Springs, near his home in Bedford County,—just another such an up-gushing effervescence of sparkling ice-cold water. No difference of opinion existed and on this favored spot, which they named Royal Spring, the party halted, unpacked, and proceeded to put up a shelter, a strictly co-operative proceeding, that of a "cabin raising" in the old days. The men divided operations, part felling trees, the others notching the ends and fitting them in place. The result was the rudest and at the same time, so we are told, the warmest dwelling in the world.

What heart-comfort it must have been to the months-long homeless party (for some had come from much farther east than Robert) to see walls taking shape and a roof over them, a cat and clay chimney with smoke rising out of it,—signs indubitably of "home!" The cleared space left by the fallen trees by the next summer would mean a garden and fresh vegetables. We of the later civilization can scarcely comprehend the limited diet of the pioneers and the everlasting dependence upon game for food.

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Although the McClelland cabin ostensibly belonged to its owner it was really a community affair as the first shelters always had to be on the frontier. All the party had had a hand in its construction and would feel at liberty to come back to it from hunting or exploring trips and make themselves at home for the night rolled in a blanket before the fire.

Having fulfilled his obligations towards his companions Robert bethought himself of his own plans and the promise made to his father. It was, by this time, November; late in the season for starting things but still beautiful weather. Indian Summer starts the human sap to flowing in much the same way as April does. Robert was keen to be off and having said farewell to his friends with one companion named Sterrett he pushed on toward the south in search of, never mind what, so it was new. A daughter, Catherine Patterson Brown, telling in 1855 the story of this expedition as she heard it from her father said:

"At the end of a long day's land-seeking ride from the Camp at Royal Spring father was rewarded with the first view of his future home. A grove of stately trees, billows of ripened cane stretching over gently rolling hills, a herd of buffalo grazing in the tall grass and a splendid spring determined his place of bivouac."

Robert had no prompt intention of making that land his own but it was charming to the eye, it seemed to invite ownership, so why look farther? Right on his future doorstep, so to speak, he shot a turkey for his supper after which, rolled in their blankets the boys went to sleep with full stomachs and contented hearts.

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The next morning before sun-up Robert was at work with his hatchet getting his first property rights. The law of the frontier was that when a settler had "blazed" a number of trees enclosing a tract of land and cut his initials on the bark he had "hatchet rights," a claim duly recognized in the early courts. That held until he had built some kind of a shelter, if only on three sides. This constituted "cabin rights." But when the ground was cleared and a crop of corn raised he had really attained ownership for he possessed "crop rights" and could not thereafter be dispossessed.

As late as 1905 an aged man in Lexington remembered seeing when a boy large oaks bearing the mark "*R.P. Nov. 9th, 1775*," others marked F.P., all enclosing upwards of two thousand acres of land. The young proprietor did not know at that time that this area was to be not only his future home but the site of the city of Lexington,—himself first owner and founder. Was he "happy," this young Scotch-Irishman with his fair hair and blue eyes, his moccasins and his ambitions? He had put monotony behind him and left the home roof-tree. Was Kentucke what he hoped it would be?

The biographical daughter tells us: "I remember with what happiness Father always told us of that first night in his promised home and the days following, blazing trees and cutting his name on the bark, every tree and every inscription making his home more sure."

Yes, here was Kentucke and a part of it was already his own. The woods sang with birds, the grass was green and lush, the soil black with the promise of crops and Robert, we may be sure, was happy.

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Having accomplished thus early the errand which brought him west Robert made his way back through the forest to the McClellands at Royal Spring. December shut down and with it all chance for cultivation of the ground. But there was no lack of work to do. As weather permitted he helped McClelland to convert their bare cabin into a safe refuge, "the only garrison," they were proud to call it "north of the Kentucky river and forty miles in advance of any other." A stockade of stout logs was to be built around the cabin, small sheltered elevations at the corners giving a commanding position from which to fire upon an attacking foe.

For threats, and more than threats, of outrages brought by wandering woodsmen permeated through the wilderness. The treaty signed the summer before at Pickaway Plains was proving to be worth just the birch-bark it was written on—no more. One story after another came to their ears of cabins burned, women carried off into unspeakable captivity, men murdered and scalped. McClelland did not escape and at an attack led by the Mingo warrior "Pluggy" Patterson received a slight wound in his arm, a wound which troubled him until he was an old man.

Settlers were still coming down the river, running into these perilous conditions. Clearly stockades were not enough, organized defense was needed. Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton were consulted. Harrod who was living in a protected cabin at Blue Licks came and agreed. So these scattered neighbors organized the first Kentucky militia company the officers of which were afterwards commissioned by the State of Virginia.

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As the spring of 1776 opened, Robert began making trips to his pre-emption on Cane Run, determined to raise a crop of corn or know the reason why. Catherine Brown wrote:

"Men were on guard every night at McClellands' as at the other settlements and as danger increased with the milder weather a militia company was formed including all the men of the Elkhorn country and divided into small parties to hunt and scout in turn. Father was on duty most of the time scouting in all kinds of weather from Boone's and Harrod's to the Licking, taking time between trips to work on his own land. He supplied a considerable part of the venison used at McClellands' that winter."

Patterson's own journal records:—"On scouting duty during the Spring and Summer I protected the corn from grazing buffalo and elk. I gathered my corn, cured seed for the next year's planting and on pack-horse carried it to Harrod's for safety. I cribbed the balance in my cabin where it was afterwards carried off by the savages."

A single entry has a sinister significance which only those familiar with pioneer life can understand. He wrote:

"I trapped bear and deer with bent saplings *to save bullets* and gave the alarm to settlements when necessary *without wasting a shot.*"

To a serious reader of pioneer life the very words cause a chill at the heart. For ammunition was getting low. The life-blood, so to speak, of the Kentucke enterprise, the safety of the precious wives and babies in the

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forts, the source upon which their daily bread of turkeys and deer depended! "Getting low."

And during the winter that Patterson spent at Royal Springs all the tribes in Ohio, Illinois and Kentucke were preparing for a united war upon the whites. Runners from the Indian towns along the Miami and Mad rivers in Ohio and from the Illinois prairies sped over frozen ground inciting the warriors to conflict. From all up and down the Ohio came stories of forts taken and parties attacked. With their light canoes or pirogues, the savages would dart out from the sheltering thickets along the bank, surprise and murder a whole boat-load and escape with scarcely any loss to themselves. Ten minutes sometimes was sufficient for the destruction of a whole family while their blood-stained boat, with its ghastly cargo, floated slowly down the current.

And if perchance the adventurers succeeded in reaching a landing place what did they find? The danger from which they had escaped only so much closer to them. The woods were the natural homes of the Indians, their dark skins invisible in the shadows of the forest. They never appeared in the open but attacked from the shelter of a tree. Every feature of the landscape was an advantage to the Indian and a disadvantage to the whites. An Indian could signal to his companions right across the track of a white man who thought the call only the cry of an owl or the chirrup of a squirrel. A tangled, whispering, sinister, shaded, wilderness peopled with four footed beasts and still more terrible two footed enemies. (This was the other side of that Kentucke that Robert Patterson loved.) And into this sin-



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ister wilderness with the passing of every month were coming unsuspecting men with their wives and children, lulled by the assurance brought two hundred miles that Kentucke was safe for settlement because of Dunmore's treaty! They would bring powder and shot for their own domestic needs but not for military protection.

A consultation was held. What must be done? One thing only and certainly. If the scattered households were to live throughout the coming winter somebody must go after ammunition.

To Fort Pitt? Certainly to Fort Pitt. Where else this side of the Atlantic seaboard colonies?

It was a matter of three hundred miles as the crow flies. But who, either then or now, except crows, travel in a straight line? The Ohio river on the map today looks in places like the convolutions of a wounded snake. Another hundred miles at least would be consumed in following its tortuous windings. And their course would be up stream with the current against them. To leave the river and cut across overland would make their destruction easy and certain.

Therefore, up this avenue of hidden death to far away Fort Pitt some one must go. And who?

There was no question in their minds. The unmarried men, of course; fathers of families could not be spared. So it was settled.

The unmarried men, then all in the early twenties (Robert was twenty-one) were, besides himself, Joseph McNutt, David Perry, James Warnock, James Templeton, Edward Mitchel and Isaac Greer.

No time was to be lost and no part of it was wasted in

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excusing themselves from the duty. Patterson says they "procured" a canoe at Limestone, (Maysville). That means, probably, borrowed, for "what's yours is mine" was the rule on the frontier. And it must have been the kind of craft learned from the Indians, a large log burned into cinder on the top and scraped into a hollow, and propelled with one long paddle from the stern. At that distance from boat builders it could have been nothing else.

On the twelfth of October, just a year from their first journey over the same watery highway, they set out. To the seven boys it was a rather gay adventure. It was gorgeous autumn, they had plenty to eat and were furthermore morally sustained by pride at having been entrusted with the very most important errand of the year. They saw no Indians. To avoid possible danger they did not light a fire at night but cooked their suppers by daylight, going on again until it seemed safe to land and camp. All the way to Point Pleasant at the mouth of the Big Kanawha they experienced an uneventful journey. More than half the distance had been covered. Captain Arbuckle at the fort received the boys cordially and entrusted them with important dispatches to carry to the garrison at Wheeling. All of which added to the interest and importance of their undertaking.

Just because they had suffered no alarms and felt themselves quite equal to circumstances they began to grow careless. What Robert said about it will be told in another chapter.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *Up the River, and Afterwards*

“Late in the evening,” says Robert, “we landed opposite the island on the Ohio side of the river near the mouth of the Hockhocking (Athens County). Contrary to our usual practice and having eaten nothing that day we kindled a fire and cooked supper. We made the last of our flour into a loaf of bread and put it into our old brass kettle to bake in the ashes so that we might be ready to start again at daybreak. We kept the same clothes on at night that we wore in the day.—I had on a hunting shirt, britch clout and flannel leggings. I had my powder-horn and shot-pouch on my side and the butt of my gun under my head. Five of us lay on the east side of the fire and two on the west; we were lying on our left sides, myself in front, my right hand hold of my gun. This was our position and asleep, when we were fired upon by a company of Indians, who rushed upon us with tomahawks as if to finish the work of death.—I saw the flash of a gun and felt the ball pass through me but where I could not tell, nor was it at first painful. I sprang to seize my gun but my right shoulder gave way under me and I came to the ground. I made another effort and was half bent getting up, when an Indian sprang past the fire and struck me with his tomahawk. From the position I was in the blade went

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between two ribs just behind the backbone a little below the kidney and penetrated the cavity of the body.—I made away from the light of the fire and attempted to get out of sight. I was delayed for a moment by getting my right arm fast between a tree and a sapling (the twice wounded arm!). Having gotten away clear, into the darkness and finding I had lost the use of my right arm I made shift to keep it in place by drawing it through the straps of my shot-pouch. I could see the savages about the fire but the firing had ceased and I had reason to believe the others were all perished.—Finding myself faint and exhausted I got to an old log and was glad to sit down. I felt the blood running from my wound and heard it dropping on the dry leaves around me.—I heard the Indians board the canoe and paddle away. Then all was quiet. I felt myself in a most desperate condition. I determined to find out if any of my comrades were alive. I steered my course in the direction I supposed the fire to be and having reached it I found Templeton alive but wounded in nearly the same manner I was. James Wernock was also dangerously wounded, two balls having passed through his body. Joseph McNutt was dead and scalped; David Perry was wounded but not badly and Isaac Greer was missing. The miseries of the hour cannot well be described.

“When day broke we held a consultation and concluded that inasmuch as one gun and some ammunition was saved Perry would furnish us with meat and we would proceed up the river by slow marches to the nearest settlements, supposed to be about one hundred miles.

## UP THE RIVER, AND AFTERWARDS

“The small amount of provisions found scattered around was distributed among us and a piece of blanket saved from the fire was given to me to cover the wound on my back. The bone of my right arm was found to be broken; to dress this, splinters were taken from a tree that had been shivered by lightning, and bound on the outside of my hunting shirt with a string.

“And now, being in readiness to move, Perry took the gun and ammunition and we all got to our feet except Wernock who fell back on the ground and refused to try again, said he was done for and begged us to do the best we could for ourselves. Perry then offered to carry him and tried to get him up but failing again he begged us in the most solemn manner to leave him. At his request the old kettle was filled with water and placed where he could reach it which he said was the last thing he would ask of us.—Thus we left him. When we had gotten a little distance I looked back, and terrible as Wernock’s condition was I felt to envy him. We were so faint and weak that after proceeding a little distance, further progress was impossible. Another consultation being held, it was agreed that Templeton and myself should remain where we were while Perry should go to the nearest settlement for relief. Promising to be back in four days he first returned to the camp and found Wernock perfectly rational and sensible of his condition. Perry replenished the kettle with water and bidding his comrade farewell he made a final start for help.—Being very thirsty we set about getting water from a small stream near us but our only drinking vessel was an old wool hat, so broken that only by stuff-

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ing leaves in it would it hold water. Templeton returned at night to the camp to see if Wernock was still alive and arrived just in time to see him expire. Not choosing to leave him until he should be certain he was dead he stayed with him until darkness came on and so lost his way. We suffered much that night from want of fire and fear that he was killed but happily our fears were groundless for at sunrise he appeared at our camp bearing the old brass kettle.—That day we moved about two hundred yards farther up the river. Rain began to fall softly and continued all the next day. Templeton, exploring the vicinity, found a cliff under which we were sheltered from the weather. He also gathered paw-paws for us, our only food except a few wild grapes.—The third day after the attack my arm became very painful. The splinters and leaves and my shirt were cemented together with dried blood and stuck fast to my arm.—We heard the howling of wolves in the direction of the spot where we had been attacked and it left no doubt in our minds that they were devouring the bodies of our much-lamented friends McNutt and Wernock. Templeton kept a look-out from the bank of the river for a rescuing party and on Saturday, eight days after Perry's departure, they appeared, led by Captain John Walls, his officers and most of his company. Words can never describe our gratitude.—My eyes overflowed with tears and I fell to the ground. We were refreshed by provisions brought from the fort and our wounds dressed by an experienced man who came for that purpose. We were afterwards described by the Captain to

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be more like corpses beginning to putrefy than like living beings."

It might be well to pause right here and from the point of view of our antiseptically protected lives consider the details. Here was a boy of twenty-two with a wound in his back, later described as "one you could lay three fingers in" and no dressings better than a dirty blanket; a compound fractured arm with two bullet holes in it; no bed to lie upon softer than the bare ground, no food but pawpaws and very probably,—though he says nothing about it,—a fever. And this inferno lasted through eight endless days and nights. Can we wonder that with all the Patterson endurance Robert wept and fainted at the sight of help? That he lived through this ordeal, lived to experience nine other encounters with the savages, to receive two more wounds, to be the father of eleven children, to found two cities and die peaceably in his own bed at seventy-five, would seem to negative all possibilities and all theories.

Small wonder that Robert wanted nothing so much as to get home. Fort Pitt was some two hundred miles further on and Bedford County two hundred beyond that. Forced to wait a month in the hospital at Grove Creek where, under the care of the fort surgeon, he could at last sit a horse, we find him at last slipping thankfully into the nursing arms of his mother in the Francis Patterson home. All that winter he enjoyed the role of a hero. His family and friends and neighbors heard, told and re-told the story of his fight with the Indians. To all who came he described the vast Ken-

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tucke lands, the pre-emption for himself and his father, —all the enthusiasm imbibed from early travelers he could now pass on with abundant accessions.

His journal says, "Pleasant weather in the spring (1777) let me out of doors and exercise was very beneficial. When able, I made visits to cousins in Lancaster County, and the other way to family friends in Franklin, stopping a length of time with the William Lindsay family of Falling Springs. All of them took an interest in my accounts of frontier life and the story of our disaster on the Ohio River."

If this were a love story instead of a work story the fact would not have been withheld so long from the reader that back in Robert's heart and back in the Pennsylvania woods there was A GIRL! He found her here at the Lindsay home. Among all his hearers none so absorbed and sympathetic as Elizabeth Lindsay. "A beautiful, auburn-haired girl," wrote a descendant, "of sprightly, happy disposition, taller than father, like him erect in person and graceful in movement." Drama and real life repeat themselves. It was another instance of "She loved me for the dangers I had passed, and I loved her that she did pity them." In one of those long conversations and with the acute realization of all possibilities in his mind, Robert told her of his love. The acres marked with his name should be hers also; together they would make in the western forest a home for themselves and those who might come after; Kentucke was not always going to be a wilderness; Indians would not always threaten; they would be conquered and Robert would do his share. There would be some dry, culti-



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vated farms, nice homes, safe living and perhaps, in time, towns. Would she come with him and help?

The audacity of Love! The audacity of Youth! Elizabeth would.

And with this precious understanding, Robert set out once more for Kentucky. It was three years before they met again.

At every stopping place on his way down the Ohio that summer, Robert heard news of Indian outrages. White outrages too, were not wanting, witness the killing of Cornstalk, an Indian chief, and two younger braves on a friendly errand to the fort. Thus did unthinking jingoes of pioneer times make trouble for themselves. This triple murder, for it was no less, roused to frenzy the tribes throughout the territory. Great excitement existed everywhere. Stories of invasions, massacres, the murder of whole families, crops destroyed, live-stock driven off, met his ear at every settlement. This was what he was going back into with his scarcely healed wounds and his promise from Elizabeth!

The fate of his friends at McClelland's was his great concern. Were they alive and safe? In spite of his weakness he pushed on toward Royal Spring. One night spent with Boone and Kenton at their protected cabin at Blue Lick and another long day's ride brought into view the stockade he had helped to build. No smoke from the chimney, no voices from within! All emptiness and silence! He dared not call out for fear of lurking savages, so tethering his horse to a tree he passed the night in the woods. This time, however, his fears were not realized, for the next day, riding on to Harrod's station,

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he found the McConnells and McClellands safe and well. It was a joyful reunion, with much to tell on both sides.

The principal figure on the stage at that time was George Rogers Clark, that valiant and clever soldier to whom more than any one else the United States owes its final hold on the western territory. It will not be necessary to explain that the whole situation from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi at that time constituted the Revolutionary War. Historians make much of the battles fought with the British on the seacoast but are apt to ignore the scattered engagements with the Indians in the western woods. Not for nothing was it called "the dark and bloody ground." A triple enemy beset them. The British at Detroit and French in Illinois, not only incited the Indians to continued depredations but furnished them with ammunition. Never would America have been free if the struggle had rested alone with the regular army in its Eastern campaigns. Our budding nation, weak in men and means, consisted of a strip of narrow territory along the Atlantic Ocean and hemmed in at the back door by British, French and Indians.

All contemporary accounts agree as to the peculiarly terrifying character of border warfare. Civilized military tactics were useless in the woods. There at least a man had some kind of a chance. An attacking army was expected to fight according to accepted tactics. But with Indians no rules were obeyed. They were everywhere at once and then—nowhere. Appearing in the dead of night they fell upon the luckless settlers with screeches that in themselves were enough to make one drop with

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terror. They cut—slashed—clubbed—scalped—screeched some more and,—vanished. Once more the woods were quiet but with what appalling silence! Family after family, settlement after settlement was wiped out in this way. Was it not a war for independence, Bunker Hill, Brandywine, Concord? Or the thick woods of Ohio and Kentucky? Where bestow the credit? From the Alleghenies to the Mississippi the conflict raged. No wonder it has been called the great battle-ground of history.

To Harrod's at last came Clark, Patterson, the McConnells, Leonard Helm, Boone, Kenton, John Montgomery and James Masterson. Before this group of mere boys (Clarke himself was only twenty-six), all veterans of Dunmore's war but hardened by responsibility into men,—the young leader divulged his plans. The great territory of the Northwest (including what is now Ohio, Indiana and Illinois) could never possibly endure, he told them, under alien occupation and ownership. A part of America it was and all America it was going to be—please God and the Kentucky frontiersmen! Massachusetts must take care of its own problems, their own were right here. A string of forts under the command of the British lay, stretching south and west, from Detroit to Vincennes, Cahokia and Kaskaskia. To strike and capture anywhere in that line would be to break the strength of the enemy.

By not a word did Clark minimize the dangers. The forts were well-built and probably well defended. A thousand miles would separate them from supplies and reinforcements. Harrods, Logans and McClellands could, between them, furnish no more than a hundred and

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two fighting men. With this force as a nucleus Clark proposed to deal the blow. The funds needed would, he hoped, be found at the Virginia capital for which he was just starting. Could he count on their united and loyal help in the enterprise? It was a foregone conclusion. By the fire in that rude log fort they one and all pledged their support.

In the meantime there was a pre-emption on Cane Run, the pride of Robert's heart and his hope for a home. William Patterson, his elder brother, had come out from Bedford County to look out for things. Thence went Robert to help reinforce his cabin, to plant some precious turnip seed brought in his hunting shirt from home and to clear more ground for a truck garden. In the meantime plenty of the usual kind of excitement. William with a party was making salt at the Blue Licks when they were attacked and twenty-eight carried off as prisoners, including Daniel Boone. At a forced march they were conducted to Old Town on the Little Miami between Xenia and Yellow Springs.

As capture went, it was not so tragic, for the Indians took a fancy to Boone and treated him rather as a guest than an enemy. He joined in their sports, hunted, fished and swam with them and, if we except the incident of his being forced to drink a decoction made of the entrails of a deer, which they assured him was good for his health, he had no fault to find with his captors.

But Boone was discovering state secrets. He learned of widespread preparations for war and felt the distress of knowing the four hundred and fifty warriors, four times the strength of the Kentucky band, were armed

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and equipped for a descent upon the homes of the people he loved. Strange that the Indians did not prevent their prisoners from making these observations. Perhaps they underrated his Yankee sharpness, for they seemed utterly to discount the possibility of his escape. That he did so, as well as many of his companions, makes one of the most thrilling chapters in the published biographies of this heroic scout.

The winter wore on. By April Boone was back; Clark was back and all felt it was high time to embark upon the undertaking. Not much help had come from Virginia. Governor Patrick Henry, a warm friend of Clark, was sympathetic, but not enthusiastic. He needed all the men east of the Blue Ridge for use in eastern campaigns. Men were scarce; money was scarce. Clark was welcome to both if he got them west of the Alleghenies. This, and a Colonel's commission (a warrant for raising seven companies of fifty men each, to be paid in land if successful) was all he brought back with him over the Wilderness Road.

This Illinois campaign is in all the histories, but we are concerned, not with the whole panorama of border fighting but with the part of one man in it. Patterson, in his memorial to Congress, calls it "the most hazardous and most successful campaign ever conducted by the Americans against the British and Indians." As time sets its average, no one will be found to deny that estimate.

As any news of the real object of the enterprise would have insured its failure, word was carefully spread all up and down the Ohio that troops were wanted for the relief of Kentucky. As Kentucky was always want-

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ing relief, this seemed plausible. The rendezvous was at the Falls of the Ohio (Louisville), where the Kentucky frontiersmen arrived first and somewhat later Clark himself with the little bands of volunteers combed from the upper reaches of the river—all in canoes. On Corn Island they waited throughout May for reinforcements, "which," says Patterson, "mostly didn't come." Robert was given the command of seventeen rangers who spent part of the time in scouting on the Illinois side of the river, sometimes going as far as thirty miles inland but discovering no enemy. Later his command was increased to thirty and his rank to Sergeant.

On June twenty-fourth, the expedition got under way. Official orders, disinterred from the archives of the Wisconsin Historical Society, will paint for us a picture of their progress:

Orders—July 14th, 1782:

The extreme heat of the weather and the scarcity of meat makes it necessary to relax something of the present mode of progress; in consequence until further orders, the Galley will set off every morning at daybreak and proceed on until eleven o'clock—when four hours will be allowed the men to cook and refresh themselves; from which time the Galley will proceed on until dark;—the sides of the Galley to be equally manned by two reliefs of twelve oars each, the one side by the regulars and the other side by the militia.

The rest of the men (hunters excepted) to march on the shore opposite the boat as a flanking party, they to leave their bundles and luggage on board and go 'as light

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as possible in case of attack—and to assist in pulling the Galley if necessary.—The hunters of both militia and regulars to be exempted from duty of every kind. The militia is to be allowed to camp on the river bank on which account as well as for their safety, Captain Patterson will cause a sergeants guard, consisting of twelve privates, to be mounted from dark 'till daybreak and constantly keep out three sentinels, twenty yards from the river.—It is expected that the men will make every preparation in the middle of the day, as no time can be allowed for breakfast.

ROBT. GEORGE, *Capt.*

Their objective was the old French town of Kaskaskia, the key point in the country of the great Mississippi Valley. It lay a hundred and twenty miles back from Fort Massac on the Ohio and had been for sixty years the center of colonization, of politics and of trade, first under the Spaniards, then under the French. Fur traders, coureurs de bois and frontiersmen of three nations made up the village.

Floating down the current, Clark's party made their first landing at the mouth of the Tennessee, their second at a creek near the deserted Fort Massac. Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West" says of this portentous debarkation—"It is most probable that this was the first time the flag of the Thirteen States, adopted the year before, had ever been unfurled so far to the west. And there is every reason to believe, that Clark carried such a banner." Probable—nay, we know better, and Robert Patterson is our authority. The new flag never got to

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the outposts as quickly as that. The fact is, Clark had no flag and the omission being noticed while his boats were at the Falls, some good matron, patriotically inclined (a frontier Betsy Ross), made him a present of her red flannel petticoat. "This emblem," says Patterson, "when elevated on a pole, streamed gallantly from the foremost boat and the men jocosely swore that under their noble banner they would either conquer or die."

It was, after all, a great lark. What cared they for forest distances, chilling rivers, problematical conditions and over-numbering foes? Their supreme assurance lay in the personality of their leader. George Rogers Clark had that magnetism which drew and held his followers. What he told them, they believed and what he promised was always fulfilled. Clark knew—he probably heard it in Virginia—that the French had openly thrown in their strength on the side of the colonies and he guessed cleverly that with the fighting going on along the seaboard every available British soldier was being withdrawn from the western line. Under this comfortable conclusion he led his soldiers ashore.

In all accounts of border warfare, one frequently meets the expression "the scouts went ahead." "The eyes of the army" they have been called. And it was always Robert Patterson who led the scouts,—going on in advance of the main army, reporting on the best line of march, passable fords, possible foes; in fact, making it safe for the whole command. At the end of the day he was back with his information. It is not by any means egotism that makes him begin so many of his narratives with "I went ahead."



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Let us turn then to his narrative of the advance on Kaskaskia. "With every man in ranks two hours before sun, we marched six days through thickets and sloughs, halting for camp by the light of the moon, making meal-cakes or parching corn for the next day, before lying for rest." A six day march! Every man carrying his musket, his accoutrements and enough provisions to fill him up for the next eighteen meals! The load grew lighter as they marched, for Patterson says, "The jerk being gone and the meal and flour used up by the fifth day, parched corn carried us through." The last day, just before the attack, they marched practically on empty stomachs,—all in the day's work for revolutionary volunteers.

A wandering Indian had been captured and forced under threat of instant death if he played false, to act as guide. It was towards evening of July fourth that these intrepid men, covered with mud, with six days' growth of beard, their fringed hunting shirts cut to new patterns by the brambles they had forced their way through, came out on the bank of the Kaskaskia River in sight of the fort and the houses of the village.

The plan of attack, as Clark explained it, was simple and direct. The only hope lay in surprise. Two detachments were sent to opposite sides of the town to lie quietly until they heard the signal to attack. From the windows of the fort came the glimmer of candlelight and the sound of music. Most of the garrison in one place! No better time for a surprise.

"We lay as quiet as possible," wrote Patterson, "waiting for the hour I was to start with the guide and picked

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men to make our way into the fort. We had been told that a small gate opening at the level of the river was sometimes left unguarded. This time it was."

Stealthily in the darkness, Patterson ahead, Clark following close, they entered the fort, made their way to the quarters of the commandant, Rocheblave, and seized him. At the same time the outside groups closed in from both sides. Orders were to yell and they yelled. Also they looked like wild men and hoped to justify the impression. The terrified inhabitants held up their hands in token of surrender. In less time than it takes to write it, the prize was theirs. Not a shot had been fired nor a life lost on either side. Towards the garrison Clark was severe and intimidating. Mercy would be extended to those who deserved it. The French accepted the news that they were not enemies but allies, the Indians were over-awed, the British sullen and Rocheblave very ugly.

The sublime, unparalleled presumption of it! The sublime, bewildering success of it! The key-post of the western territory, the dwelling place of three sets of enemies, "strong enough to withstand a thousand," as one historian described it, grabbed in fifteen minutes by an imitation army of backwoodsmen, sustained on parched corn and flying a petticoat flag!

A vivid and picturesque account of the taking of Kaskaskia was written by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, quoted by Roosevelt and incorporated in a story by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. How Clark having made his way into the large room of the fort where they were dancing, stood quietly at the door, leaning against the

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jamb. An Indian was the first to recognize him and raised the war cry. Clark is said to have waved him aside and told them to go on dancing but to remember that now they were dancing not under Great Britain but under Virginia. Our particular hero tells us nothing of this, which probably can be explained by the presumption that while Clark was managing things inside the fort, Patterson and his rangers were reducing the inhabitants to a jelly of terror by whooping it up in the streets of the village. True or not true, what need of romance beyond the bare facts!

The next day history revealed its gains. A strongly fortified fort, plenty of artillery and side-arms, powder, lead and provisions, growing crops, a hundred pretty houses close together, with roses growing over them, cobble-stoned streets, like a Normandy village (which indeed Kaskaskia was—transplanted) trading stores, horses and cattle. What untold riches to those primitive woodsmen most of whom had never seen a town! And what temptation to commander and men to dally awhile and enjoy that ripe civilization! But there was more work to be done.

"Then we marched on," said Patterson, "and took Cahokia." It sounds easy, but what problems of faith, patience, endurance, and bravery, were incurred in subjecting that wild Illinois country and its people! It was the turning of the key that unlocked the great Northwest to the American government.

The establishment by Clark of a provisional government to hold what he had conquered, the forcing of the inhabitants to sign the oath of allegiance, and the con-

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scripting of a defending regiment is not germane to our story. Robert's enlistment had expired and we follow him back to Kentucky where he hoped to find peaceful home-building. His last orders were to join Major William Linn guarding Captain Rocheblave and the other British prisoners as far as central Kentucky enroute to the Governor of Virginia. Rocheblave, according to current report, was considerable of a cur and it is not likely that the Kaskaskians were sorry to lose him. On his return trip Robert Patterson came once more within six inches of death. They camped on Eagle Creek and named it Turkey Foot Fork, from the disposition of the tributaries. There, before a fire, two of them sitting side by side with their backs to a tree, were shot at, the ball penetrating Allison's head and burying itself in the bark. Patterson leaped into the darkness and keeping a large tree between himself and the enemy escaped down the bed of the creek. Once he tried to go back and get his horse, saddle and gun, but it was too hazardous, so he left his possessions in the hands of the savages and walked all night towards friends and safety. One thing only he left behind him which the Indians could not take away and that was his initials "R.P." cut on the tree. Rumor said that each soldier in the Illinois expedition was to receive two hundred and fifty acres of land and Robert was merely making sure of his share! This tract of land, called in the records "The Turkey Foot Fork Claim" became in after years the subject of endless lawsuits and was supposed to have been finally bestowed upon William Patterson for his reward in leaving Robert free to fight.

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The following communication subsequently reached Robert from Virginia:

“Upon recommendation of Colonel Clark, for daring service in the advance through the wilderness, for the gallant dash into Kaskaskia, for meritorious conduct in the capture of Cahokia, Sergeant Patterson is herewith honored with a commission as Second Lieutenant in Captain Todd’s company at Harrodsburg.”

Signed—PATRICK HENRY—*Governor of Virginia.*

“Meritorious conduct!” Elizabeth will like that!

## CHAPTER THREE

### *Building in the Wilderness*

Always, on his return from expeditions like the last, Robert's first concern was for the safety of the settlements he was interested in, Harrod's Royal Spring and Lexington. Would he find them in ashes or going on as usual? Neither, happily, had suffered molestation.

His mind more and more was occupied, as we know, with other interests besides Indians and British, momentous and exacting as these were. The home instinct,—four walls of his very own, well-sheltered and protected, a fireside, a garden and—a wife,—all these bright dreams pulled on him more and more.

He was not long in discovering that the new commission, of which he was so proud, meant immediate military service, which, fortunately, coincided with his own personal desires. Orders from Virginia stated that to strengthen the frontier (now more and more threatened), additional garrisons were needed. The dispatch read "at some suitable place north of the Kentucky River."

Given his choice of a location, what more natural than that the new commander should select the spot where his own hatchet had marked a claim and the crop of corn established it? Therefore with twenty-five men, allowed him from the fort at Harrodsburg, he pro-

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ceeded to the forks of the Elkhorn at Cane Run. Making the woods ring with the sound of metal on wood they felled huge oaks and maples, laid the wall of a stout house, raised the timbers of a stockade, in which retreat, Patterson, the McConnells, the McClellands, the Lindsay brothers (come out to the frontier at the bidding of their soon-to-be-brother-in-law) spent the winter very comfortably.

By this time the fort was definitely known as Lexington, in fact the germ of that frontier city, the farthest outpost of social life in the west, and the center of much activity. Controversy has arisen as to the exact time it was so named. One old version has it that when Patterson and Sterrett camped there in November 1775 they exclaimed, on rising in the morning, "Let us call it Lexington." The battle however was fought only the previous April and it is assuming extraordinary rapidity in the spreading of news to imagine that those young backwoodsmen knew, after the lapse of only five months, of that important battle. Much more likely that the name was given at the definite completing of the fort in March 1779. Be this as it may, with the establishment of his claim as a definite military bulwark, Robert felt that he might with reason look forward to an early marriage.

There was not, however, much time for romantic dreaming. Other orders said other forts,—one of them to protect the home of the Bryans, some miles north, and Robert went to help. When completed this became the largest fort in that part of Kentucky, famed for its twenty cabins facing an open square, their backs forming the

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walls of the fort, with small block-houses at each corner for further protection.

While he was still occupied with this duty of construction Patterson was called away to form part of the command in the Bowman expedition in June 1779, that first disastrous and mortifying defeat of the Kentuckians at the hands of the Miami clans. It must be understood that none of these tribes made their headquarters in Kentucky but all hunted there. Enraged to find their best source of food monopolized with white settlers, they fought desperately in small engagements and large to drive away the interlopers. Raid after raid occurred from across the Ohio. The most feasible plan seemed to be to follow them right into their own territory and finish the matter then and there.

Up the valley of the Licking went the Kentuckians, crossing the Ohio where Cincinnati was some time to be, past where Hamilton was to be, past the mouth of Mad River where Dayton was to be, Major Bowman in command but Boone, Patterson and Logan at the head of companies. The engagement occurred at a group of villages known as New Chillicothe held by Miami tribes and a strong-hold of Indian activity. "One hundred and sixty Kentuckians," says Patterson, "men accustomed to Indian warfare and well-officered, except in the person of the commander." He it was indeed who turned a possible victory into the worst of blunders, for, in the midst of the fighting and under one of those incomprehensible panics which sometimes beset military commanders, Bowman gave the order to retreat. With breaking hearts and enraged souls, the other leaders



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obeyed. Under either Patterson, Logan or Todd, the encounter would have resulted in victory. As it was, all they accomplished was to burn the villages and drive the savages a short distance away to the north. With this sorry tale to confess, and in a desolate state of mind the Kentuckians turned their faces toward home. Nothing further could be expected or attempted for another season.

The winter of 1779-80 was known in the annals of Kentucky as "the hard winter." Deep snows, hard frost, bitter nights, insufficient food, made the lives of the settlers distressing. Their great-grandchildren will never know what their forebears endured in the close-locked, airless cabins; no books nor light to read them, outside work impossible,—they were mere hibernating animals. More than ever, Patterson longed to get to work with his sextant. Magistrates had come out from Virginia and established a land office for the adjustment of settlers' claims and in it Patterson saw his great opportunity. By this time he had made himself into a rather efficient surveyor and found plenty to do. As the weather moderated he fixed boundaries for his neighbors and then on his own land which embraced all of what is now the southwest portion of the present confines of Lexington. With the thousand acres owned by him and an equal amount by his father they possessed between them just one-half of the city. The average price per acre was fixed at forty cents.

Behold then the subject of our biography, after four years of campaigning and pseudo-farming, a landed proprietor, commander of a stout stockade and master of

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a one-roomed, one-windowed, puncheon-floored, clay-daubed cabin, a "First Citizen" of the metropolis of the future!

The winter wore away,—as the worst winters do. Joseph and James Lindsay had arrived in Kentucky to join their brother William and the two Pattersons. With them they brought, besides a supply of garden seed, a precious letter from their sister to Robert. No eye but his read it but we know what it contained;—praise for his heroism, prayers for his preservation, encouragement for his efforts and renewed promises of love and loyalty.

The roads were once more open; his leave of absence had come. The Indians for the time being were quiescent. Now, if ever, was the time. In spite of hard work and perilous warfare the blood ran in Robert's veins like spring sap in the maple trees. The cane was abloom on the Elk-horn flat lands, the cardinal birds sang in the trees and life was all love and hope and the promise of happiness to come.

Just at noon on the twenty-seventh of April 1780, we find a large company gathered in the stone mansion of the Lindsay home at Falling Springs, Pennsylvania. In that more easterly and older location stood the typical home of the pioneer who has put behind him the difficult years of conquest and privation and arrived at ordered living and comparative luxury. The house stood in a wide and finished clearing where gardens flourished and farms testified to abundant crops. It was this home which had opened its doors to friends far and wide for the first family wedding.

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It would be pleasant to know just how they did things in Pennsylvania in 1779. One eye-witness there was, who at his death left in a bulbous deerskin-covered trunk in Shakertown near Dayton, a journal and one entry in it tells of the Patterson-Lindsay wedding. He had joined that group of peculiar religionists and was known in family annals as "Cousin Shaker John." A voluminous scribbler and chronicler he still in this case falls short of his God-given opportunities. Because he tells us of the many wagons hitched at the posts, of the ceremony performed out in the grove under a big oak, the presents and the merry-making, but, not cut out for a society reporter, he says nothing of what the bride wore. We cannot wonder, for he was, first of all, a man, and then a Shaker, that denomination given over like the Quakers to the grim and austere in attire. So we will never know. Our imagination must be drawn upon to depict that country wedding.

Did the golden-haired Elizabeth of twenty know as she stood beside her stalwart lover what the future might hold in store for her? Foolish question! For if brides knew, there would be no brides. When he came to describing the wedding feast, Shaker John loosens up a bit. There were many "rich viands" on that long table spread under the trees, game of all kinds, pies, cakes with raisins in them, great pitchers of cider, jugs of whiskey (which no family table ever lacked) and home-made delicacies made of maple wax and nuts. The festivities lasted full three days during which the bride's mother and sisters were busy packing their household goods. Shaker John says: "The bridal presents included

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a fine saddle-horse for Elizabeth from her father, pack-horses with their panniers, silver and pewter plate, blankets woven on Mother Lindsay's loom, clothing enough to last as long as the style did (which was practically forever), and a few pieces of furniture, to this day held precious in modern Patterson homesteads. Provisions there were in abundance; garden seeds and condiments which no frontier community ever furnished.

"A party of about twenty on horseback accompanied the young couple westward to the groom's home in Bedford county where the festivities were renewed on the same scale. Then began the real wedding journey, the ride over the mountains to the west, roads already occupied by lines of movers, all on their way to Kentucky. The Patterson party was ten days reaching Fort Pitt, lodging in taverns or wayside cabins except one night of pleasant bivouac in the woods near Fort Ligonier."

This was, as we know, Robert's third trip down the river,—for his wife the first. He did not fail, we are sure, to point out to her the place at the mouth of the Hocking of which he still bore painful memorials in his back and arm. Others in the boat had their own adventures to relate. But Elizabeth did not take it very seriously. She saw a few Indians here and there skulking in single file along the bank but they did not look especially formidable and life was too idyllic to believe in trouble. It is written that in that one month alone more than three hundred family boats went down the Ohio in search of homes in Kentucky. It was difficult, with so much cheerful company, to believe in disaster.

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In this happy fashion, Robert and Elizabeth emerged at last from the woods and drew rein at the Lexington fort. Here was her new home! Not stone, but log, primitive past what she had ever imagined, yet it was "home" and her own. Slipping off her horse, she stood and received the greetings of her neighbors. Each had brought some friendly offering for the new household. The best the frontier could bestow was skins; deerskin for shirts and moccasins, bear-skins to lay on the floor, fox and badger skins to wrap her neck when winter winds should blow,—oh, it was a splendid and generous occasion. Her own possessions enjoyed their share of admiration, coming as they did from the opulent east. Such pots and pans the little settlement had never seen. One large iron kettle, her proudest possession, still remains in family culinary archives. She was to find out that this kettle was destined to be a community affair and that frontier etiquette demanded it should be hers only when the other housekeepers were through boiling maple sap, stirring apple butter or scalding pork. Fifty short words from Elizabeth herself express her emotions. "When the women of the fort," she said, "came in to welcome me and began showing beautiful pelts to adorn our floor, walls and bed, I was very happy. The kettles, oven and other utensils provided for me were the best to be had. Such was our cabin home. A sweet home always."

The log cabin which was Elizabeth Lindsay Patterson's first home is still in existence, having been brought up from Lexington, log by log and stone by stone and re-erected on a part of a grant of land originally owned by Robert Patterson and where is now the intersection

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of Brown and Main streets and Far Hills Avenue in Dayton, Ohio.

And ah! Kentucky was beautiful. The very woods seemed to welcome her! Tulip trees with their yellow cup-shaped flowers, tall sycamores reaching their ghostly arms above the streams, white dogwood, pink Judas trees, the mossy banks and verdant hillsides all seemed to assure her of an enchanted existence.

With whole-souled enthusiasm Elizabeth embarked upon her home-making. There was much to learn, for her life in her mother's house had been sheltered by abundant living conditions. Here it was different. Many times it has been told and retold how self-providing and self-functioning the pioneers had to be. Given four walls, a roof and a chimney they blithely went to house-keeping, relieved to escape from the cramped conditions of a covered wagon. Every utensil not brought on a pack-horse must be provided somehow, for themselves. Until furniture could be evolved by the axe and the jack-knife in the hands of the man of the family, they slept, sat, worked, on the mud floor of the cabin. There were always willing neighbors who came quickly to the rescue,—neighbors who knew how. A stake set up to hold deer-thongs connecting with right-angled walls supporting tight-stretched deer skins was the first bed. Dried grass made the mattress and a bear-skin the coverlid. A big log, split, leveled on one side with an adze and fitted with legs thrust into holes in each corner, furnished a table. Trust the mother to keep it well supplied! Three legged stools were a necessity, the floor being so uneven that four legs would never all touch

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the floor at once. Hand-hewn shelves held the few pewter plates brought from home and shallow bowls hollowed out of sycamore wood served as vegetable dishes. The spoons were few and made of horn. Their scarcity was not embarrassing to a housewife since frontier etiquette expected every chance visitor to bring his own. Gourds served as drinking cups. Brooms were made by shaving the end of a hickory stick into withes which were then bent back and tied in a tight brush. Home-made wicks dipped in bear's grease were their first candles.

The wives rapidly became clever in their provisions for chance illness. Sassafras tea would throw a patient into a sweat which either cured or killed him. Boneset helped malaria; pennyroyal kept their babies quiet at night when it was not safe for babies to cry. Herbs, roots and bark provided them with dyestuffs. Old letters disclose directions from one relative to another about coloring wool goods,—(from the backs of their own sheep and through their own looms). The inner bark of white walnut yielded a dull yellow, black walnut a dark brown, indigo gave them blue and madder, a dingy sort of red,—all far more beautiful than modern aniline dyes. Oak bark with cypress in it supplied the ink whose fading tints have robbed us of so much pioneer history.

The one article of furniture in demand first, last and all the time in the pioneer home was the cradle. It seemed never to be empty. The father of the baby felled the tree, stripped the bark, hollowed out the inside leaving a hood at one end to keep off the draughts. Old, old ladies who were only little girls in those days told their great-granddaughters that between the un-

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even floor and the more or less rough surface of the log cradle, the rocking of the baby hardly had a soothing effect. If vigorous and persistent such a cradle would travel quite around the room.

All the food needed by the family the woods and streams provided. Bear-meat, venison, buffalo steaks made the *pièce de résistance* on the table. Small game roamed within the reach of gunshot at their very doors. How tired they got of turkey breast! How keenly they watched the sprouting of their first vegetables and how mad they were when the Indians swooped down and destroyed their gardens! The Lindsay brothers were said to have been the first in Kentucky to raise snap beans and enjoyed great prestige until the time when everybody had them. Grapes, wild berries and "tree honey" were their table delicacies. Every flock of wild geese honking their way southward over the tops of the trees meant feather beds and pillows. As the roads improved to wagon-accommodating-widths newcomers brought looms and some of those very looms, worked by the descendants of their first owners, still yield lovely Kentucky bedspreads (sold at antique store prices!)

Never for a minute imagine that all this came easily. From morning until night, seven days in the week and all the year round it was work, work, work, for the pioneers and then more work. No idlers in that hive! There couldn't be. Hunger, cold, danger,—the needs of the littlest, clutched at parents' hearts and kept them at it.

And how early the same program began for the children! Dr. Daniel Drake of Cincinnati, one of the best



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chroniclers of those days, describes in his memoirs having to drive a plow over recently cleared forest land when he was but nine years old, and how, when the share ran afoul of a root, the plow handle dealt him a blow in the pit of the stomach. Four-year-old boys went after the cows and learned to break twigs off the pawpaw bushes so as to find their way back. A seven-year-old girl knew how to milk a cow, provided her next younger sister kept it quiet in a corner of the lot. She could work the churn dasher while her mother was busy with the spinning or keep the kettle of mush from boiling over.

Corn was cut, sheaves were bound, rails split for fences,—seventy-five being considered a fair day's work for a lad of fourteen.

Eight-year-old boys had to load a sack of corn on the back of a horse with adjustment of portions so as to carry well and ride to the nearest neighbor who had a hand-mill. If there was no neighbor and no hand-mill the corn had to be pounded in the hickory stump mortar until it was crushed into meal. If the horse's load shifted and fell off or the fingers were bruised under the pestle the young working-man knew it was useless to cry and generally did not. And it was the baby-tending, bean-hulling, garden-hoeing, wood-chopping boys and girls who grew up after the way of bent twigs, into the Indian-fighting, stockade-building, forage-providing fathers and mothers.

You may find many things in the old letters but one thing never,—complaint about their hard lot. Signs are, that they loved it. For, with the hard days went good health and appetite and the cheer of life well lived. It

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was in the most direct sense, building, and what they built they possessed,—in modern parlance a grand life if you didn't weaken.

No later than in the days of her honeymoon Elizabeth Patterson was to realize what it was to be the wife of a frontiersman. The first was when the horribly massacred bodies of two hunters were brought to the fort and laid at the feet of their wives,—two more widows for somebody to care for! Her second experience came in August when her husband was summoned to command a company under George Rogers Clark against the Shawanese Indians on the Little Miami, to undo, if possible, the failure of Major Bowman's expedition the summer before.

It must have been a hard mandate to obey. There was Biblical sanction for refusal or at least for excuse. "He had married a wife." She was so young! Was not his first duty toward her? Besides, the old wounds were painful under exertion or when the weather was bad. Clearly reasons enough for keeping within his own walls when fighting was going on.

More than forty years later, when Patterson was praying Congress for what he deemed a deserved pension, is this deposition, taken from one of his neighbors in Fayette County. It says:

Notwithstanding his injuries by which the Colonel, if so disposed could have entirely exempted himself from the services of his country, he continued to discharge militia duty and many times voluntarily pursued parties of Indians who came to harass our frontier, being

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as I verily believe among the most prompt and foremost on all such occasions,—I know of no man who, during the early settlement of Kentucky, underwent more hardship, encountered more dangers or was more ready to risk his life for the public good than Robert Patterson.  
(Signed) JAMES TROTTER.

When circumstances said “must” to Robert Patterson, he always obeyed. And from him Elizabeth learned.

Seizing his musket, and committing her to the care of God, Robert sprang to his horse and joined the command.

Again, as before, up the river bottoms of the Miami lands, again marching in a drenching rain with thunder and lightning and a high wind, again to the attack of a foe, which this time had burned their village and fled. On the side was found nothing but smoking wigwams. The imperative duty was of course to follow them however far they might escape, for to leave them to renew the raids on Kentucky was not to be thought of. Every sentiment in favor of wives and babies at home demanded it.

One thing only prevented, or seemed to prevent. In their hurried departure the Indians had left a large pot of hominy steaming over a camp-fire. To men soaked to the skin, and, in spite of the season, cold and hungry, how very welcome! And how fortunate! After their twenty mile forced march how good that hominy would taste! But Patterson had different plans. He had no mind to let those miscreants get too far away to be followed. Just as wet and hungry as the least of his command, he

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shouted to them to go on after the redskins and himself led the way. They paused, hesitated and looked first ahead then back. Again he yelled his orders to advance. The Captain had a peppery temper and meant what he said! But that hominy!

Seeing his military authority about to evaporate before the fragrant odors of cooking food he took extreme measures. "I brought you here to fight," he shouted, "not to eat," and setting his foot on the edge of the kettle he tilted its contents inexorably out into the ashes of the fire.

With nothing to linger for, the troops continued a forced march toward the north into the present Shelby County, and Auglaize, caught up, first with stragglers and later with the main band, destroyed, it was hoped, the whole hornet's nest of marauders, and returned, not to hominy but to dried beef and parched corn. It was really a distinctive victory for, although a few Indians escaped, all were thoroughly frightened. Moreover, they had lost their season's supplies of growing stuff and had to use the rifles on game instead of on settlers, so for two winters the Kentuckians were left in comparative peace.

On the way back to Lexington the Captain displayed another trait of his disposition. Among the men in his command was the one named Aaron Reynolds whom, from abundant experiences, Patterson characterized as a "very profane swearing man." For four days' march Reynolds had entertained himself and others of the riff-raff variety by oaths of the most pronounced vigor at any excuse or none. Patterson, with his Scotch-Irish

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covenanter conscience, would not stand for it and ordered him to stop. But Aaron kept on. He liked to swear. It was his way of self-expression and bolstered up his importance. Over and over again he violated orders and lowered the sense of decency in the command.

Patterson pondered on the situation. That man must be mastered, if not one way then another. In dealing with irresponsible rascallions, discipline was of doubtful efficacy. The point was not to show imperative authority (especially since it did no good), but to get the thing done.

So, calling Reynolds to him, he promised that if, by the time they reached the Ohio River, he (Reynolds) had not used a single oath, he (Patterson) would give him a whole jug of whiskey. The method of reformation might not appeal to modern standards but the point is, it worked.

At the Ohio, Reynolds came to claim his reward.

Had he kept his promise?

Referring the matter to the crowd all agreed that since leaving Piqua not a single oath had been heard to pass the culprit's lips. (Candor wonders how much self-interest lay in this unanimous backing up of the accused.) Anyway, the prize was bestowed and the record adds, rather unnecessarily, "The whiskey was all drank."

A few months after the events chronicled, the first child was born to Robert and Elizabeth, a son named William. To both father and mother it meant double anxiety. Whether Indians attacked or not, the settlers always expected them to. Life was goaded by fear. The mere planting of a cornfield was an adventure with

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possible death. Plowing was not really safe unless, in some manner, the musket could be held with the plough handles, ready for instant use. If left at one end of a furrow the farmer might need it before he got around again. When provisions were lacking and starvation forced the father to search for game his wife never knew whether the door she closed upon him in the morning would open to him again at night. Even when progress as far as a church building was made the father always sat on the outside seat with gun and Bible in hand. The preacher mounted the steps to the pulpit, leaned his musket within handy reach and gave out "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." It might seem that they had little to praise God for. It was told that at one time at the Court House at Lexington were seen twenty-three widows, come to obtain letters of administration on their husbands' estates, all of whom had, in one year, been bereft of their protectors by this ambushed warfare. No one ever dared to undress and go to bed. The little children learned not to stray away from the clearing into the woods in pursuit of a bird-call; even two-year-olds kept their aches and pains to themselves in the night when mother whispered: "Hush, you will bring the Indians."

And how did it affect the Pattersons? Between the dates of the Battle of Blue Licks and the Miami campaign, little William, their first baby, died in January and the second William was born and lived only four days. What could this mean except that, besides the inexperience of a young mother there must have been insufficient clothing, or improper food, but most of all

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fear,—cold, deadly fear that never lifted? The worst trial for a young mother with a nursing babe.

Who knows but the intense nervous temperament of the modern American is a result of the unlifting strain in the lives of their forbears? What wonder they were so deeply religious! They could say with Job: "I was not in safety, neither had I any rest, neither was I quiet."

One day, in the summer of 1782, Elizabeth, thus occupied with work, motherhood and fear, heard a runner arrive at the fort, out of breath and ask for her husband.

Bryan's Station was attacked! Their nearest neighbor! Three hundred British and Indians surrounded them. "Come quickly or we are lost."

It was a never-to-be refused appeal. Kissing his wife and baby, seizing his rifle, left within easy arm grasp, Robert disappeared to join others on the errand of assistance.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *Building in Blood*

We are writing of Builders. Being ambushed and ambushing in turn, being scalped, wounded, robbed and retaliating in kind, may not be called constructive but it was without doubt a necessary preliminary. The whole western country may be said to have been erected on a substructure of blood. One of the foundation stones was the siege of Bryan's Station. To every reader of pioneer history, to almost every schoolboy, the very name has the familiarity of oft-repeated recital. How the garrison, surrounded by a large force, and attack expected at any moment, prepared for the defense. How at the last minute it was discovered that the supply of drinking water was almost exhausted. How the matter was debated as to who should go down that long path to the spring, fifty yards away. If the men went, the loop-holes of the fort would be left unprotected. How some brave wife suggested that to throw the savages off their guard and give the impression that they were unsuspecting and unprepared, the women should go. How sixteen of them, "piggins" in hand, went laughing and chatting down that grisly path, so narrow that they could almost hear the Indians breathe in the bushes on either side. How at the spring, running slowly, they must wait while the water dripped into gourds. How at last, faint with fear,



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they re-entered the gate of the fort without being attacked and with sufficient water to last several days.

What inimitable heroines the pioneer women were!  
And what scant praise they got for it!

*"The mothers of our forest land,  
Their bosoms pillowed men.  
And proud were they by such to stand  
In hamlet fort or glen  
To load the sure old rifle  
And run the leaden ball  
To watch the fighting husband's place  
And fill it should he fall."*

Child heroines too were not lacking. One little eight-year-old girl in the fort was watching the cradle where her baby brother lay sleeping. A piece of burning pitch-pine, hurled from the outside by an Indian, fell upon the quilt which blazed up at the contact. Without calling her mother and too wise to waste any of the precious water she pulled the cover from the crib and stamped out the blaze. By so doing she saved a future vice-president of the United States (Richard M. Johnson).

For two long days and nights in the August heat the siege lasted. No time to eat, no time to mourn for those already killed,—a soul-racking, heart-breaking forty-eight hours.

How long could they hold out?  
Lexington was only four miles away.  
Had word reached Patterson?  
They could only hope.

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And so the hours wore away. Suddenly, an uproar of a new kind assailed their eager ears. It might be another sortie of the enemy. But it came from a new direction,—the direction of Lexington. And it sounded like a whole battalion. High above the rest, advancing through the standing corn was seen a coon-skin cap. It belonged to Robert Patterson leading a party to the rescue. There were only sixteen of them but they behaved as if there were as many hundred.—On they came, out-yelling the Indians, crashing through the cane and brush and firing as they ran. The garrison cheered, the gate was opened carefully and amid a shower of bullets the rescuers entered and the fort was saved.

Catherine Brown, Col. Patterson's daughter, wrote: "In the desperate fight in the cornfield, odds of six to one against him, in hand to hand fighting, father lost only six killed and a number wounded."

Counting up the results, thirty lifeless Indians and British were found on the field. The last night of the siege had been spent in driving off or killing some three hundred head of cattle and horses, one hundred hogs and sheep and laying waste the fields of corn and beans surrounding the fort. Patches of hemp and flax, potatoes and vegetables cultivated with such care, remained a smouldering waste. Every man who saw it grasped his rifle more firmly and measured his avenging anger in imagination against the perpetrators.

Very likely the reader, by this time, is weary of the endless reiteration of border history.

"The Indians attacked the whites."

"The whites attacked the Indians."

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Ah well! The settlers were tired of it too! The conviction was being forced upon them that unless an end, and a speedy end, could be made to the tragic story the west would not be worth the trouble of settling.

The attack on Bryan's had been so unexpected that no reinforcements except the nearest could be summoned. Now was the time to rouse the whole country. Runners sped to the west and south praying for help. The response was prompt and loyal. To Bryan's they all came; small detachments from Boonesboro and Harrodsburg; forty men under Colonel Trigg and Major Harlan, arrived on Sunday morning and helped the worn-out defenders of the fort to bury their dead and sleep the sleep of exhaustion. Logan, with his force south of the Kentucky River, would come as quickly as possible. Boone was there with his two sons, the McConnells, McClellands and McGees,—“the very pick of the Kentucky pioneers,” wrote Roosevelt, “sinewy veterans of border strife, skilled hunters and woodsmen, used to every kind of danger, men of the most dauntless courage but impatient of control.”

In the last phrase lies the key to many a border catastrophe. The frontier, of whatever longitude, has always attracted the off-scourings of civilization and Kentucky was no exception. Rapsallions and respectable men, heroes and desperadoes, saints and sinners, rode side by side in every expedition. Moreover the army gathered at Bryan's was an army of officers; there were no privates. This is not a military joke. Every man of family in those days was commander-in-chief of his own holdings. In time of attack the women and boys obeyed his orders;

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consequently he went into every engagement with the idea that his plans were as good as those of any one else and was never slow to say so.

Not a man among them had any military training. They were mere bulldog opportunists and judged for themselves in emergencies. Clark, Boone, Patterson, might be in nominal command; the rest obeyed if the orders suited them. If not, they did something else. In this case there were as many opinions as there were men. Arguments ran into shouts.

They should wait for Logan,—every musket was needed.

They should *not* wait for Logan,—the Indians would escape beyond reach.

Nothing was settled; nothing could be. Time pressed and the start was made. Down the wide trail leading to the Licking River rode these pig-headed wranglers.

And rode right into red-handed death!

Arrived at the ford a short pause was made. The enemy had evidently passed that way recently but no signs of their presence were apparent. Across the stream the woods seemed vacant and silent. To the seasoned leaders, it was plain that, from the confident and unhurried way in which the Indians had managed their retreat they would like nothing better than to be followed,—a favorite ruse to invite attack by seeming to avoid it. Once again Boone and Patterson warned against too precipitate action. Not for nothing had the first pitted his wits against the treacherous redskins for twenty years, and the second we know had abundant reason for counseling delay.

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As it not seldom happened in these irregular engagements it was a fool going off half-cocked, that precipitated the crisis. A fellow named McGarry, with the self-sufficiency of a major-general and the brains of a subaltern, waved his sword,—no—not that,—there was only one sword in the outfit and Boone had it,—waved his arm, spurred his horse into the stream and shouted, "All who are not cowards follow me."

It was like an electric signal bell! In an instant all the hunter-soldiers plunged in after him and splashed across the shallow ford in huddled confusion. Arrived on the other side an attempt was made at formation. But the Indians gave them no time. From every tree and bush came a deadly volley. Then into the open with deafening cries and a rain of bullets and arrows. Patterson at one end and Boone at the other did what they could to steady and encourage. But they were outnumbered two to one, and the result was what the few wise ones had feared.

In just five minutes from the time the Kentuckians passed through the ford it was all over; seventy-one out of hundred and forty-four were killed, wounded or captured. Those who escaped toiled painfully through the woods with the despairing cries of their comrades ringing in their ears. Among them, the last to cross, was Patterson, trying mournfully on foot to follow his friends. He had no new wounds but the old ones were making themselves painfully apparent. For the third time in his life, Robert was sure his last hour was come. As he climbed heavily up the bank from the ford a horseman, pressing close to his side, cried in a familiar

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voice, "Take my horse, Captain,—I am fresh and can get away." It was Aaron Reynolds, self-possessed and for a wonder,—not swearing. Good as his word he helped Patterson to the saddle and disappeared into the woods.

No need to urge haste in escaping! His face towards home the fugitive's faith returned. Bullets followed him. Ping! Ping! Ping! Into his shirt, against the saddle, on his cap,—all the holes counted afterwards by his wife, several had smarted as they scraped his skin, but not one found its mark.

The second day after the battle, by a detour to Bryan's because too exhausted to travel continuously, Patterson reached his own roof-tree and rode slowly in, having been given up for dead by those preceding him.

As straggler after straggler from the bloody field limped wearily back to Lexington or Bryan's, each with his own tale of horror and misery, what tears and mourning were there! Jeremiah Craig, whose daughters were among those to go after water, was dead; Boone had lost two sons, Todd and Trigg were both shot, one of the Lindsays, brother to Mrs. Patterson, was slain. In the quaint language of Andrew Steele (who afterward married a Patterson daughter), "To express the feelings of the hour at this rueful scene of carnage bars all words and cuts description short."

It may be imagined what a welcome Aaron Reynolds received when next he visited the Lexington home. Asked why for the sake of another he deprived himself of his best chance of escape he replied that ever since Patterson had cured him of swearing he had felt a strong affection and admiration for him. Unconsciously, Patter-

## BUILDING IN BLOOD

son had administered the tonic of self-respect,—a taste of which is the first step toward individual redemption. Reminded that his action had most surely saved his commander's life, Reynolds declared he was glad to have done it. Asked again to select some remembrance of the occasion, he expressed admiration for Patterson's embroidered shot-pouch and carved powder-horn,—souvenirs of the Bowman campaign. Both were freely bestowed together with a better horse than his own and one hundred acres of "prime land." Asked still further how he managed his own escape, Reynolds told a story of heroism, opportunism and strategy sufficient for a chapter of itself if there were space.

It does not often occur that a barren document of state carries human sensibility in its lines but this one does. It may be found in the Virginia Calendar (Vol. 3, p. 301) and followed close on the Battle of Blue Licks.

### APPEAL FOR TROOPS

... The number of the enemy that lately penetrated into our country, their behaviour, adding to this our late unhappy defeat at the Blue Licks fills us with the greatest concern and anxiety. The loss of our worthy officers and soldiers who fell there the 19th of August we sensibly feel and deem our situation truly alarming. We can scarcely behold a spot on earth but what reminds us of some fellow adventurers massacred by savage hands. Our widows and orphans are numerous. ...

In short Sir, our settlement formed at the expense of treasure and blood seems to decline and if something

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is not speedily done no doubt will be wholly depopulated. . . . Our inhabitants are discouraged.

We beg the plan of building a garrison at the mouth of the Licking. . . . It would be speedily settled and being not more than fifty miles from Lexington might be furnished with provisions from our settlement here. . . . Humanity towards inhabitants destitute of hope will surely induce your Excellency to spare two hundred men and a few pieces of artillery for the purpose above mentioned.

We are Sir, Yr. Excellency's Obt. and H'ble. Servants

Daniel Boone

R. Patterson

Eli Cleveland

Wm. McConnell

Levi Todd

B Netherland

John Craig

The appeal proved to be entirely superfluous. The American colonial troops were at that time in the worst possible state. Decimated, poverty-stricken, starved, discouraged,—what could they do for distant neighbors beyond the Blue Ridge? It was clear that if Kentucky was to be saved the Kentuckians must do it.

And the Kentuckians did!

Military records give, at this time, Patterson's rank in the reorganized Kentucky militia, as Captain, with James Todd as Colonel and Daniel Boone, Lieutenant, their commissions being signed by Thomas Jefferson, Governor of Virginia.



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In September 1785, Governor Patrick Henry "upon recommendations of the worshipful Court of the County of Fayette" commissioned Robert Patterson Colonel in the Virginia Line. It was a distinct and deserved honor. His regiment composed from among his old supporters was the pride of the state. It was organized following the Battle of Blue Licks and was intended for immediate service across the Ohio. Its personnel included recruits from the far reaches of the territory, from the Kanawha region to the Falls, from the Pickaway Plains to the Kentucky River. The men in it had followed their leader through forest and swamp, across half frozen streams, under the fire of hidden savages; they had lain out under the stars with nothing to eat but dry corn; they had fought in ranks when they could and when the ranks broke then each for himself, from rock to rock and from tree to tree.

In a petition to Congress for a pension many years later, Patterson mentions himself as "only a militia officer." There are swivel-chair colonels from that day to this, who would be proud to have seen the active service he did.

For the end of Robert Patterson's campaigning is not by any means all told. In 1786 Clark, Patterson, Boone, Kenton, Logan were again called out for what was hoped would be the decisive punitive expedition into the Miami lands. The parting for husband and wife must have been the hardest trial yet for the first boy babies had been replaced by two little girls, Rebecca and Margaret, the idols of their father's heart, and another coming.

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Here is a letter which, written on the eve of the hazardous campaign ought to bring tears to the eyes of even a four-generation descendant, so full is it of single-hearted devotion to his family. We transcribe it literally:

“Eaver Luvely Elizabeth (it begins).

I imbrace this opportunity god only knows if it be the last or not I am in good helth as I hope is yourself and now tempral matters concerns me licke that of the welfare of you and our two babes for which I commit you to the care of god who only is able to conduct us threw this world and bring us together in the world to come if I do not return I give and bequeath to you and your hairs and asines one half of my land on ken run with all my household furniture and to my daughter Rebica her hairs and asines my lots in town and to my daughter Margret the other half my lands. I crossed the river last night in the rear of the battalion about midnight all well we start tomorrow I am now at the head of the best and most agreable regement that ever crossed the Ohio take beckeye and pegy in your arms and kiss them and tell them it was for father.

R. PATTERSON.”

If ever Robert had need of “the God who alone is able to conduct us threw this world” now was the time. The enemy he knew had massed in incredible numbers at the town of Mackocheek. It was to be their last and most desperate stand. All the big chiefs,—Red Jacket, Tecumseh, Little Turtle and Big Corn were there and with either one went the most stubborn fighting of their followers.

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Details of the encounter do not now matter. The struggle was fierce and in a hand-to-hand encounter with one of the chiefs, Patterson received a blow on the back of his injured hand and wrist from the clubbed musket, reopening the wound received eleven years before. As on the first occasion there was no possibility of surgical aid until they reached home some ten days later. With the wounded arm tied hurriedly in a bark splint and hung in a sling of deer-thong, and in unspeakable pain, Patterson led his regiment,—(his “agreeable regiment”) in pursuit of the Indians. Eight villages were completely destroyed. In consequence of this exertion the thrice-wounded arm never did heal but remained to torment him to his dying day.

On the return march the regiment camped, as they had once before, at the mouth of Mad River, and Patterson, again as once before, remarked upon the beauty of that country, so rich and verdant, adding that it would be a fine place for a home. By the camp that night he nursed his injured arm and thought of his “eaver luvley Elizabeth” and the babies. Never were they one minute out of his mind.

On his return, a long and trying fever held him helpless for many weeks. But there were no complaints from Elizabeth, learning to be a pioneer’s wife. She accepted the absence or illness of her husband, the Indian alarms, the coarse fare and frequent babies as Divine dispensations and made the best of it. While Robert was wading up to his chin in the Wabash, laying waste crops of corn at Piqua or beating out the brains of a warrior at Macocheek, Elizabeth went on milking, churning, dyeing her

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petticoats with walnut hulls and minding Becky and Peggy in the Lexington fort.

For four years the Indians remained comparatively quiet. But toward 1790 trouble reopened all along the Ohio and north of it. They had had three seasons in which to raise corn and now, having abundant food without the trouble of shooting game, time hung heavy on their hands.

Perhaps in response to the prayer to the Virginian legislature, Fort Washington had been established on the Ohio River, and it was deemed advisable to make it the first of a series of fortifications which should stretch northward up the Miami Valley to the Wabash. General Arthur St. Clair came out from the East to command a large body of troops from the sea-board, which with the help of the western militia the Government hoped might be an effective permanent bulwark against further depredations.

As a first precaution St. Clair went to Lexington and consulted with Colonel Patterson, who promised to join the expedition with his famous regiment and induce other Kentuckian commanders to do the same.

Immediately there developed a natural but most unfortunate jealousy between the regulars and the volunteers which operated sadly against what needed to be concerted action. The West felt they had borne the brunt of the struggle alone and unaided and now resented being superseded by strangers in superior command.

The regulars with their colonial uniforms of blue

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faced with yellow, looked down on men who wore skin leggins and carried any kind of a weapon. The last place to display pride was in the presence of these veterans who had been through repeated and bloody campaigns. For it was plain that the federal government felt that what the frontiersmen had failed to do, professional well-organized soldiers could accomplish without any trouble. The militia, on the other side, being men of character, each one a commander as often as he was a private, men who read Milton and wrote arrogant letters to the Virginian legislature did not enjoy keeping rank step with stevedores from the Philadelphia wharves, even if well-accoutered.

Unfortunately, too, many months were consumed in getting the troops together, and the summer went by in mild inaction at Fort Washington. The delay was undoubtedly taken abundant advantage of by the Indians. At last, in August (1791) the army was ready to move,—the largest body of troops yet assembled consisting of twenty-three hundred privates and non-commissioned officers whose first move was to build Fort Hamilton, about thirty miles up the valley, their second another fort farther north, named Jefferson. From time to time Indians were seen in small numbers, assurance enough to a frontiersman that large bodies were in the vicinity, yet no scouts were sent out.

St. Clair was an accomplished gentleman and a brave soldier,—trained in professional military tactics. With border warfare he had not the slightest experience. With his professional prestige and lamentable ignorance went an overweening confidence in his own powers. Patter-

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son time and again urged precautions, but St. Clair, straight from the East, where all military wisdom dwelt, was not going to be dictated to by a mere militia colonel in the backwoods.

Disaster came soon enough. It was the mass desertion of sixty militia. Tired of the patronizing airs of their superior officer, they calmly turned around and went home. Wild with anger, St. Clair sent a whole company back after them, thus weakening his command by a double subtraction. Not enough fodder had been provided and many horses died; the weather was against them, the men grew sullen and discouraged.

Patterson's reflections may be imagined. Everything, in his mind, was going wrong; no scouts sent out, no sentinels posted, no precautions taken. Knowing Indian tactics as he did the end was plain. The old story, told so many times, was repeated. The regulars lost because they would not take suggestions; the irregulars because they would not take orders. On November third, came the crisis. The army was encamped on a commanding piece of ground (the site of the present Fort Recovery), the right wing composed of Butler's, Clark's and Patterson's regiments and the left of Colonel Drake's. Before daybreak orders were to begin by erecting earthworks. Imagine the Indians waiting for earthworks! Before a spade could be inserted in the soil came a volley from nowhere. Not a savage could be seen. But from every tree spurted smoke and every bullet found its mark. This was no way to make war. They should come out and be shot at, according to rules. This, when the white troops were in hopeless con-

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fusion, they did do. Little Turtle with his cohorts threw themselves on the right wing; Patterson drove them back. Other commanders stood their ground manfully and at times thought they had prevailed. But instead of retreating the Indians only hid behind trees and kept it up from shelter. The woods were full of smoke and gunfire. St. Clair could do nothing for the situation was plainly beyond his comprehension or control. Nothing in his military training had taught him to cope with an enemy which was always running away, yet always on the spot. Hour after hour the unequal contest was kept up,—attack from all four sides at once.

With the bravery of desperation, St. Clair rode back and forth at the head of his troops in utter disregard of bullets. The men at first attempted to obey and make a stand but, discouraged and terrified, they threw shame and honor to the winds and fled like animals in panic. The retreat, if such it could be called, was down the valley of the Miami, past the site of Dayton, Colonel Patterson's regiment doing the last thing left to it,—guarding the rear.

All the way from the battle-ground to Fort Hamilton the Indians followed, harassing constantly. By the time the remnant of the army reached Fort Washington (Cincinnati) it was demoralized beyond description. In the fields along the banks of the Miami were left eight hundred and ninety-four men and sixty-one officers, all scalped and horribly mutilated. An old squaw, years afterward, told John Johnston, Indian agent for the Ohio tribes, that her arm ached that night from tearing the scalps off white men, and an officer of St. Clair's

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army, pausing for a moment in the mad flight to look behind him, said that the raw and shining skulls among the frosty stubble looked like a field of ripe pumpkins.

Colonel Patterson never could discuss this battle without unspeakable anger and emotion. Years afterward, at the Rubicon Farm he would walk the floor, furious with rage in recalling the unnecessary horror of it. Six weeks after the battle, the news reached President Washington when he was entertaining a dinner party. Not until the guests left did he express himself, and those who heard it called it "Vesuvian." Washington, being a Virginian gentleman, could swear; Robert Patterson being a Presbyterian covenanter could not. But both did the occasion justice, each in his own way.

Prejudice on the frontier against serving with regular soldiers was so much increased by the St. Clair disaster that great difficulty was experienced in recruiting. To offset this, prominent Kentuckians were invited to visit General Wayne when he was in command at Fort Washington and inspect the garrison. Every effort was made to undo the unfortunate antagonism. The Kentuckians were much impressed with the discipline and appearance of the soldiers and the character of the camp. The wisest of them accepted the new point of view and tried to pass it on. The regulars in turn gained new respect for the fighting qualities of the frontiersman. It was on this occasion that Colonel Patterson and William Henry Harrison met and became staunch friends.

In considering these various engagements, so many of them disastrous to the whites,—from Braddock's Defeat, the Harmar Campaigns, to Blue Licks and St.



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Clair's debacle, it may well be asked why and how it happened that in spite of defeat the whites at last triumphed. The answer is that the Indians were not so much conquered as *crowded out*,—displaced by increasing the irresistible stream of immigration more and more flowing in to the western lands. Numbers were too much for them and they knew it.

Tecumseh, the great chief, expressed it succinctly; "The whites," he said, "drive us every year further and further before them from the sea to the Mississippi. They spread like oil on a blanket and the Red Men disappear like snow before the sun."

## CHAPTER FIVE

### *Building in Lexington*

We pass now to the transition which inevitably follows the successful colonization of a new country. The settlers being reasonably safe from persecution and fear, they set about building up the amenities of life. Robert Patterson thus emerges from the category of soldier to that of citizen and statesman.

In 1780 Kentucky began to assume definite ambitions toward statehood. Dreadfully hampering conditions existed. All executive acts must be sanctioned by the Governor of Virginia. Official powers could be had only from Williamsburg and we have seen how little the Kentucky situation appealed to the Virginians. Four or five years previous to this time the subject had been agitated whenever a group of likeminded men happened to meet. At Boonesborough one summer a convention was called and met under a large oak tree. We are told that the meeting was opened with prayer and that strict parliamentary procedure prevailed. This was the first of a series of deliberative assemblies in the proceedings of all of which we find Robert Patterson's name.

In May 1780 the district known as Kentucky was divided into three counties,—Jefferson, Lincoln and Fayette. Robert Patterson was at that time Sheriff of Fayette County. In 1784 the most imperative message

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yet evolved went to the Virginia Legislature from a large convention held at Danville. It was signed by Samuel McDowell, Christopher Irvin, Caleb Wallace, James Garrard and Robert Patterson. By this declaration the signers earned for themselves the title of "Separatists" and as such were known in early political parlance.

In 1786 Bourbon County was carved out of the immense tract originally known as Fayette. Two conventions were held this year to name delegates to the Danville convention,—Robert Patterson, Levi Todd and Cal Wallace were chosen. In all of these assemblies what they continued to demand in no uncertain terms was the immediate establishment of Kentucky as a sovereign state. These frontier philosophers knew, better than the legislators in far off Williamsburg, what was requisite for themselves and their families. But it was hard going, both politically and physically. Men could hardly be sitting in council at Danville or Lexington and assaulting Indian camps at the same time. Each of the Miami campaigns hindered, for the time being, the political progress of the infant state. So affairs dragged on to a tardy conclusion and it was not until 1792 that Kentucky entered definitely into the sisterhood of the United States of America.

In May of that year the first legislature convened in a two-story log house on Main Street, Lexington; Isaac Shelby was elected Governor and Robert Patterson representative from Fayette County, a position he held for eight years at a stipend of one dollar a day during sessions.

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By this time settlers were pouring in over the Wilderness Road, all the wagons headed for Lexington. It was beginning to be known as the pivotal point in Kentucky. Next to the mother bird in the Patterson home and her brood of eight, the growing town was the center of Robert's ambitions and the light of his eyes. He felt himself its progenitor and responsible for its growth and progress. In no uncertain sense *he* was Lexington. It was he who had discovered it,—cleared it,—purchased it by his own prowess,—built it,—fostered it. Everybody knew him, everybody trusted him, strangers from the East gravitated to his door. His hand was in every enterprise.

Catherine, being the self-appointed family historian, tells us;

“Lexington was a brisk thriving community in 1790,—father at home with Mother and Rebecca, Margaret, Elizabeth and Francis. Sister Rebecca began school the month of my birth, Father paying four hundred pounds of pork tuition fee for the half year. From the first, liberal provision was made in Fayette County for schools, the first held in a cabin not far outside the Lexington stockade.—My sisters could dye, spin, weave, sew and knit, but I, being the youngest, did little work while we lived in Kentucky.—Servants did the work but sisters had the responsibility under Mother, of getting the work out. There was a great deal of it outside of daily house-keeping as, besides our own necessities, food and clothing was to be provided for the blacks. We had wool, flax and hemp to be worked into material to clothe the family and help. Father and Mother, being neat in at-

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tire, endeavored to give us all tidy habits.—In neighborhoods, and later in social circles, we found pleasure in “bees,” picnics, fruit pickings, barbecues, frolics and much visiting.—The Blue Licks were places of popular resort for young people,—Father was noted for fine stock in Kentucky and both there and on the Rubicon farm (Dayton) we all had saddle horses.—At home in Lexington we entertained a great deal; friends from the East coming and going; Virginia officers, prominent Kentuckians on state affairs, and gentlemen for conference to engage Father in land or town site speculation.”

From other sources we learn of the progress toward genteel living; trains and wagons coming over the Wilderness Road bearing china cups, mahogany tables, tall clocks, lace berthas, books and slippers, signs of the inevitable rise of an aristocracy in this remote frontier city. Skilled mechanics from the East were evolving homes commodious and luxurious. Mrs. Patterson laments to a sister, the fact that they were obliged to buy their meat, no more game being attainable. Little time had Robert Patterson had for schooling, if indeed there had been such an institution in Bedford County in his boyhood. The primitive tools of learning,—“the three R’s,”—were, in the real beginning, apt to be passed on from parent to child in a dog’s-eared book before the light of a pitch-pine fire.

Now, however, our Builder proposed there should be a school and induced a young man by the name of John McKinney to come out from Pennsylvania and teach it. This teacher and this school appear in a story written by James Lane Allen,—“The Choir Invisible”—except

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that with the current passion for doctoring up thrilling fact into commonplace fiction, the author calls the teacher "John Gray." The panther story in the book is substantially true. The young teacher, coming to the schoolhouse early one morning to study, was set upon by a large wild-cat which sprang at him through the open door. Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Masterson who were doing their milking a short distance away, heard his cries and called for help. As any noise, of whatever kind, was always supposed to mean the Indians, everybody within hearing rushed for the shelter of the fort,—the last time in Kentucky annals that it was so used.

When the alarm proved false the settlers sought the schoolhouse to find that John McKinney, clawed and bitten and weak from loss of blood, had finished the panther with his bare hands. The animal's teeth were still fastened in his breast bone but its body hung limp and lifeless where he had broken its back over the edge of the desk. This incident is mentioned over and over again in old letters and the chief actor called "Wildcat McKinney."

A grade school such as this could not long satisfy the needs of an ambitious and growing community. We find Robert Patterson, Richard Henderson, David Rice, John Todd and others petitioning for a charter for a more advanced school to be known as Transylvania University. This institution, the first foundation of learning in the great West, was endowed in 1783 but not formally opened to students until 1785 and owed its existence and progress largely to Robert Patterson whose papers

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and correspondence contain frequent mention of its needs and how they were to be met.

It was Transylvania that fixed the intellectual status of Lexington and drew to her the strongest of the men who brought their eastern education and standards into the western wilds. In a plain two-story house on Second Street in Lexington, this pioneer college had its humble beginning but it soon took on added dignity with the ceding to it of a tract of eight thousand acres and the erection of a new building. Its faculty included some of the best minds of that far off time; Rev. James Moore was the first president, Rev. Robert Stuart and Rev. James Blythe held professorships. In 1789 departments of medicine and law were added; Dr. Daniel Drake, that distinguished chronicler of pioneer times, held the chair of *Materia Medica*.

In 1789 Robert Patterson succeeded in interesting his friends in the project of a library. This institution, like the university the first of its kind in the West, was to be called, like the university, "Transylvania,"—"across the woods." In the Patterson home on New Year's Day a meeting was held of the citizens to consult as to the manner of procuring the books and finding a place to keep them. The chairman of that meeting, like others in that school-less region and age, may not have been able to write a letter according to strict orthographical rules, but this enterprise must surely fix his claims to intellectual leadership of a simple and genuine kind. Not only love of learning was back of this enterprise but the love of their own children and the desire to give them advantages withheld from their parents. Will it be

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believed that one week sufficed, in that money-scarce community, to raise five hundred dollars? A week to raise the money and a year to get the books! None, of course, could be had nearer than Philadelphia. Thither went the committee headed by Robert Patterson, made the selection, loaded them in wagons; four hundred volumes to be taken five hundred miles, and placed proudly in the seminary building. Later many distinguished men contributed to this library,—President Washington, Vice-President Adams, Henry Clay and others.

A few years later John Bradford, one of Patterson's associates, opened the first bookstore and still later the first printing establishment west of the Alleghenies. Installed on a lot the deed of which was signed by Patterson as trustee of the city, it remained for years the center of the book and print business in the state of Kentucky.

Bradford in 1786 became the editor and proprietor of the "Kentucke Gazette" whose fragile yellowed pages contribute so much of interest in the career of our Builder. A musty, dusty, contaminating job it is to go through files of old newspapers but it yields rich rewards, for in them lies the meat of history.

The "Kentucke Gazette" was a small sheet about the size of old-fashioned letter paper, whose print and ink were brought on horseback from Maysville. None but lower case type was to be had so Bradford cut his capitals and display type out of gum-wood with a jack-knife. They look it, too! A whole day was required to run off an edition of five hundred, and subscriptions were paid



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for in bacon and whiskey. From 1786 to 1793, when the Pattersons moved to Dayton, its pages were peppered with his activities. In imagination the reader can see him taking hold of one thing after another, starting it, improving it and twisting it around to suit his standards. He advertises for bids for the building of a meeting-house, "one hundred and fifteen feet long, forty feet wide and twenty feet high with a gallery around three sides, all to be finished in a workmanlike manner."

He is named as delegate to the Danville convention.

He offers eight dollars reward for the apprehension of sundry prisoners escaped from custody; six dollars for a fine red heifer strayed from his farm and four dollars for "a likely negro wench answering to the name of Pegy."

A promotor of the Vineyard Association, he gives notice that another year will see their vines yielding grapes.

He accepts the appointment of Road Supervisor and builds the (present) road from Lexington to Limestone (Maysville).

He advertises an exhibition of fine horses and cattle and stimulates the breeding of both.

He signs an ordinance prohibiting the cutting of trees from public grounds; another to order all cabins, cow-pens and pig-pens removed from the streets.

He prints a notice, as city trustee, that if a vacant lot be not improved within one year by the erection of a good hewn log house it, (the lot) shall be reclaimed by the town.

He prohibits boys from obstructing the gangway from the fort; advertises for contributions to a fund with

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which to purchase a fire-engine, one-third of the price may be advanced in land; and that such owners as have not made their payments "agreeable" to law shall do so by the first of August.

He owns a stone quarry near Lexington and a store where groceries, queensware, dry-goods, plows and saddles may be purchased.

In one issue appears this item:

"A Sunday School is now open at Colonel Patterson's old house, on High Street, for the use of people of color. Those who wish to have their servants taught will please send a line. No expense to those who attend."

R. PATTERSON.

Again, "Notice is given to the citizens of Fayette County to meet at Colonel Patterson's on the twenty-seventh inst. (March 1799) to consult on the nomination of candidates for the Legislature."

All these and many more will aid us in gauging Robert Patterson's services to his community in times of peace. It is easy to assume that a man has rendered the highest duty possible for his country when he has served his time with distinction in war. Robert Patterson, we have abundant reason to know, had been a soldier of the bravest caliber and when public demand called him he made a good statesman. But, when neither fighting nor law-making was to be done, he settled down as an active private citizen, alive to every need of the town in which he lived. He fought the battles of his state and helped to make her Constitution, yet did not think it beneath him to frame ordinances against the

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depredations of hogs and small boys, to have them enforced and to see to it that the town he founded should grow up clean, orderly and God-fearing,—shaded with trees and supplied with books. Thus, Robert Patterson experimented, initiated, pioneered and builded.

Next to the old newspapers, old family letters will serve our purposes of research. To the fervent historian they are at once a charm and an exasperation. They promise so much and give so little. A fat packet of yellowed sheets, tied with faded pink tape and disintegrated from an attic fairly makes the mouth water with anticipation. The pioneers made their own ink. The wonder is that after a hundred and sixty years it yields up anything. Paper was scarce, therefore each sheet had to hold every word that could be squeezed in from margin to margin. A place must be left on the third page for the sealing-wax to tear its way through. We begin hopefully at the top left-hand corner and find "Respected Sir" in a cramped inch of space. The signature is that of a son to a father, perhaps even,—so stilted and formal were they—a brother to a brother. Surely now we shall learn some pictures of contemporary life, how they lived and worked and thought; we dig down, word by word, through the first page, the second, and the third, to find,—what? Why their views on Eternal Punishment or the Trinity. The state of Infant Damnation they doted on as a subject for epistolary interchange. There seemed to be nothing else worth mentioning. Perhaps after half a dozen pages of close-written theological dialectics we may find interpolated as an after-thought, "On Sunday morning last, my dear

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Rebecca, (or Catherine or Margaret as the case might be), presented me with a fine son."

The only lighter touch and the unconscious humor, for which we may be grateful, is their spelling. Some of the old letters would make a purist weep. It took a smart man to be a pioneer and the smarter he was the worse he spelled. A legislative friend writes to Robert Patterson from the capitol, "The Assembly are still setting." Other correspondents write of "shugger trees," "Divine grase" and a "Cegg of butter" "C-a-n-e" spelt cane, why not did "c-e-g-g" spell keg? It was logical, anyway. They inclined to spell General and Gentleman with a "J" and Journey with a "G." The same Lexingtonian who saw Robert Patterson's initials on a tree also saw, near Jonesboro, a log which bore the inscription "D Boon cilled bar here 1777." Orthography was an independent and original process owing no adherence to any school or method. The best that can be said of it in this respect is that the pioneers shot straighter than they spelled, which after all was the fundamental necessity in those days.

Occasionally a schoolgirl's composition has found its way among other documents, this one from Jane who came later into the family (her father wrote of her as "Jain"). She was nine years old and her teacher set her to recording her views "On the Excellence of the Christian Religion." This is what the child makes of it:

"Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the gospel with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand worlds. Amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present

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state man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation of which it is not the power of fortune to deprive him. There is not a book on earth so favorable to all the sublime affections or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution to tyranny and to injustice as the Gospel. It breathes nothing but mercy, benevolence and peace."

JANE PATTERSON.

(and the teacher has written below "Very well, Jane.")

Catherine whose sprightly letters in later life give us the cream of family history and who always admonished her grandchildren to be diligent with their spelling books, was thirteen when she indited this letter to her father,—he in Dayton, she visiting in Lexington.

"Honard Parent.

I gladly imbrace this opportunity of writing to you by Sister Margaret who starts to Dayton on Monday Ma had some thots of going but I believe has given it ought I want to gow over very much and see you but Ma says there is no way for me to gow you was criticing on my bade spelling but Pa I hope you will excuse that one word for it was very late in the knight when I wrote it Pa, sum person came to the dore last night and knocked several times and pushed it open I got up and shut it Ma was telling Hariate and Jain abaught it—law, Ma, says Hariate if I hade heard of it I woud have run under the bed—Pa i want to know if you have sold your share in the library if you have not I wish to get some books from there to read believe me to be

Your dutiful child

CATHERINE."

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By the year 1790 Indian troubles were practically over. At least the safety of the Kentucky settlements was no longer seriously threatened. The stockade forts scattered here and there had become stations and the stations villages. Lexington had entirely outgrown her first nucleus at the big spring and was acquiring courts, schools and churches. The interests of life circled about these three. When court held, the country wagons crowded the public square. Had it not been for the law courts, school exhibitions and church revivals life would have been a colorless affair. When the law-suits were disposed of and the crops gathered in any citizen could get a traveling preacher to sojourn at his house and start a revival. Letters reveal that they were always having revivals, always haranguing about free-will and predestination, for they were mostly Presbyterians. What they talked about and did, they wrote about, to the largely scattered family circle. So the impression conveyed by these letters is of a community seething with theology, hard relentless theology like the hard relentless demands of their lives, both filled to the merciless brim.

The first church established in Lexington was organized in 1784,—Patterson one of the board of trustees. A lot was secured, a log building put up and the Rev. Adam Rankin of Virginia called to the pastorate. It is a pity to have to chronicle dissensions in the congregation. One would think the Indians had given enough strife to the pioneers without their getting up disputes on psalmody. The Rev. Mr. Rankin wanted the Psalms

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of David sung; the elders wanted Watt's Hymns. The minister debarred from the Lord's Table those who favored Watt's Hymns, with the result that Robert Patterson and some others, resenting this reflection upon their spiritual and moral soundness, got another lot, raised another building and in 1795 called the Rev. James Welsh (whose son afterwards married one of Patterson's daughters) to fill the pulpit. According to Davidson's "History of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky," there were different ways of getting religion; the "singing way," the "shouting way," the "barking way," and the "groaning way." Any of these methods was a legitimate process toward glory, the acme of spiritual ecstasy being reached when the "mourner" at last accepted the doctrine of a physical hell and endless torment in it for those who did not believe as he did. It strikes us that these men and women,—solid and well-poised as they were in secular affairs,—were inclined to be somewhat intemperate in their religion and that the well-known definition of religious freedom as "the art of giving intolerance a little more room" was specifically true in the history of the pioneer church.

Stern, relentless and vindictive in spirit and uncouth in expression, this system of religion, beyond all question, gave to this country the faithfulest, bravest men and the most patient women that history has ever recorded. If it promoted intolerance, it discouraged frivolity; if it bred hardness, it fostered that moral fibre which stands the strain of temptation, discouragement and disaster.

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Friends and associates of Colonel and Mrs. Patterson during their years of living in Lexington were the Clays, Lindsays, Mastersons, Bradfords, Marshalls, Garrards, Hardins, Todds, Welshes, Nisbets, Shelbys and Madi-sons. Among his business associates Patterson numbered two with enterprising aspirations like his own, named Mathias Denman and John Filson. Both, like Patterson, were practical surveyors and both had come from New Jersey in search of what the Northwest Territory had to offer. All three made frequent journeys from Lexington to the Ohio river and across its channel. A spot on the north bank of the river opposite where the Licking joins its moving course would, in the opinion of all three, make an ideal site for a city. The banks sloped steeply, lifting the area out of flood reach. Pleasant hills set farther back gave ample room on the level for commodious building. Loaded boats coming up the Licking would meet loaded boats going down the Ohio, a united highway for the commerce of a continent. One settlement, to be sure, had been already begun farther south but had been promptly washed away by the first high water.

The major part of this coveted territory was in the hands of John Cleves Symmes, an eminent jurist of New Jersey, who had been appointed judge of the Territory, and in pursuit of both professional and commercial advancement had come out to Ohio. Whatever else the pioneers were in pursuit of, from game to Indians, the largest part of it was sure to be land. (In case of doubt read old court records.) They might be lacking in household possessions, elegant clothing, books or equipages, but they always had land. To increase it, pile



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it up, acre on acre was the chief thing they lived for. Symmes had received from the government an immense tract of land which he proposed to partition and use for settlement. Some old accounts estimate its extent at a million acres including most of southwestern Ohio, and one enthusiast adds, as if to forestall doubt: "Every acre of it worth a dollar!"

In the last part of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth the land question in Ohio was a perpetual puzzle. How much any man owned, where he got it and what were its boundaries could only be ascertained by a corps of able lawyers working months in old records, and not always then. For us it is neither interesting nor important. Symmes' mythical millions simmered down to an actuality of 248,540 acres lying along the Ohio River between the Big Miami and the Little Miami and reaching back some miles up the valleys of both.

Of this tract Denman purchased from Symmes something between 640 and 800 acres. He had a double plan; to found a city and to establish a ferry at the mouth of the Licking. It was a strategic position. Here Indians coming down the war-path from Detroit always crossed over into the hunting lands of Kentucky. The buffalo first and the Indian later, fixed the course of most of the highways in the state.

With this first purchaser came two valuable allies, Robert Patterson and John Filson. Each agreed to take a third of Denman's purchase. Here then we see the original owners and proprietors of Cincinnati. It was a triple partnership of practical value. Denman was the

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financier, Filson the surveyor and Patterson the promotor.

In the "Kentucke Gazette" of September 6, 1788 is found this pregnant notice:

"The subscribers, being proprietors of a tract of land opposite the mouth of the Licking, on the northwest side of the Ohio, have determined to lay off a town upon that excellent situation. The local and natural advantages speak its future prosperity. The inlots to be each one half acre; the outlots four acres. Thirty each to be given to each settler upon payment of one dollar and fifty cents for the survey and deed for each lot. The fifteenth day is appointed for a large company to meet in Lexington and mark a road from there to the mouth of the Licking provided Judge Symmes arrives, being daily expected.

When the town is laid off, lots will be given to such as may become residents before the first of April next.

Mathias Denman

Signed Robert Patterson  
John Filson."

The germ of Cincinnati

What she now is, began with these three men who saw in the location of the river bank and the hills the promise of a future city. Embodied in verse W. H. Venable ("June on the Miami") thus tells it.

*"John Filson and companions bold  
A frontier village planned,  
In forests wild on sloping hills  
By fair Ohio's strand.*

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*Said Filson, "Comrades, mark my words,  
Ere three-score years have flown  
Our town will be a city vast."  
Loud laughed Bob Patterson.*

## CHAPTER SIX

### *Building in Cincinnati*

Of the three prospectors in the Cincinnati plan, most chroniclers agree that Robert Patterson was the ablest and that the others depended greatly upon his judgment. Especially did his wide acquaintance contribute to the success of the enterprise for settlers they must have,—any kind,—every kind,—and the sooner the better. Safety, civilization and profits depended upon people. To that end Symmes and Israel Ludlow in New Jersey were sending out alluring literature not so different from that offered by real estate promoters of today; describing the numerous attractions of the Ohio lands.

The meeting announced in the Gazette did not materialize because of Symmes' absence. He was coming out again from New Jersey and expected at any hour. But in the 'Seventeen Eighties it was not an easy thing to keep business appointments. The Ohio river flat-boats maintained no schedule of arrival and departure; somewhere between Fort Pitt and Maysville, Symmes was coming along as fast as the current and sand-bars would let him.

On the eighteenth of September 1788 the much-heralded party got under way. It goes without saying that the adventure created much interest in Lexington.

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Anything Patterson did was subject for comment and this, his largest enterprise, could have been no exception. It is plain that he was gripped by that passion of the pioneer for places farther on. They all had it. It was the universal urge of the frontier. His experience in Lexington had stimulated his imagination. He now thought in terms of cities; turning forests into corn-fields, and corn-fields into streets; replacing log cabins with brick houses and the wilderness with homes, schools, churches and ware-houses.

These rustic empire-builders then, started north from Lexington, through Georgetown (Royal Spring) and, following the ridge of hills which separates the Licking tributaries from the Ohio, reached the mouth of the Licking in almost a straight line. Filson surveyed the road but we may not unreasonably assume that Patterson had a voice in the selection of this route to the Ohio River since it was the one taken by his own boat party in 1775 and with which he was of course familiar. Colonel Reuben T. Durrett, president of the Filson Club of Louisville says of this:

“Modern engineering has not improved upon the line of road marked out through the original forest, for the simple reason that it was the best that could be selected. The Cincinnati Southern Railroad adopted it as the best route between Lexington and the mouth of the Licking and now sends its locomotives thundering along the path over which Filson and Patterson led their Losantiville adventurers one hundred and ten years ago.” (Filson Club Papers 1899.)

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At the head of the main stairway in the City Hall at Cincinnati, is an illuminated window depicting the settlement of the new metropolis. The inscription in part reads:

"On September the 22nd, 1788, a large company of Kentuckians, led by Colonel Robert Patterson and John Filson crossed the Ohio river and were met by Judge Symmes, Israel Ludlow and Mathias Denman—on what is now the public landing.—They dedicated the city with appropriate ceremonies."

An impressive figure in a well-fitting uniform of blue, faced with yellow, surrounded by soldiers and backwoodsmen is seen planting a flag at the foot of what is now Sycamore Street and naming the town Losantiville. In the interests of the modern trend toward debunking we may observe that, as far as family annals go, Patterson never wore the colonial uniform; moreover he could not possibly, according to Catherine, have been so well-dressed and neat in attire. Surveyors today wear corduroy and its only decorations consist of burrs and mud. It could not have been otherwise in 1788. Artists, however, cannot be expected to be literalists in regard to detail. Or, the figure with upraised arm may be meant for Symmes who was a real New Jersey gentleman.

However, the Lexington party did land on the river bank and proceeded to break up the scow and use the lumber for temporary huts as shelter. Filson and Patterson began at once to lay off streets; first, from Eastern Row (Broadway), eight parallel streets running north and south to end with Western Row (Central Avenue).

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The streets parallel with the river were to be numbered from the bank upward.

The worst thing these adventurers did (fortunately remediable) was to invent the witless and preposterous name of Losantiville for the new city. L, for Licking,—os (mouth),—anti, opposite to,—and Ville, city. Lo-san-ti-ville. Filson was something of a classical scholar and wanted to show it. Patterson was not and didn't care what they named it, so he got the in-lots and out-lots that were coming to him. Anyhow someone, also with classical knowledge and more good sense, came along later and renamed it Cincinnati.

Israel Ludlow with a party of twenty soon added themselves to Patterson's group and swelled the census to eleven families and twenty-four unmarried men. In June 1789 all hands joined in erecting a fort, to be called Fort Washington. When finished it was really an imposing structure being a square building of logs, one hundred and eighty feet long and two stories high with overhanging second story, capable of housing fifteen hundred men. Surrounded by a stockade two hundred feet square, the whole of whitewashed logs, it presented, as Cist in his History of Cincinnati says "a handsome and imposing appearance." Doubtless it could be seen all up and down the river just as the Carew Tower can at the present day.

There is no definite record that Patterson helped in the actual construction of the fort. If he did not, it was surely the first public job in which he failed to have a hand. It is possible it was completed during one of his frequent trips back to Lexington where he was still

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Justice of the Peace, trustee of the city, member of the school board and a dozen other things to claim his personal attention. By the terms of his land contract he was obliged to live at least a month at Losantiville,—a “squatter” on Vine Street; the rest of the time he commuted back and forth between there and Lexington, fifty miles through the woods, mud-be-spattered to the saddle girths.

And now we hear from Elizabeth, once more,—strangely too, in protest. She had endured Robert’s frequent absences as all wives must,—the frequent Ohio campaigns, his trip to Philadelphia after books, all were legitimate and necessary. But this Cincinnati adventure was adding a new note of injury to her letters. He and Filson, she reminded him, had together put twenty pounds of good Virginia money (sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents) into that venture. His share of three hundred and twenty acres was worth half of that. How was he going to get it back? She did not ask querulously but only for information. Even if Denman’s last suggestion was taken, to reserve more lots on the north edge of town (Eighth Street) and rent them at sixpence a month, where were their profits coming from? Anyway, Robert belonged in Lexington where he was much and constantly needed.

Pioneer wives, patient as they were, did sometimes make a stand against existing conditions, as when a grand-daughter of Elizabeth’s, two generations later, when heated political arguments took the place of heated religious discussions wrote her mother, and in a postscript added tartly, “I am sick to death of Polytickes.”



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Perhaps we find in this domestic situation the reason why Patterson did not remain in the spot but made short trips around the country drumming up settlers and returning often to his home at Lexington. It has been written that things would have progressed with greater rapidity had he remained at the fort, since his contagious enthusiasm did much to gain and hold the little band of settlers. The interval was so long between the initial steps in laying out the city in September 1788 and the first distribution of lots under Israel Ludlow in January 1789 that some of the settlers lost faith and returned to their homes.

Therefore, from 1788 to 1802 we find Patterson dividing his time between corn-fields and legislative halls in Lexington and the stockade at Fort Washington,—farming, surveying, talking land values and promoting everybody's prosperity but his own. The truth is, the new venture was not brilliantly successful. One serious and tragic drawback happened. John Filson, in one of his trips to reconnoiter the country, went up the valley of the Great Miami alone and on foot and was never heard of again. Scouting parties met with no success. Did he break his leg and perish miserably of cold and hunger? Or was it Indians? Or wolves? Or a wild-cat? No one will ever know. Even his bones were never discovered and his death remains one of the impenetrable mysteries of the frontier.

It might as well be confessed that Patterson was no financier. He could do everything, it seemed, but make money,—not particularly remarkable since nobody at that time did. What he did make, he was likely to loan

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to the first one who asked him. A great error, which he was to regret deeply, was to become security for one John Arthur, a deputy revenue collector who absconded owing a debt of six thousand dollars to the government. This obligation naturally fell upon Robert Patterson, seriously crippling his resources. He had nothing to pay with but land, but transactions with the United States government were supposed to work the other way. The federal government was busy getting rid of, not taking on more, land. Ready money seems never to have been in anybody's hands in pioneer days. And six thousand dollars was a large fortune in the eighteenth century. The transaction was, for Robert Patterson, virtual bankruptcy.

Under such undeserved pressure of circumstances he began to heed the representations of his friends in favor of applying for a pension. Although only a militia officer, few, they felt, had been of greater service to his country. That service, recapitulated, told of his various campaigns, ten in number, his relief of Bryan's Station, and misadventures at the battle of Blue Licks, "in ten engagements—in two of which we lost half our men, I was their point blank mark five times and returned just as many I believe with best success." How at the close of the war he expected to settle down and enjoy his hard-earned security but lost heavily through rascality and found himself an old man in failing health and with a large family—"mostly femails."

To the credit of the United States government be it told that for the next twenty years Robert Patterson drew regularly the sum of twenty-five dollars a month,

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—not over-ample to be sure, but which with the kind of “femails” he had, helped out wonderfully. Another circumstance was pressing upon Robert Patterson and urging a change of residence. Slavery was an established institution in Kentucky and although abolitionism had not yet come into the political arena, the conditions in the south were distasteful to him on principle. Like all his neighbors he owned slaves but he did not propose to continue doing so. In fact, though this is anticipating the story, the slaves accompanying him to Dayton were all eventually freed. It was at this juncture that his mind turned to that lovely country at the mouth of Mad River where he had camped and which he thought so beautiful. Four times he had been up and down that river valley and it drew him to it.

No objection came from Elizabeth. She was as ready to follow him in 1803 as in 1779, although it would mean for the second time in her life leaving a stone house for a log house and all implied privations. The result of repeated family consultations was, that Robert left his Lexington property to be sold to indemnify the government, sold his Cincinnati holdings at a large advance to make payments on a tract of land south of what is now Dayton, and decided to move.

The decision was the basis for an event always looked for in the Patterson family, and never in vain,—a grand family, neighborhood and state-wide celebration and dinner. May fifteenth, 1803, was the fiftieth birthday of the head of the clan. Invitations went out en masse, to friends, cousins, uncles and aunts, far and near and more especially to the men he had explored with, hunted

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with, served with, tramped with, in the early days, that they were needed in Lexington to keep good company.

Mrs. Patterson and her six daughters, the negroes in the cabins and the willing neighbors were busy all of two full weeks in advance of the dinner with the things that only housekeepers can do. Since nobody in those days was so niggardly of his time as to come for a single meal the house was full to overflowing some days before the actual date.

Since guest lists were not invented no one knew how many to expect. The simple procedure was to fill the brick oven in the yard with fat loaves as many as it would hold and repeatedly, to make pies and fruit cake by the dozen, preserves by the quart, toddy by the gallon, meat by the whole carcass.

The principal idea in Colonel Patterson's mind, and which was gallantly seconded by his wife, was to prepare the food, or a part of it in the fashion followed in their camping-exploring days of thirty years before. To this end a great fire was built in the yard a whole deer and half a steer were provided. The veterans entered into it with gusto. They stripped the tenderloin from the deer and showed the younger ones how to broil it over the coals. Mrs. Patterson served corn-pone baked in the ashes and all agreed that it tasted as it used to when they were twenty. The special treat was "jerked bear," a delicacy disinterred from the meat-house where it had hung waiting this occasion.

The afternoon was spent in reminiscence. Several old veterans gave exhibitions of scenes on the war-path. Blue Licks was lived over in sorrowful imagination; the

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Illinois expedition told and re-told; Bryan's Station had been a personal experience for many of them. All had participated in the stirring adventures of early days, had won their homes by the hardest effort and seen Kentucky grow from a "dark and bloody ground" to the fair expanse of peace and plenty and safety.

In the hour of after-dinner cheer Robert Patterson made known to the company his intention to move to Ohio. It was the only note of sadness on the occasion. They could not imagine Lexington without him. All knew of his unfortunate financial embarrassment but were ignorant that it was to be the reason for his departure. It undoubtedly drew out of these old comrades many expressions of appreciation of his unfailing loyalty and service to Lexington and the state.

The first break in the family circle had been the marriage of Rebecca to a doctor in Bardstown, which left only ten for the exodus. To move that family with the accumulations of thirty years, seventy miles to Cincinnati and sixty beyond that to Dayton, must have resembled the migration of an Old Testament patriarch and his tribe;—with one exception, that an Israelitish over-lord would have taken with him at least one wagon load of extra wives and Robert, however much as he might have needed them at this juncture, had only Elizabeth. It was a three weeks' journey at the pace a cow could walk.

We turn, not to Catherine this time, who was only ten, but to her older sister Elizabeth, sixteen, bubbling over with excitement and enjoying every hour of the greatest event of her life. She writes:

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"The excitement of packing and leaving may have afforded pleasure to us younger ones but it was a trying time to Father and Mother who could not suppress tears at parting from old relatives and friends.

"We started from Lexington the last Monday in October, mother and the rest of us walking, or in wagons or on horseback, with servant's goods and provisions, implements, a drove of cattle and several led horses with packs. Uncle William Lindsay and Father in turn rode ahead to select a camping ground or tavern for the night and we cooked from supplies in the wagons. I, like the rest, changed from horse to wagon at pleasure and walked some of the way.

"The first Sunday we camped near Covington and the next day crossed into Ohio, safely swimming the livestock.

"Father and Mother left us the morning we started from the tavern outside of Cincinnati. They took Jefferson and Robert with them and reached Dayton three days ahead of us. Father becoming anxious returned on the road to meet us. The cattle were slow travelers. We had fine weather all the way, no sickness and plenty of company.

"We all teased Father to tell us what kind of a house we were going to live in. He explained that it was not a stone house such as we had left in Lexington but a log house and at every log house that came in sight Catherine would ask 'Is that our new house, Father?'"

At last, the cavalcade, following laboriously the curves of the river, came to a stop before a large house on the

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slope of a hill and surrounded with barns and outhouses. Dayton, they were told, was farther on up the road.

"If" writes Elizabeth, "there was disappointment or chagrin at the change from the stone house in Lexington to a log house on the frontier, it found no expression, for, with mother's example, we all took hold in arranging the house and furniture. There were three rooms down-stairs and four bed-rooms upstairs for the family of ten. The house stood in an orchard of bearing apple, pear, and peach trees; there was an outside kitchen and smoke-house and a spring at the foot of the hill. Mill and farm hands lived in cabins around the mills and cabins were built for the blacks."

So, there was Robert Patterson a citizen of Dayton! We marvel that with his predilections for the untried and the new, he did not find the Dayton of that day too finished and sophisticated. For there were no less than seven log cabins strung along the bank of the Miami up in town, some two miles away, and hidden in the paw-paw bushes at the corner of Third and Main Streets was even a Presbyterian meeting house. The road they had come through from Cincinnati continued its muddy stump-infested way north to the settlement. The remains of a stockade fort stood not far from where he had camped at the mouth of Mad River. All else was a thicket of hazel bushes, second growth trees and fallen timber. The town had been settled seven years before by a company of surveyors from Cincinnati, another venture in the land-colonization plan of Israel Ludlow and John Cleves Symmes.

The new settlement had suffered parlous times. First,

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with the peculiar property valuation under which they held no legal title to their land, then from periodic overflows of the Miami which left them each time more muddy and dripping and discouraged, then wolves which carried off the few precious pigs they owned, then and always from the greatest pest,—*malaria*. One can comprehend the pioneers overcoming every other foe,—four-footed, two-footed or no-footed—except that particular kind of sickness. The new ground, the mud flats of the river exhaled something which could not be fought off but laid the strongest of them low. Every other day some one was in bed shuddering with the ague, but an optimist of the period congratulated the inhabitants that at least it never happened that the sick days came to all alike and at the same time. Therefore in 1803, when half the Dayton population (five), wrapped themselves in blankets and went to bed, the other five shouldered their axes and went to work.

On paper, Dayton made a convincing appearance with its "Main Street," an extension of the Cincinnati road; its "Ludlow," "Jefferson" "Wilkinson" "Perry" and "Wayne," named after the leading actors in the drama of the day, running across from east to west. One thing it did have of real cosmopolitan value. There on the bank, where the first boat-load of settlers had landed from Cincinnati, stood Newcom's Tavern, representing the most advanced ideas of the day in building. Its logs were not round with the original bark covering, but were hand-hewn, square and fitted snugly at the corners. The chinks were not clay-daubed but mortar-filled and



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people not only talked of it but they came out of their way to look at it.

Newcom's was much more than a mere dwelling; it was the first tavern, the first store, it housed the first class of school-children, court sat in the side room and "preaching" was held there on Sunday. All the "trails" from north to south and from east to west centered at Dayton and Newcom's was the hub of the Miami universe.

Dayton had not really begun to grow when the Patterson family arrived but with such an accession to the census it did. Plenty of chance here for "building." The first literal occasion being a grist mill. To Robert Patterson it seemed no less than a scandal that as late as 1804 Dayton housewives should still be pounding their corn into hominy or meal in a home-made mortar. Plenty of stone was to be had on Rubicon Farm two miles south of town and plenty of "power" in the current of a pretty creek that flowed across his acres. From this stone and on this creek rose the first mill in Dayton. Its citizens took instant advantage of it and on long summer days rows of wagons and horses hitched along the fence testified to its usefulness. The farmer-owners carried their sacks of grain into the cool interior of the stone mill while the wives and children waited under the trees for the grist to run through. It became in time a sort of social center for families from all parts of the county, meeting to pass the news of the day and eating picnic dinner on the ground.

This, however, was not the only enterprise Patterson engaged in. An old newspaper carried this notice:

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### THE RUBICON FACTORY TWO MILES BELOW DAYTON

The subscribers inform the public that their carding and spinning machines are now in complete operation and they are prepared to card and spin wool to the best manner.

Common Wool six and a fourth cents a pound.

Carding spinning and weaving cloth thirty-one and a fourth cents.

Satinette thirty-seven and a half cents.

Produce will be received in part payment at the market price.

R. PATTERSON.

It will be seen that this new immigrant from the south had some amazing new ideas. When every housewife had always done her spinning and weaving by hand, it was nothing less than revolutionary to have it done in a factory by machinery.

Likewise when planks needed in building had to be smoothed on both sides with an adze by hand why continue such laborious and old-fashioned methods? Patterson's answer was to build farther down the same creek on the east side of the farm a saw-mill, the proceeds of which two generations later sent his grandsons to college.

Again Catherine speaks:

"Our mills were running nearly all winter, men and boys coming two or three days ride with grain, camping along the creek to wait their turn. When snow came, logs were sledded with teams of six or eight oxen,—We

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walked to Dayton to school, taking dinners with us but to church we went on horseback.

"From the saw-mill a few rods north of the house, a road led through the woods to Dayton.—The 'big Road' led from Dayton passing the grist-mill half a mile east of the house to Lebanon and down to Cincinnati, sixty miles away. South of the house on the hill was the sugar camp and I think in February we tapped quite a hundred maple trees.—

"In March came heavy rains causing a great flood in the rivers—a new and strange sight for us. The water reached nearly to our door; the front yard fence and bottom field fences carried off and the torrent covered with drift spread into the woods west of the river channel as far as the eye could reach. Rubicon creek was like a river, mills stopped, the roads were under water and we could not get to Dayton for weeks.

"Before we left Lexington we promised Father and Mother to celebrate their silver wedding anniversary in the new home. But the flood prevented anything but a family celebration. We had an extra dinner and I remember the big fish the men trapped in the river for the occasion."

Then follows a description of the family relatives, all of whom had followed Robert and Elizabeth up from Kentucky and settled in or near Dayton. The circle of Revolutionary soldiers who knew Colonel Robert from reputation came frequently to visit him. All joined the Presbyterian Church. The first daughter he had married was our friend "Kitty," the vivacious "Kitty Patterson," our intimate chronicler. Their home on Main

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Street was the first brick house built in Dayton. Henry Brown was a prominent and successful merchant and in his company Robert Patterson made many profitable ventures. Indeed they were in virtual partnership.

"When the flood of 1805 had subsided, Father sent to the Cincinnati market two wagon loads of flour and one of wheat, four horses to each. The mill teams hauled back goods for the Dayton merchants. Father shipped flour, grain and meat by boat to Cincinnati and my brothers Francis and Robert, took cargoes to New Orleans and selling out returned on horseback."

The land which Robert Patterson had purchased was an immense tract stretching east and west from the hills south of town and which in the aggregate amounted to twenty-four hundred and seventeen acres.

By the time Robert Patterson had been living in Dayton four or five years, the little town had greatly improved. There were five stores and three taverns, two ferries across the river. A new frame court-house ornamented the corner of Main and Third Streets while a two-story tavern with a dinner bell in the belfry gave an air of distinction to the growing town. A line of keel-boats connected Dayton direct with Cincinnati and all points down the Mississippi. Some of them were eighty feet long and held as much cargo as a freight car. They were built right in front of the tavern and launched into the river at the head of the street. Both of Patterson's sons, Robert and Francis, engaged extensively in this exportation of commerce. It was the beginning of the trade supremacy of the Miami Valley.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *Hail! and Farewell!*

Did Robert Patterson think, when he served his last unfortunate duty in protecting the retreat in St. Clair's defeat, that he had seen the last of military service? If so he was undeceived. In April 1812 the second war with Great Britain broke out. The historians will take care of the main events for us. Its local effect is all we are at present interested in. In that small obscure corner of the universe known as Dayton, Ohio, it was a soul-stirring occurrence. In the course of a few short hours no less than fourteen hundred men, called out for duty by Governor Meigs were emptied unexpectedly into her meagre precincts.

And with them the little hamlet took on new and unprecedented aspects. From the Patterson farm on the south to the mouth of Mad River on the north it was a continuous military camp,—never so full,—never so heatedly active. A proud army! A confident army! Gay new uniforms, much riding to and fro by gayly caparisoned officers; much saluting, and military ceremony;—the most impressive when Governor Meigs came in person to Dayton and reviewed the entire army drawn up to receive him at Cooper Park.

During all these events Colonel Patterson an idle outsider! What his emotions were is not a matter of record.

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He, with the rest of the citizens, saw the troops under command of General Hull march out across Mad River and up towards St. Marys to the martial strains of bugles and the throb of drums. Into a silence unpunctured by letters or telegrams! Day after day people of Dayton waited anxiously for news of a great victory and Patterson waited with them. It was a long twelve weeks until one day a dusty and dejected horseman rode slowly in from the north, down Main Street, and dismounted at Henry Brown's store. A crowd gathered with heavy hearts at the mere look of him. They had met the British,—yes,—they had engaged in battle? No. There was no chance to even prove their valour. Before one shot had been fired Commander Hull had surrendered! Twenty-five hundred men, thirty-eight guns, horses, cattle, supplies,—to an army less than half their number! But this benumbing news was only half,—the most poignant side to it was that the frontier was open to the enemy. Dayton itself might at any moment be open to attack.

If Robert Patterson had raged and wept over St. Clair's defeat what could he have had to say to this? Not even a defeat,—a catastrophe of treachery and scorn! After some more weeks, wagons began slowly filing home across the ford at Mad River at the rate of three miles an hour; wagons loaded with victims of scattered engagements where the American forces had attempted to retrieve their disgrace. Those who saw it said that under the wagons hung icicles of blood six inches long. A camp of tents was improvised on the Court House lot where Dr. John Steele cared for the

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men as well as the surgery of that day permitted. Every home that owned a spare bed was opened; every house a hospital.

All the effort of the summer had to begin anew. The decimated population of Ohio had to raise another army. Boys must take the place of men and women must do the work of their husbands. Not a word was asked as to military fitness. It was a desperate emergency. With the tragic situation came a new hope into Robert Patterson's heart. General Harrison was to take the new command. He was coming to Dayton on his way to gather up the scattered forces at St. Marys (Urbana). The army,—thank God was no longer to be in charge of "an old woman." Harrison was an old friend. He with his staff was at the Tavern. Robert was going to see him,—did go,—was received with a warm handclasp and the words "Colonel Patterson, you are just the man we need!" And in his hand a commission as quartermaster of the new army! Waving it above his head the old veteran went home to Elizabeth. Wounds and years were forgotten. What mattered a hole in his back and a sixtieth birthday approaching if he was needed and could still serve?

Behold then our Colonel, busy once more being and doing the things he had loved best all his life. Fight he might no longer expect to do, but what commander will minimize the importance of the service of supply? And who so well equipped for it as Patterson, with his four mills, his two sons and one son-in-law, all active and competent men? His wide acquaintance up and

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down the valley, his expert knowledge of food products and cattle? Work,—responsibility,—authority! These were the wine of life to the old man. He was no longer as he feared, superfluous,—superannuated. From early hours till late he lived on horseback buying supplies, advertising for horses and mules, organizing pack-trains or fleets of keel-boats for up-river service, keeping his mills going night and day;—the Dayton Watchman recounts his activities as the Kentucky Gazette did thirty-five years earlier.

Once more soldiers began to gather in Dayton. And such soldiers! Not much resemblance to the first well-dressed army. Called in a hurry, inferior in discipline, scantily clad. And Dayton for a second time a military camp. Troops tramping the roads that led to Rubicon Farm and over-running the meadows! Mud! Both roads to town choked with commissary wagons, pack-horses and ox-carts. Mud! Drivers shouting at their teams and mules straining at their harness. Mud! Cooper Park white once more with tents,—sorry looking tents and not half enough of them; Henry Brown's store packed with customers or with idlers to hear the news. Soldiers! Soldiers! Soldiers! and mighty little for them either to eat or wear.

And Elizabeth,—was she idle? By no means. She was "building" too, if we may use the term in regard to shirts. As President of the Dayton Female Charitable and Bible Society she received one day a gallant epistle from the Commander in Chief of the Army at Headquarters, at St. Mary's. It read:



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"General Harrison presents his compliments to the ladies of Dayton and solicits their assistance in making shirts for our brave defenders many of whom are destitute of that article.

Materials will be furnished by the Quartermaster and the General expects that this opportunity for the display of female patriotism will be gladly embraced by his fair countrywomen."

*Signed*—WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

As naturally as her husband had answered the call, so did Elizabeth. She was an organizer,—per se. Not for nothing had she been the head of that Kentucky household and run the destinies of a family of eleven and as many blacks for a quarter of a century. The women of Dayton looked to her to give the orders and she did not fail them. Into the columns of the weekly paper went this notice:

"Wives! Sisters! Mothers!

"Come! women of Dayton to the help of the country and bring all the blankets and bedding you can spare to Mrs. Robert Patterson at Henry Brown's house on Main Street."

Thither too, as by promise, went bales of cotton cloth and the women armed with thimbles to put it to use. Those shirts must be made up with the utmost rapidity. No need for emphasis. Every shivering recruit who walked the streets was proof of the necessity. Who but our old friend, Kitty Patterson Brown can tell us so well?

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"Couriers were sent out to the Van Cleve, Bradford and Shaker regions up and down the rivers and Wolf Creek begging the ladies to come and sew. Men from Father's warehouses brought the goods, Mother and Mrs. David Reid cut out the patterns, and cut out goods were sent as far as Centerville to be made there."

Now note well the result. The order was dated September 29th,—and Catherine says:

"By the middle of the month (which means October), we had forwarded EIGHTEEN HUNDRED SHIRTS to the fort at St. Marys and mother still has the receipt for them with General Harrison's thanks and compliments to the ladies of Dayton."

Fifteen years later than this we find the population of Dayton listed at a thousand people. In 1812 it could have been no more than half of that number. Calculate the proportion of women, contemplate the fact that sewing machines had not been invented and the measure of that accomplishment in "building" may be ascertained.

Of these hectic days Catherine wrote:

"Mother and I helped each other. We had to. She practically ran the farm and mills for two whole years. I heard my husband and others speak in wonder at the amount of work Father and Mother did in those busy days of the war. Francis had charge of the Clifton Mills and because milling was so important Father kept him there instead of allowing him to enlist for active service.—Our house was full all the time. Colonel Duncan McArthur while organizing the First Ohio Regiment was a guest as well as other officers, all old friends of Father's.

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They had all been Indian fighters and companion scouts. The regiment camped five days at the springs on the Rubicon east of the stone mill.—When the Kentucky troops passed through Father met many of his old friends and associates, officers and comrades. Meeting with them always cheered his heart.”

So, once again Robert was left free to engage in constructive citizenship which he loved no less than soldiering. The first bridge was built over the Miami and he was on the board of construction; a public library was organized and he contributed funds; roads were under construction and he gave of his experience and advice.

Of all the new ideas fostered by Robert Patterson in his long and enterprising life none was more important or progressive than his opinions on the subject of transportation. As a distributor of commodities he realized that freight rates by wagon were not only ruinously high but entirely inadequate to the demands of increasing business. The river had been the first great highway of commerce to the pioneers but by 1820 it had proved its worthlessness in more ways than one. Valuable boatloads of merchandise were dependent upon the stage of water in the channel, upon drought on the one hand when they would be left high and dry on a sand-bar, on the other, violent floods which tore even the stoutest craft to pieces.

Here and there, now and then, by word of mouth or in the printed pages, the suggestion was made of building canals to connect the growing cities of the west. Over and over was the forcible argument presented,—

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*"One stage of water all the time."* To those whose cargoes of fine furniture, bales of skins, kegs of lard and whiskey had been spilled out of a tipped-over boat by high water or wrecked on dams, this was a drawing chain of reasoning. Robert Patterson seized eagerly upon it as he did every new idea. He therefore took every occasion to speak in favor of connecting the Ohio and the Lake by canal. Surveys had shown its feasibility; the shortest route from Cincinnati was through Dayton, the river bend at the Bluffs located the line through Rubicon Farm and—there you were. No enterprise created more interest in the Miami Valley in the early twenties and thirties than the building of this canal. It was the dream of the later years of Patterson's life.

He was too old to do practical surveying but he understood every step of the process; he was too infirm to dig which he undoubtedly would have done if thirty instead of seventy. But he entertained the contractors and engineers at his house, made everything easy and pleasant for them, loaned them horses and gave them all needed supplies from his mills. He did not live to see the canal completed but he died in great gratification that his sons would be able to ship direct from the mills into the heart of the business district of Cincinnati or, without breaking cargo, pass directly into the Ohio River for most distant points.

A tender-hearted historian would like to paint the concluding pages of Robert Patterson's life rose-color. But it can't be done. He suffered increasingly from his old wounds and from rheumatism. Death and sickness

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took their inevitable toll in the relationship. His mills burned,—not one but two, and the loss to himself was less acute than the loss of raw materials belonging to customers which he unfailingly replaced. Crops weren't always good. Age was slowing down his zest for building. But nothing gave him discouragement or bitterness. He remained to the last, with the help of Elizabeth, "Captain of his soul."

Family history had been progressing as it has done since the days of Adam. Rebecca, as we know, had been married in Kentucky. Sons-in-law were appearing with frequency. James Nisbet came along and took Elizabeth; Dr. Venable carried off Margaret; Henry Brown had already turned Kitty into a sweet matron; Henry Stoddard married Harriet; even little "Jain" found her fate in Dr. John Steele and later went back to Kentucky to live.

All these weddings called out the same crowd of relatives and friends, the same groaning dinner tables, the same joyous bridal parties setting off on horse-back for their new homes. Some of the weddings took place in the log house down by the river and some in the fine new brick mansion built on the "Big Road" in 1820. Grandchildren too, were making annual additions and with every year Robert and Elizabeth saw their family circle widening like the circles made by a stone thrown into a pool. What with the Goodlets, Steeles and Venables in Kentucky, the Browns, Nisbets, Welshes, Stoddards, Andersons, Whichers and Irwins in Dayton, the soil of two states were being plentifully sprinkled with Patterson progeny.

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Robert and Elizabeth were going hand in hand down the twilight years. We have two pictures of them, both from another "Kitty," a daughter of the Kitty we know, like her mother a vivacious and picturesque letter-writer and faithful scribe. She describes her grandfather, the old Colonel, in his uniform of the War of 1812, walking at a slow pace over his farm, his back slightly bent and holding his lame arm behind him against the wound he had received more than fifty years before;—then of his riding out of the east gate of the farm to the "Big Road" with his wife on a pillion behind him.

This, perhaps, best and tenderest of all:

"Like an old silhouette filled in with delicate tints, her picture stands out in my mind against the dark background of her room, as she sat in sweet motherliness and wise government of her household, as her family came and went around the great blazing logs in the broad fireplace.

"My mother spent weeks of her little girlhood at the old Rubicon Farm and I see her in imagination, standing beside a low table, a dainty little maid with apple cheeks and blue eyes (the Patterson coloring) reading a Bible aloud to her old grandmother or running down to the old spring-house among the ancient forest trees where generations have come and gone."

Failing health and strength were taking their inevitable toll of both Robert and Elizabeth. About his last active public appearance was to ride at the head of a Fourth of July procession with four other local revolutionary veterans and to read at the Presbyterian church an address ending with the toast,—“To the heroes of

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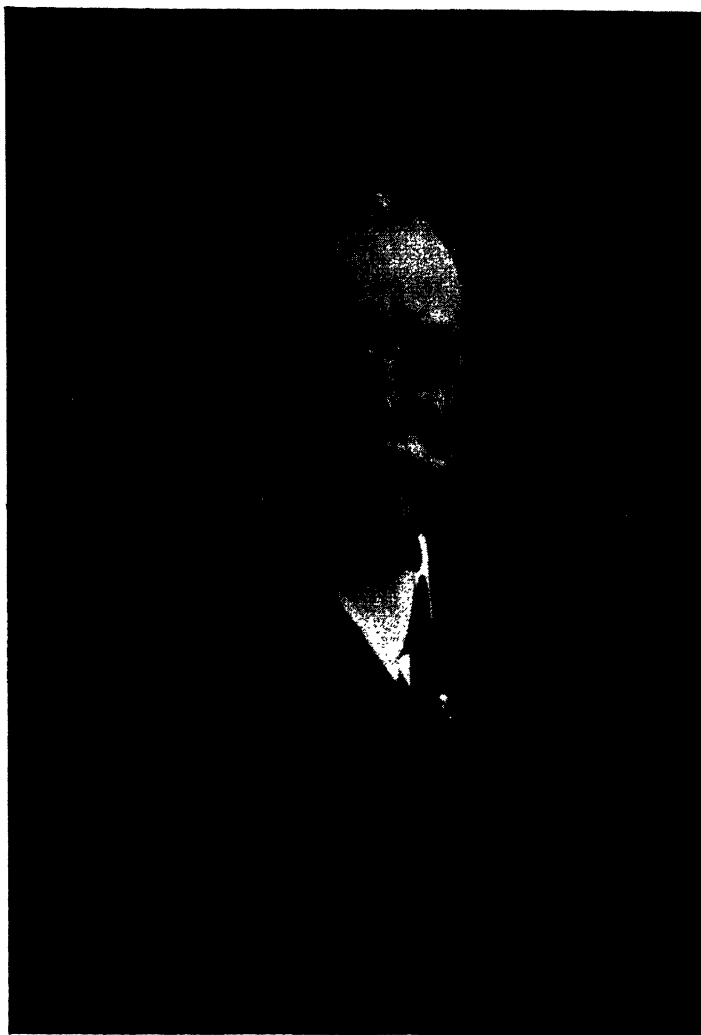
the Revolution who fell to secure the blessings of this day to us. May their children so maintain them that America may remain a Republic of Christians to the very last."

In November 1827, it became known that the old Colonel was nearing his end. From far and near his children and grandchildren gathered to his bedside. He bore his sufferings with fortitude; the stubborn endurance of the inevitable learned in his young manhood did not desert him on his death-bed. He became weaker and weaker,—opening his eyes only occasionally to let them rest upon his "Eaver Luvely Elizabeth," standing close by his side as she had done for fifty years. At times he was back in the fort at Lexington, expecting the Indians to attack; again swinging an axe to fell a forest giant to protect his neighbors. At last, lapsing into unconsciousness, at five o'clock on the afternoon of November ninth, fifty-two years to the day after the founding of Lexington, the gallant old soldier answered taps for the last time. The reveille was on the other side of the river where there are no Indians nor creditors nor gunshot wounds but the triumphs of well-lived and fruitful years.









JOHN HENRY PATTERSON  
1844-1922

*"My best investments are in humanity"*

■

PART TWO

JOHN HENRY PATTERSON

1844—1922

*A Creative Idealist Who Made Good  
Things Come True*



## CHAPTER ONE

### *High Lights*

Facing the west, at the top of a long hilly road above Rubicon Farm, stood a primitive one-roomed country school of the 60's. Bare red bricks and wooden shutters, a muddy path to the door, a woodpile and an open well with bucket and chain were the objects which met the eye on the outside; on the inside a dozen shabby, unmatched whittled desks, a rusty iron stove and cracked plaster walls decorated with the classic missiles of the old-time schoolboy.

Everything in this schoolhouse spoke of common-placeness and hampered utility. The dim windows typefied the obstructed outlook on life. The lack of aids to education bespoke the barrenness of instruction. A boy teacher recently out of the hay field had, in the vernacular, "gone as far as compound interest," in the arithmetic. If, somehow or other, he could drag the unwilling minds before him as far as that he would get a certificate from the County Board and perhaps a better school. To stuff the pitchers of the minds under his care with cold unrelated facts was his one enterprise.

How bored they were, teacher and taught! How they scraped copper toed shoes on the floor and wriggled in their uncomfortable seats!

Could one blame them? What suggestion had come

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to them that their temporary imprisonment was of distinct and practical value? No one ever spoke of the pleasures of travel or history; of the store of happiness in poetry, of what books might mean if rightly interpreted. No one pointed out that the successful man was happy because he could do things, the unsuccessful man unhappy because he was forever shut out from the creative activities of life.

Yet, without any help from the teacher, one boy in that school did get some such idea.

For that one boy the farm was a better school than the school itself. He learned many lessons that had nothing to do with books, best of all his common share in responsibility. Had his regular round of chores. Fed the stock; helped his mother make garden. Looked after the mills while his father was in the legislature. Went fishing with the boys from town. His little sister begged to go along. Whoever heard of a boy loading himself down with a teasing little sister on his precious Saturday? But John did; shared his sandwiches, baited her hook, helped her over fences. He was not a "goody-goody" boy;—not the least in the world, but he never cared to have fun if somebody else went without. John was the helpful one in the family. If an uninteresting elderly aunt came to visit it was John who hitched up old Pompey and drove her to the sewing circle. It was John who could always be depended upon to do what the others found too troublesome.

Learning many a lesson too, not found in books. Once in a field with his father and a helper, where a

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new fence had been laid, he got one on accuracy. His father, casting an eye along the top rail said: "You haven't got it straight."

The boy,—“Won't it do?”

The father,—“No it won't do. There shall be no crooked fences on my farm. Take it down and build it right. Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well.”

Another jump of years and at the bottom of the hill on the road that has become an improved thoroughfare stands another school capable of holding in its spacious area twenty of the old one. White, tall and shining it lifts a proud portico, supported by Corinthian columns, to the street. It might be called an auditorium, a forum, a hall of science, but upon the lintel of the entrance are the simple words—“*THE SCHOOL HOUSE.*” A place where people go to learn things! And they go, and do learn!

This School House stands, a central point in a group of factory buildings. “Factory” do you say? Rather like a university is it! Dignified structures, whose walls are draped with vines and through whose windows one sees long vistas of green sward lined with flowering shrubs. The surroundings of these buildings might be those of a gentleman's summer villa, so bright and clean are they, so glowing with floral color. Eight thousand people spend the working hours of the day within these buildings, occupied with tasks that are generally accompanied with dust, soil and grime, but which are here conducted in quiet and systematized order. No piles of debris disfigure the workshops, no floors strewn with rubbish, no

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noise except that of the regularized machinery of production. The men at the machines have the upright aspect that goes with moral and physical qualities; the women present the appearance of a classroom in a girl's college; both men and women are alert, happy and clever, proud of their work as producers of a world commodity.

Throughout this organization, whether in shops or offices, there can be found no indifference to detail, either personal or mechanical, no loud talking, no slouching nor horse-play, no shirt-sleeves, no slacking, no procrastination, no disorder. The sins of the old school house on the hill have been transformed into virtues at the foot. The very faces of the workers carry evidence of the transformation. They have been set free, as the old-time learners never were, to develop. Work to them is not all of life but a means to an end.

And this they have learned in the new School House. What lay between those two schools, the old and the new, is the story of one man's life.

In the next glimpse, the boy on the farm has grown to be a young man in the city. He is spending Thanksgiving Day in a way peculiar to himself. It is seven in the morning and he, with a young errand boy, are in the dingy loft of a factory building. In spite of its displeasing aspect it looks good to the man because it has possibilities, and above all, because in it he is going to undertake his first manufacturing venture. A holiday has no attractions for him compared to improving something. There is much to do. The loft is both disorderly and



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dirty. The boy is put to sweeping and dusting while the young proprietor directs operations and takes stock of his plant.

"We must get rid of everything that has nothing to do with work," he announces; so down from the wall come campaign posters, rooster emblems, baseball scores, out-of-date calendars and gaudy actresses. The pile on the floor grows as contributions are added, making an object lesson for a lecture to the force next morning. If the boy helper smells Thanksgiving turkey he does not mention it, so proud is he to be the one selected for the first job. Desks are emptied, letters sorted, windows cleaned, and all the while the clock marking the hours. Nine,—ten,—eleven,—noon; one,—two,—three, up to a full eleven hours of continuous work, and the place is transformed.

"Is everything perfectly clean?" asks the young proprietor.

"Yes indeed, sir," answers the boy proudly.

One sweep of the executive forefinger over a neglected file-case shows the difference between nearly clean and really clean. The boy apologizes, but thought it was "good enough."

"Listen," said his employer; "Good enough, is not going to be good enough for us. That is the rule from now on in this company. Don't forget it."

The same young business man inspecting his plant. It has grown to many times the dimensions of the factory loft, and he means it shall grow larger still. Passing

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through the bindery one day he sees a woman operative heating something in a pail over the steam radiator.

"That's a poor way to warm up paste," he remarks to the foreman. "Why don't you have better arrangements?"

"That isn't paste," is the reply. "That's coffee; she is getting ready to eat her lunch."

The fact stuck in the mind of the employer, as new facts always did. The girl lived far from the factory; she had to start early, too early to make fresh coffee; it was probably made the night before. Stale coffee, half warmed over a steam coil! What kind of nourishment was that for a human body of which eight hours continuous work was demanded? He, her employer, had eaten an abundant and appetizing breakfast and would go home to an equally appetizing luncheon. How could he demand of her the kind of work he expected done in the factory, if she were insufficiently fed?

The answers to these self-administered questions set things of a new kind going, much to the disapproval of other members of the company. The incident, in time, amplified itself into a pleasant dining-room, where, in addition to the sandwiches brought from home, the women employees were served with hot soup and coffee. When found fault with for wasting the profits of the factory and spoiling his women workers by too much kindness, the president answers, "A man owes more to his employees than the wages he pays them."

It is six o'clock in the evening, and the big factory is shut down for the day. Up the steps of Building

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Ten, come crowds and crowds of people. Family parties, it seems, fathers, mothers and children, all with an air of expecting something. It is prize dinner night for the Boy Gardeners of Dayton. A great occasion, and one to which you cannot hope to be bidden unless you can claim kin with one boy who in the past summer has distinguished himself with corn and potatoes on a vacant lot.

Elevator after elevator with its load shoots up to the dining-room on the tenth floor, and still they come; enough to fill the five-hundred places set for them,—all guests for the evening of President Patterson. First there is the dinner,—the kind to gladden a boy's heart,—chicken, corn, potatoes, biscuits, ice cream,—all they want, and with extra rations of gravy. Having finished, to the last peppermint, they are asked by a photographer to sit still for a minute and look pleasant, which they find little trouble in doing. A sudden blinding flash, a glare, a bang, and they are all preserved to posterity in the most satisfying situation known to humans, having just eaten a good dinner, with other pleasant things to come.

The president then steps to the platform and makes a little speech. He tells them how proud he is that they have spent the summer in such a useful way, digging gardens instead of running wild around the streets; and what a fine thing it is to have put work into a piece of bare ground and taken it out in peas and beans, flowers and melons; and that he is glad they have learned so much and had a good time.

Then the movie picture reels off. There they all are,

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just as he said, the boys hoeing, the girls weeding, sometimes fathers and mothers at work too. The camera shows rows and rows of corn, wheelbarrows full of cabbages, bushels of beets and onions, each crop with the proud producer of this wealth as chief figure.

So great is the interest that the president can hardly get order enough to announce the prizes. First he shows the prize-winners and tells their names. There they are on the screen, grinning through their freckles. Then he calls for the real boys, and they come up from the floor to the platform still grinning, to hear each a special speech of congratulation. And the prizes? No Sunday School books about Moses, such as you get at Christmas, but real money in beautiful gold pieces—some ten, some five and a lot of smaller silver ones. How proud the parents are! Have they not learned lessons too—of thrift (for having a cellar full of potatoes is better than buying them at the grocery) of beauty (for how lovely are the old commons now blazing with greenery and color) of health (for how well the children have been!)

A winding mountain road in the Adirondacks along which is coming a wagon drawn by two horses on its way to meet a train. It carries besides the driver, a blond gentleman, his nephew and an assortment of traveling bags.

Midway to its destination the vehicle meets an unexpected obstruction. A large pine tree blown down by the wind lies with its trunk completely across the road, blocking all possibility of passage. The driver dismounts, examines the obstruction with its three foot diameter

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trunk and its spreading branches, gives as his ultimatum that there is nothing to do but go back, get men with axes to cut away the tree. This will take at least four hours. The train will have gone on and left them. A pity, to be sure, but such things will sometimes happen.

The blond gentleman is not so sure. He has alighted and is also examining the fallen tree. It does look hopeless but his is not the disposition to accept hindrances patiently. In his own mind he thought he was above the mere pine tree out of place. Without a word he grasps the bridles of the horses and turns them toward the side of the road where a steep rise of about three feet divides the road from the surrounding woods. Up this banklet he slowly mounts, backwards, pulling the astonished horses after him. Never had they been expected to go upstairs in this unseemly fashion. But there is no avoiding that steady pull on the bit, that encouraging voice; step by step, inch by inch, plunging, careering, smashing,—the horses, the wagon and Mr. Patterson attains the level of the woods. There is yet a hundred feet or more to go, crashing through brush and boulders and fallen pine branches, in a circle around the tree top. But it is accomplished, while the driver and the nephew follow bewildered. On the farther side of the tree, and down the corresponding three-foot declivity the road is reached. Climbing back into the wagon, the lines are handed into the driver's hands with this remark,—“Must never say a thing can't be done.”

The rain is raining as it has never rained before. Streets and houses wrapped in a gray blanket of wetness

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and gloom. Down the streets of Dayton has come a cresting wave of yellow foamy water, foul with sewage and debris. It covers the sidewalks and fences, creeps up to the door-sills; enters, an uninvited guest, into the family rooms, penetrates every nook, pursuing the inmates to their very beds and beyond. As the hours grow, the roofs of houses in South Park show the paralyzing sight of people clinging to the ridge-pole and chimneys. Some never get to the roofs, but hang to the telephone poles and wires screaming frantically for help. For miles in each direction the same scenes; it is a demoralized, terrified, bewildered and despairing city. The appalling suddenness of the catastrophe can never be comprehended by those outside.

Whence can help come in this catastrophe, sprung like a bolt of lightning from the sky? Boats are needed, but they were all on the other side of the river, the bridges impassable, and no boat could stem the wild current. Telephones are useless, city officials nowhere to be seen, fire department and policemen in the same difficulties as the rest of the town. No help nor hope anywhere.

Yes! Help and hope both in just one place. At the incline of the Fairground hill, where the water ends and dry ground begins, is a group of people. In their midst a slight, fair-haired man, clad in a raincoat and looking much younger than his sixty-nine years, is directing operations. Everybody looks to him for orders, everyone obeys him instantly. He is the one man who knows just what must be done and how to do it. Now they are launching a rough scow. It has been knocked

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together at the factory up the hill. It is not pretty, but it floats and it holds passengers, and that is the main thing. With one man to pole the craft and one to help the people in, it makes its perilous voyage from one upper window to another, from tree to tree, where half drowned sufferers beg for help. Another boat is launched and then another. Each return trip brings a group of refugees to be helped out, greeted with encouragement, and taken in automobiles to the factory where warmth, food, clothes and beds await them. This going on throughout that dreadful day, until three thousand homeless are sheltered there.

All due to the foresight, initiative and human feeling of just one man!

There perhaps is a plan, very dear to your heart. It may be a business venture, it may be a purely eleemosynary scheme for helping the world along. Its exact nature does not concern this narrative. All that does is your present conviction that to succeed, this plan needs the help of just one man. You have heard that he has unlimited interests, unlimited sympathies and unlimited means, and you think if you could see him and lay your plan before him all would go well.

Therefore you ask for an interview and you get it. Having met the hour to the minute (for you are warned that he is an exact man) and having passed the gamut of secretaries who inhabit the outer rooms you are ushered first into an inner office where a well-placed sign reads—"Be brief. Omit all compliments about Welfare work."

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This is disconcerting, for you meant to open your conversation by telling him how fine you thought welfare work in the factory was, and "Brief"!—But Good Lord! . . . then you find yourself in the sanctum sanctorum where at a desk sits a slight, blond man, erect, inexorable and immaculately groomed. His smooth skin and clear complexion indicate his years to be in the early fifties but they are really in the late seventies. His challenging blue eye meets yours with a searching glance meant to ask if you are another of those time-wasters. Before he says a word you know intuitively that he is peremptory, dictatorial and impatient to the finger tips. In the business world men's tempers get tight-screwed like violin strings. It suddenly becomes plain that if you don't interest him, out you go and your dear plan with you.

So you pull yourself together, assume your most confident manner and talk fast. The president listens but he does not listen quietly. He fidgets and glances into the corner of the room where stands a bulletin board. It strikes you that you have heard of this bulletin board and that it has been the rock on which were wrecked the hopes of more than one aspirant for assistance. On it, all plans must be charted before the president will accept them. Your knees weaken and you wished you had waited for more definite instructions. Suddenly your audience of one interrupts you with a gesture. He has listened just as long as he is going to without seeing the proposition in black and white before his eyes. He rises with the suddenness of a man half his age, strides rapidly to the bulletin board and stands before it. You



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see that the white sheet is divided off into five vertical columns headed respectively:

- (1) Mentally
- (2) Morally
- (3) Physically
- (4) Socially
- (5) Financially

These five avenues are the way into the mind of the man before you. If the arguments for a plan cannot be divided into these five headings and depicted visually it will have no chance to impress him.

Here you meet your great mental test. If yours is a well-broken bridle-wise mind, it will respond to the prick of suggestion and answer to you silently that if an idea is good, as yours is, and practicable, its vindication can be classified under just those five heads. You pull yourself together, make a rapid and brief analysis of the matter you have at heart and dictate it to your interlocutor who stands, crayon in hand, ready to take down. He casually asks a few questions which go to the root of the subject. He sees objections you never thought of; he finds good points you were blind to. But it is all so hurried and confusing you despair of having accomplished anything, and before you are half through, you are bowed out and one of the other ten applicants is admitted.

If your appeal has gotten over, you will soon know it. Mr. Patterson's mind snaps at a new idea like a steel trap and holds to it as grimly. He never originates; he borrows and transforms. In the next interview (if you

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get one) you will find he has gone so far with your idea that you scarcely recognize the child of your brain. He has seen its possibilities; he has dictated a schedule; his secretaries have already notebooks full of instructions and the affair is,—as the French say,—marching.

But if you have bungled, lost your confidence, hesitated and the appeal has not reached its mark,—well, the less said about it the better. You can never try again.

A certain business office in a certain building on a certain day. A group of business men are discussing a new proposition. Up to one point they are in agreement,—after that, one differs. No one disputes the beauty and necessity of the plan, but only one,—the Idealist,—believes it practicable.

Says one business man, "It is beautiful, but it is impossible." Says another, "It is necessary, but it can't be done."

"Why not?" asks the Idealist.

One business man: "Because it's ahead of the times."

Another: "Because the people won't accept it; it's over their heads."

Another: "It will cost too much money."

Another: "We will be accused of self-interest if we push it."

Another: "We will have the politicians of both parties against us."

Another: "It's too unpopular to ever get by."

The Idealist: "Gentlemen, good things are *always* ahead of the times, they *always* cost too much money, the people *always* have to be educated to accept them,

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the politicians of both parties are *always* against them, they are *always* unpopular, and the men who push them are *always* accused of self-interest. This is the program of every reform. You all have the vision, but you have not the courage. There is no use in a vision unless you make it come true. If you want a thing done, go at it,—keep at it! If it is knocked down by opposition, pick it up again! If a hindrance blocks the way, go around it, or over it, or dig under,—never give in! Work with anybody who will help, never mind his politics or his religion; give him all the credit if he wants it. As to unpopularity, I have gone through every grade in that school and graduated. I can stand as much more as I have to. Gentlemen, here is my check!”

## CHAPTER TWO

### *The Acquisition of a Failure*

In November 1884 John H. Patterson and his brother Frank, found themselves, it matters not just how, saddled with what the combined best business minds of Dayton called a hopeless proposition. It was a contrivance meant to eliminate waste and mistakes in buying and selling, called a Cash Register. True to its appellation, it registered by means of a cunning mechanism, the cash taken in over the counter in retail stores, made the correct change and left on a perforated strip of paper an accurate record of all transactions during a business day.

A model of clever construction and intricate invention, it refused to be taken seriously by the commercial world. A few had been manufactured by a ramshackle company in a dusty loft and still fewer had been put on the market. All who examined the machine agreed that it was wonderful,—remarkable,—but it would not sell. Merchants hesitated to put money into a high-priced experiment and clerks hated the sight of a machine meant, as they imagined, to reflect upon their personal honesty. The whole thing faced a deadlock composed of unpopularity, lack of necessary capital and general hopelessness. The younger brother was heartily sick of their ill-judged investment and ready to draw out.

## THE ACQUISITION OF A FAILURE

But for the elder brother there was a spicy challenge in the very exigency. Hard things appealed to him. This machine he was certain had enormous possibilities. It had been tried in a general store kept by the Pattersons in their coal-dealing days and brought cash-drawer losses up into cash-drawer profits. If it could do that once it could do it again and when merchants were convinced of it they would buy.

There was, in John Patterson, a streak of primitive pertinacity which told him that the harder a thing was to do the more interest there was in doing it and the more glory over those who said it couldn't be done.

The two brothers on making a trip of inspection to their new purchase (and bad bargain) found thirteen mechanics on the pay roll, an old lathe, some drill presses, a nickel-plating tank and a few benches and tools. One discovery which partially explained the unpopularity of the machine was the fact that when three hundred of the registers had been returned as unsatisfactory they were superficially tinkered with by the old management, given a new number, some fresh lacquer and reshipped to other customers.

Within the first week of his ownership the president held a factory conference in his office. It consisted of the foreman, the assistant foreman and the bookkeeper. In his irresistible, finger-on-the-trigger way he summed up the history of the business up to the present, that whenever he had given an order it had been met by the answer—"That's not the way we have been doing it."

"Now listen!" he barked, "during the five years that other companies have been trying to operate this busi-

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ness they have always failed. That proves that everything they did was wrong. Manufacturing methods, selling methods, advertising, accounting, assembling, shipping,—all wrong. We are going to make a success of it, therefore everything we do is going to be different from the last owners; it can't be worse and it may be better; any of you who can't take that view of the business can go." This was the origin of that slogan which for years ornamented one of the tall factory chimneys—"We progress through change." If a thing was forceful and true, John Patterson believed in painting it in the biggest and blackest letters as high up as possible to be seen by all men.

Just at this point in the story it is pertinent to inquire into the process of reasoning which governed John Patterson's mental attitude. What made him so sure that the patent which they had taken over represented a product which would eventually be one of the prime necessities of the business world? Had his mind grasped the fact that the principle of the cash register was good but the application of it bad? Or was it his Scotch-Irish stubbornness resolving that he would, somehow or anyhow, make a success out of what others had failed in and in a deal in which he seemed to have been worsted?

The historian answers that it was both and some more. There was an element in his character, scarcely discernible then, but quite plain to those who knew him intimately in later life. This was his passion for making people better. He longed to impress upon others the principles of honesty which were his own. That being manifestly impracticable in a world where people

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prefer to make their own moral standards here was a little machine that would accomplish that end.

Merchants ought not to lose money in their business ventures. It might happen through the dishonesty of clerks. Therefore, clerks must be made honest.

The cash register would do it.

Merchants should not tempt young men with open cash drawers—they should be conscientious.

The cash register would do it.

Merchants sometimes accuse employes of dishonesty when there are discrepancies in accounts. Clerks must be protected.

The cash register would do it.

Customers must not be the victims of either dishonesty or mistakes. They must be protected.

The cash register would do it.

The proposition presenting such a four-fold aspect had a sporting ingredient which appealed to John Patterson as no mere money-making significance would. His mind set itself to the matter in hand. Cash registers were needed for both moral and financial reasons more than anything else in the world; when merchants discovered this they would rush to buy them. Cash registers must therefore be manufactured. He would do it. Merchants must be made to see what they ought to want. He would educate them. The program, to another type of mind, might be provisional. Not to his. He saw it at a glance. It is a great adventure, supplying people with what they want. How much more in supplying them with what they do *not* want!

From the first organization of the company it was

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Frank Patterson who directed production; John H. distribution; selling of course the hardest, for reasons already specified. The education of the public could only be accomplished by abundant advertising. Fifty years ago advertising was comparatively new; conservative merchants were apt to look askance at it. "Cost too much." "Throwing good money after bad." "If a thing is good it advertises itself." Thus the junior partner,—thus the stockholders,—thus the family. John was the sole up-streamer. He was determined to have his own way. Circulars, testimonials, illustrated booklets, letters, began to pour upon the selling world. Then, as the "P.P. List" (Possible Purchasers) grew, "Over twelve hundred now in use." "What is good for them is good for you." "Order now." During one test period every merchant on the list received printed matter of some kind every day for three weeks. One irate P.P. returned his with, scribbled on the margin, "For heaven's sake let up. What have we done to you?"

It seemed for that time a ruinous policy. Then orders did begin to come in. One from a Chicago firm for sixteen, the largest order yet received by the infant organization. When packed for shipment the whole force assembled to look at them and a photograph was taken for the "P.P. List."

Then catastrophe! At the end of thirty days the machines had not proved satisfactory and would be returned. It spelt ruin for the company. The elder brother knew by some special intuition that it was human nature and not the machine that was at fault. He went to Chicago—investigated,—set detectives at work; cajoled the



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proprietor of the store into giving them further trial. It took two weeks to unearth an understanding on the part of the employes to discredit the machines and have them thrown out. Wrong amounts had been purposely registered, cash placed in the drawers without being recorded and even attempts made to injure the mechanism. A real epidemic broke out all over the country among clerks who objected to their use. They created false opinions, made detracting remarks in the hearing of the proprietor and tried to influence customers to make objections. One detective was kept busy traveling from one town to another making investigations the result of which was that the cost of convincing the store-keeper of the innocence of the register not seldom exceeded the profit on its sale.

Another difficulty was to induce a Possible Purchaser to go to a hotel to look at a register. He didn't believe in new fangled contraptions; didn't need it; always had gotten along well enough with a cash drawer,—cost was prohibitive; he was not interested. If you can't demonstrate you can't sell, so the company produced for their salesmen a sample register in a neat leather case to be carried in the hand and used in the proprietor's own office. But it quickly transpired that when the agent carrying the little case entered and inquired for the proprietor of the new store he was always out and would never, in the opinion of his subordinates, be in. One clever salesman invented a full sized lithograph of the machine which could be rolled around an umbrella and carried under the unsuspecting noses of the hostile clerks into the very presence of the chief. This recital of obstructionism,

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skepticism and obstinacy would be unbelievable were it not so well documented. Now, when even a peanut and popcorn vendor considers himself ill-equipped for business without a cash register, when the little bell rings the length and breadth of continents, it is hard to realize how slow the commercial world was to recognize an imperative necessity.

But that, after all, is only half the story. Money shortage was making hot water for the entire concern, laid of course to the ruinous policies of the president. At this time in its career, the late 'Eighties, the company owed the banks thirty thousand dollars and had been informed definitely that no more loans could be expected.

The running expenses of the plant were met, or supposed to be met, by remittances from customers or agents in the field. Sometimes the remittances came; sometimes they did not. When the postman's footsteps were heard coming up the stairs every man in the office knew the exact amount expected in the mail. One Saturday a check from a Richmond grocer failed to arrive and the office was thrown into a panic. John Patterson was said to have gone to six different places that day before he could raise enough cash to meet the weekly payroll.

More rocks in the channel! After a year and a half it became necessary to increase the floor space of the factory. Such a situation, indicating the visible growth of the business, would please some stockholders. Not so those back of the mad Patterson venture. They were paying all of forty dollars a month rent in the Callahan Power Building, including heat and light. To attempt

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more was suicidal. And they owned forty-five per cent of the stock! What was to be done?

Harassed on one side by the terrified minority stockholders, on the other by a perhaps wisely prudent brother, fore and aft by lack of money and up and down by a surplusage of people who didn't think as he did, the business life of John Patterson was, at that stage of his career, anything but an enviable one. The insurgents won out. They forced him to buy their stock. He had no money, but the old stone mill on Brown Street, his share of the Rubicon Farm, would bring \$6500. It did and this sum paid to the minority holders left him and his brother sole owners of the National Cash Register Company. The mill property is at this date worth probably a hundred thousand dollars.

More rocks! Careless work in the factory. An inspector was put on the force to correct any defects on machines before they were shipped. One day a number of registers were on the benches awaiting shipment. The inspector had reported one key which would not respond to pressure and ordered it remedied. "Do it now" had not at that time become a rule of action in the factory. The workman put off adjusting the key and in the meantime the president entered with some guests he was showing over the works. Arriving at the bench where the registers were Mr. Patterson said: "These registers are in perfect working order and all ready for shipment." Then, as luck would have it, he attempted to operate the register with the defective key.

Finding it would not work he placed it on the floor of the shop and remarked quietly, "I will show you

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what we do with registers that don't work." He seized a heavy mallet lying near and with blow after blow he hammered the offending machine into a mass of twisted metal. It was the earliest instance of what later became known as "Teaching by the eye," a visible lesson to the effect that the company would rather lose an entire machine than sacrifice their reputation for sending out a perfect product. The lesson sank in, not only in the minds of the visitors but in those of the workmen.

The stiffest business years for John Patterson were those between 1893 and 1898. Consider his handicaps. He had no business training. He had no actual perfected invention to work on. Good as it was, the cash register was still a progressive experiment, at most a crude device with a promise. In the beginning he had no capital, no credit, not much faith from his associates and much massed opposition from well-meaning but incredulous friends. His hand to mouth existence was to borrow money to pay weekly expenses and depend upon sales to keep the interest down. The market for his wares must be manufactured at the same rate as his product. During the first ten years of his business career he never could have pulled out even. Debts and hot water,—hot water and debts, until most men would have broken from sheer fatigue and despair. To meet all these he had nothing but his invincible faith in the thing he was making, backed up by his invincible Scotch-Irish pertinacity toward hardships. He rode at hindrances as a hunter takes a five-barred gate. "Impossible" was a word never heard from a subordinate the second time. A thing

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might be hard to do, might cost a lot of money, the time might be short for its accomplishment, but "impossible," —never.

Having struggled through the hampering early years, just when the company began to see something like real success the panic of 1893 struck the country. Then imagine the attitude of a P.P. when offered a machine that cost \$350! Glad to make both ends meet, was it a wonder that a cash register seemed like a useless and expensive luxury? Here was where the business acumen of the Patterson brothers asserted itself. It is one thing to risk capital on a much-demanded thing, but no less than genius to go on risking it on what united public opinion called an unnecessary thing.

But John Patterson kept right on, held fanatically to his faith in the cash register, and his faith in the ultimate good sense of the selling public. Competitors pursued him. Patents were slow in perfecting, orders slower coming in, labor troubles threatened, and the money market a dead weight.

Toward the end of that difficult three-year period when many of the manufacturing plants of the country were closed down, the National Cash Register Company found it necessary to erect a large building to meet the increasing demands of business. Where should it be built? Where but on the cornfields of the Rubicon Farm where the president had played as a boy, where he had listened to the stories of the invincible bravery, perseverance and accomplishment of his pioneer grandfather, Robert Patterson?

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Little has been said up to the present of our Builder, personally and socially. To begin with, nobody thought John Patterson would ever amount to much. He wasn't clever in the accepted sense of the term. None of the Pattersons were. To be sure he was a Dartmouth graduate, but that did not go far in the 'Seventies, especially with the admissions of his classmates about the Strasburg-goose-stuffing that had to be done to get him past the minimum rating in his examinations. The girls he used to call on on Sunday nights, rather hoped he would not get into the habit of it. What they thought when his income mounted into five figures is not a matter of record. His conversation was mountainously platitudinous and apt to be overweighted with stories of his pioneer grandfather and his adventures with the Indians. He was no reader, even of the news of the day. Few were, in those intellectually stagnant years. You couldn't talk books with him and if you were wise you didn't try. Nobody in the 'Eighties talked books anyway. A streak of savage but futile antagonism against things that he thought were not rightly managed made him anything but an entertaining social companion. He would rant about party politics, denounce the "Boss," whoever he might at that time have been, in terms really actionable if anyone had cared to take it up. When others preferred such innocuous subjects of conversation as the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition he dragged in the things Dayton suffered as a city,—poor schools,—dirty streets, dishonest public officials,—there was no dearth of either as subjects for talk. It was indeed no sinecure to be taken out to dinner by John Patterson.

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He was always developing impossible plans for the betterment of the human race—in or out of Dayton. He was so sure of his mission to improve the world. The society girls of that day got tired of his blue eyes and his fads. All new ideas to him were gleaming possibilities. They were either “good” or “bad,”—no shadings. If “good,” they should be put through and he wanted to go at it right there and then, between the soup and fish. If “bad” they should be smashed,—just as promptly. “What do we live for?” he was fond of asking, rhetorically; and then of answering “To do good,” which was certainly no way for a man to talk who had been admitted to your front door on an errand, presumably of pleasant social intercourse. The worst of it was that he was, in a groping way, trying to put some of his theories into practice, in the only field of action he possessed,—the factory. And the jog-trotting Pattersons wailed, “John will send us all to the poorhouse.”

## CHAPTER THREE

### *An Employer's Debt of Honor*

The year 1888 saw the expanding cash register business installed in its new building on the fields of Rubicon Farm and producing a far different commodity from the early crops gathered on the same ground.

Sometime during these formative years in the business of the factory, John Patterson took unto himself a wife. She was Katherine Beck, the beautiful daughter of Frederick Beck of Brookline, Massachusetts. This marriage was interesting from more standpoints than one. Dayton at that time was almost exclusively an industrial and a commercialized city. The Beck family was brought up in that austere New England idealism and transcendentalism where American values had their highest expression. Frederick Beck was a personal friend of Emerson, Thoreau, Higginson, Holmes, Alcott and others. At the noble colonial home of the Becks gathered these poets, philosophers and other intellectuals.

Thoughts of money making had never invaded that cultured home. As a consequence of this the fine ideals of that family were never able to be externalized. Then Katherine Beck went Westward as so many Patterson brides had done and found herself in a new center where money helped ideals and ideals revived money making. A biographer may have theories which cannot be



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verified and one of these is that the new fashion of humanitarianism developed at the National Cash Register had its inception in the heart of the wife of its president.

At this time the possibilities of accurate registering devices as a factor in the business world had, through persistent publicity and subsequent practical proof, been made apparent. The straight road to success seemed to depend only upon increased perfection of mechanism and meeting the demand. "Expand, Expand, Expand!" was the program of the company.

But this program did not unfold as rapidly nor as smoothly as the Patterson brothers expected. In 1892 a new and higher type of machine was put on the market from which great things were expected. Suddenly, instead of sales came complaints. The shipping department began to take in more loads than it sent out. When the tale was told fifty thousand dollars worth of defective machines were returned during two years with requests for the refunding of the purchase price. The loss of prestige as well as dollars was appalling.

Convinced that the fault was somewhere in the shops and that the man at the top does not see all that goes on, Mr. Patterson abandoned, for the time, his private office and had his desk moved out into the factory. Here he worked and lived elbow to elbow with his workmen. The first thing that caught his attention was a constant shifting of the personnel of the mechanics. A man well trained to his particular task would leave the company, suddenly, without apparent reason and take employment elsewhere. Mr. Patterson at his desk determined to find

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out why. His vantage point of observation revealed several reasons. First, the neighborhood of the factory was unsightly and low-toned. "Slidertown" it was named, with appropriateness, for every element of disorder, slackness and trash found resting place there. Ash heaps, bill-boards, uneven sidewalks, tumbledown fences made up the surrounding landscape. It was depressing and degrading. Mr. Patterson's own sense of order and system revolted against such conditions. It suggested to him that high class workingmen don't want their families brought up under such conditions.

Therefore reasons enough existed outside of the factory for the loss of the kind of workmanship they most wanted. Inside there were more. The factory itself was no different from all others of the kind of that day. Ugliness, dinginess, unsanitary conditions and crowded quarters were supposed to be the natural order of things. Poor light and no ventilation, from which both the eyes and lungs of the workers suffered; unprotected power machines which not seldom caught and crushed the hand which operated them; heaps of refuse and dust on the floor,—disorder and dirt inside the windows, dirt and disorder outside! How could human beings live and grow in such conditions. Small wonder, thought Mr. Patterson, that the workmen were at the best indifferent, at the worst lazy and insubordinate.

Accustomed to analyzing situations Mr. Patterson convinced himself,—and with some difficulty, the members of the firm,—that the company was failing of its best endeavor because it had overlooked one of three factors to success. Methods, Materials, Men. They had put

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money into large buildings and modern machinery, they had searched for and procured the best raw materials but the biggest factor of all,—the men,—they had left untouched. Later, when he had further systematized the principle he called it “Head-power, Hand-power, Heart-power.” It is possible, he said, to buy a fair quantity of head-power and hand-power, but heart-power, the most important of the three, can't be bought,—it has to be generated on much the same principle that we generate the 6000 horse-power electricity in our power-house to-day. This power can be released only when conditions are right and heart-power can never be released as long as capital on the one side and labor on the other oppose each other, each wanting the most for the least and neither getting what they should have.

It will be seen that in this statement, which clearly covers the question of the relations of the employer to the employed, there is no hint of altruism. Under an opposite impression welfare work has been resented by those who did not understand. Mr. Patterson could not say it often enough that the system of benefits of which he was the pioneer, was done for business reasons entirely. He wanted the largest production, which depended upon good workers; good workers could not be had unless they were looked after, protected, fed, helped to the best in them. He was the first employer to see that treating a man like a cog in a machine makes him just that and no more. In his business he needed far more than cogs; he needed men,—reasoning human beings, whose ambition and sense of personal responsibility could be awakened and developed.

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Evidently the first step was to entirely alter the conditions in the factory,—a large order; then to alter the conditions outside the factory,—a still larger one. Two things which had contributed to his growing conviction were the Homestead riots in Pittsburgh and a visit he made to the Sunlight soap works in England. He felt keenly the waste of human feeling and business energy involved in the disastrous strikes with their accompanying bloodshed and property loss. He admired greatly the mind which would evolve from the usual sordid manufacturing conditions a place of real comfort and beauty.

With him to see was to imitate. Gradually the idea of a model factory shaped itself in his mind, a factory where the workers should be self-respecting because honored in their work, where the surroundings should contribute to health, comfort and added productive effort. He forestalled inevitable criticism by insisting that he was going to improve conditions not as philanthropy but as good business.

As time went on and his efforts began to bear the right kind of fruit a bigger and better conception grew, of a factory where those who worked should gain something besides wages, where there should be a chance for development otherwise denied them. An aggregate of undeveloped personalities appealed to him as a potential school. During the eight hour working day the workers were, in a way, his wards. Earning their daily bread should be a means of training them for better work and for a higher citizenship. It was crass paternalism, of course, and as such was damned all along the

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line. But he kept at the idea and called it "What more than wages does an employer owe his employees." To clinch it was always added "It pays! It pays! It pays!"

This stone, cast into the pool of business interests, made widening ripples reaching to remote localities and the reform of the factory system began. It cannot be maintained that Mr. Patterson was the inventor of industrial welfare but those that were ahead of him were few and hid their light under a bushel. It was his adaptation of new ideas and the wide publicity he gave them, through illustrated lectures free to the public, in cities far and wide, that brought the change.

The first step in the campaign was to take his workers into his confidence, and for this the vehicle was the stereopticon, then and now the greatest teacher in the business. The workmen must not only be told, they must be shown. The force was thereupon called together to see some pictures. With simple diagrams and slides the idea of cooperation was presented. The audience saw a huge ball marked Business with Labor pushing on one side against Management on the other. Naturally, the ball was stationary. When both Labor and Management pushed on the same side the ball of business began to move. Crude, elemental?—Surely. Like cave-men drawings, but they carried over. The men who fell asleep at their desks or stood and talked or who dropped their work at the sound of the whistle, who wasted benzine or scattered trash on the floor all saw themselves true to life and realized that the boss knew more than they suspected.

Effort to better conditions might have failed if rest-

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ing on precept alone. In the new regime the company set the example. The shops were cleared of debris, systems of ventilation and fire-protection installed, vacuum systems exhausted the dust from polishing machines, many windows let in the sunlight. The grounds were sodded and planted with flowering shrubs, lunch-rooms with hot soup and coffee were provided at nominal cost to employes, comfortable chairs with backs and couches, piano and magazines and baths.

Hundreds of factories at this later day present equally good conditions for the principle of "good business" has proved itself to corporations. In 1890 it was a novelty, and a most unwelcome novelty. For all these things cost money and these costs diminished profits; people were naturally not in business for fun or philanthropy but for profits. All presumably good reasons to keep things as they had been. Also Mr. Patterson had a habit of plunging into extensive enterprises and counting the cost later, which to unimaginative minds who have to help pay the bills is maddening. Other manufacturers hated to be dragged from the customary comfort of their disorderly plants to set landscape gardeners at work just because a rival company had done it.

But Mr. Patterson belonged to what has been called "the unhappy but stimulating company of upstreamers." All his life he swam against the popular current and never more so than when he pioneered for decent conditions in the world of labor. He was sworn at and laughed at. The first he didn't mind and the second he rather enjoyed. Anybody could laugh but only he could get results. And the results, if slow, were sure. The busi-

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ness did improve, workmanship was of a higher quality, no more defective machines came home to roost, the force increased and the good ones stayed.

Now, fifty years later, the twenty-three buildings belonging to the Cash Register plant are an ornament, rather than a deterrent to the suburb of South Park. Four fifths of the wall space in these buildings is of glass and the small brick space of the outside surface is clothed with ampelopsis. Every workman has the necessary quota of clean fresh air and abundance of light on his work. Nowhere, in all the 51 acres of floor space in the group of buildings can there be found a single pile of refuse, nor a dark corner, nor a dirty window. No exposed pulleys or gears catch the clothing or hair of the operators, no foot-operated punchpresses leave the fingers free to get crushed, no powdered metal dust to clog the lungs, no unswept floors. Nine barrels of dust are vacuumed from the floors every week and go into refuse barrels instead of into the workmen's lungs. Conditions are arranged so as to conserve the health and eyesight and eliminate the body strain of the workers.

Elevators have replaced stairways. The women on the force come to work a little later and leave a little earlier than the men, with obvious advantages to the former. Ascertaining how many hours' work was lost to the company by girls getting wet feet when caught in unexpected rains and staying at home to get well, the management now furnished umbrellas and rubbers to the women operatives, umbrellas to the men. Did these ideas originate entirely in the executive offices or did they have their

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inception in the mind of Katherine Beck Patterson?

Scrupulous care is given to the health of the employes, observing the principle that the company has an investment in every worker in its employ. Sanitary drinking fountains of the most approved type are on every floor, and the drinking water analyzed frequently to test its purity. Brushes and combs furnished by the company are sterilized daily. Every employee is permitted to enjoy one bath a week in winter and one in summer on company time, as many more as they want on their own. A dental dispensary is maintained with two graduate dentists and a nurse in attendance where first aid treatment is given. A hospital department with modern surgical appliances, whose staff includes several doctors and nurses, gives attention to injuries resulting from carelessness in the shops and a visiting nurse follows the patient into his own home with advice and help. All advice or treatment is absolutely free.

Coincident with the changes from bad to good inside the walls were the improvements outside. The beautification of the factory grounds acted as a spur to the whole surrounding region of South Park. Houses and yards began to improve in appearance. Paint and flowers added to the few attractions of the suburb. But the influence was not allowed to remain indefinite. Again the stereopticon was brought into play and the dwellers in the streets near by invited to come and see and listen. Lectures on landscape gardening helped out by illustrating slides showing conditions as they were and as they might be with the expenditure of a small amount of care or money, amused and instructed the citizens. Back-



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yards, receptacles for unsightly rubbish, were transformed under the camera into a mass of greenery with the cost of some packets of seeds. Vines and shrubbery have replaced bare boards and fences covered with billboards. Householders were encouraged to use window boxes, to plant trees, to forbid advertising, to use telephone poles, wood-sheds and fence-posts as supports for vines. Then prizes were offered by the company for the greatest improvement in private premises and what object lessons and admonition failed to do, money did.

Still Mr. Patterson did not think the root of the difficulty had been reached. The locality was infested with bad boys who, in the long summer vacation, spent their time seeing how much mischief they could accomplish. They threw stones and broke windows. A high fence was constructed around the building only to have it destroyed.

Arguing that idleness had something to do with the boys' behaviour, Mr. Patterson determined to put them to work. He felt that unless given a different mental and moral slant they would not grow up to be the kind of workmen needed by his rapidly growing business.

An experience in New York in 1896 contributed to his resolution and helped in the shaping of it, when he visited a boys' club meeting held in the Deaconess Home on Water Street on the East Side in New York. Here he saw sixty-four growing boys crowded into a small room and kept attentive and comparatively quiet through the interest of the meeting. There were classes in manual training, in singing, in physical culture. There were books and a piano and pleasant company. In this atmos-

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phere the restless mischief-maker was transformed into a well-behaved, productive boy. The sight so impressed Mr. Patterson that he mentally transferred the scene, teacher and all, to his plant in Dayton. Surely what had been possible in one city could not be impossible in another. It increased his conviction that the depredating boy is not necessarily an evil boy but inevitably he is an unoccupied boy. Change his environment and his occupation and you change him.

"The Get-together Club," an organization of the heads of department, represented Mr. Patterson's first attempt at the town-meeting plan of running a business. The members brought their wives and heard the presentation of the new policy of the company,—the development of "heart-power."

At first skeptical, they finally accepted it. The teacher came and was installed in a little building called "The House of Usefulness,"—a name of curiosity piquing in itself. The boys of Slidertown also came and looked in the windows where they saw things that interested them so much that they went in and thereafter forgot to haunt alleys and throw stones. Having once gone they went again and brought other boys. The rooms became a busy hive of boys and girls every day during the summer and after school hours in the winter. There were kindergarten games for the little ones, sewing and cooking classes for the older girls, woodworking and gymnasium for the boys. The young idlers had found that construction takes the interest out of destruction.

Mr. Patterson felt farther, that the soil itself would aid in their regeneration. From his boyhood experience

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on a farm he knew that spading and hoeing were better occupations than learning to smoke and swear and destroy property. He therefore set apart a section of his own land and invited the boys of South Park to cultivate it. The invitation, at first grudgingly accepted by a small minority, when stimulated by the offer of prizes became a more interesting proposition. The company ploughed up the ground and furnished seeds and prizes. Pictures were shown them of vegetables they might raise and money they might earn and prizes they might carry off if the gardens were a success. Little by little the amateur gardeners forsook their mischievous play and came in to work. Then they learned the art of making work into play and profiting from it.

In this connection, a story has been told of Mr. Patterson's way of getting a new idea over. Part of the stimulation was a stereopticon lecture showing boys at work in a garden. But the number assembled to have their pictures taken was not convincing enough to suit the chief. He knew the moral power of numbers,—sent for other boys,—outside boys who had never been near the gardens,—dozens of them, and extra rakes and spades, all within the focus of the camera so that the result was a side vista of boys busily working that seemed to reach the horizon. The perennial scoffers pointed to this picture as a "fake" and the whole story a misrepresentation,—an admirable opportunity to call the author of the plan a "fourflusher" which those who saw it did not fail to do. His justification however came the next season when there was no need to call in outside boys. They were all there and many more besides so that the group

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in the fake picture of one season did not nearly reach the actual working number of the boy gardeners in the next. The town had caught the spirit and there were many imitators of the boys of South Park. Mr. Patterson extended his help to schools where there were ambitious teachers and to other suburbs who had felt the curse of the idle boy. For four years he financed the Boy Gardeners wherever they applied to him for seeds and breaking up of tough pasture lands until thirty-six hundred vacant lots and back-yards in Dayton had come under cultivation. When a national association for vacant lot gardens was organized in Washington the promoters of it came to Dayton to learn the methods which had made it a success.

An acre and a half of ground utilized by the Boy Gardeners of the Cash Register Company, resulted in eighteen hundred dollars worth of vegetables every year. Girls' gardens were started in 1912 and proved as great an advantage. Another step in self and soil development was to organize the gardeners into a stock company. Officers of the Welfare Department taught them the principles of business organization, helped them to elect officers, deposit their earnings and declare dividends.

Another business venture of the boys was the Box Manufacturing Company where they utilized the old packing cases and loose lumber from the shipping room to make bird houses, tabourets, toy wagons and foot-stools. In one of the auxiliary houses the boys may be seen after school hours busy at work sawing, planing, hammering and painting, learning with the hands and the head at the same time. Here too, the organization

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is conducted on business principles and the young carpenters find a ready market for their wares.

At the end of their course in both gardening and furniture making a diploma is awarded, proof visible that the holder of it has gained some qualities which the big factory needs most in its workers, and which it would be difficult to find anywhere else,—promptness, accuracy, industry, thrift and perseverance. Many a man now in the ranks of shop workers holds such a diploma today and holds it one cause for his continued employment by the company.

Widening circles resulted from the first stone thrown in the interest of factory workers, the largest of them being the Welfare Department. This, a logical outcome of all these activities, now a regular legalized part of the organization of the company, includes in its scope all human, not money-making activities,—the Gardens, and the Furniture, the Noon-hour meetings in the School-House, the Owl classes for the education of employes, the Saturday morning entertainments for the children of the city, prize awards for suggestions,—all recreational and educational activities.

The Owl classes are held in the office building at the factory and may claim to be a practical technical school. A lad of limited opportunity but native capacity wanting to step from the shop to the office but finding his progress blocked by ignorance of the proper writing of a business letter may enter the class of Business English. A class in Shop Mathematics includes the principles of algebra and geometry; the Blue Print class teaches the reading of blue-prints; instruction in free-hand drawing

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helps a man to put his ideas into a shape that others may understand. The public speaking class gives a man self-confidence on the platform and power to hold attention. Courses for the women include home economics, dressmaking, millinery, cooking, embroidery and knitting.

Thus, in the entire system of dealing with workers John Patterson will be seen to have reversed the accepted order. The goal of the business man up to this time had been the good will of the customer; it was not supplemented by the effort to gain the good will of the worker. Manufacturing had been the process of getting the most work out of any kind of man under any kind of conditions, for the sake of the profits. From this principle Mr. Patterson conceived a new one,—the art of choosing the best men, putting them into conditions which would stimulate both mind and body to the best work possible. He discovered that high production depends as much upon oiled social relations as upon oiled machinery, in short that the Golden Rule if practically applied is “good business,”—not paternalism but simple justice.

It is not contended that John Patterson had no predecessors in the work of industrial betterment. Krupp of Germany was ahead of him, so was Lever in England and Robert Owen in America. But not one of the three understood how to spread his new gospel. Owen died whipped out and discouraged. Krupp and Lever hid their light under a bushel and took no account of propaganda. John Patterson believed in advertising both his wares and his methods. He believed that everything

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good would be imitated if it were well-known. He was a pertinacious advertiser and the consequence is that his principles have taken hold on the industrial world. He, more than any other man, inspired the world by providing an example of manufacturing carried on under hygienic conditions and in artistic environment. He lived through years of stupid misunderstanding, disparagement and ingratitude, but now those who disparaged him most are imitating him.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *Building in Personality*

With the expansion of a manufacturing plant from a single room in a power loft to twelve acres of occupied buildings we have no concern; nor with the development of a primitive machine to one of mechanical perfection. Both can be paralleled in any number of great American industries today. What we are interested in is the enlargement of man-power,—of individual character which it has been made to foster. To construct instruments of precision requires inventive and mathematical skill; to improve the human product engaged in the work demands genius of a pioneering variety. And that John Patterson had something in his makeup not remotely akin to genius has never been denied.

He had enormous faith in human nature; not intrinsically but after being shown and taught. He himself was intensely susceptible to suggestion. Others would be, he thought, if the suggestions were properly presented. The mass of humanity learned things only through constant repetition and not even then if the repetitions are only oral. The impact must come upon both eye and ear. The competent minority have always overlooked this fact and always will. They assume the same mental receptivity in others that they themselves possess. It is a common error. Over eighty per cent of what we learn comes through the sense of seeing.



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Mr. Patterson, to be frank, was uncommonly qualified to be a prophet in this respect because he possessed almost no power of concentration. A sermon or a lecture irritated him because he had never been trained to listen. He wanted the speaker to use a blackboard. If, at the same time that he was using his ears, he could use his eyes, he would be able to understand—a striking instance of the value of personal limitation. If John Patterson had possessed more ability to listen and to concentrate the world would have waited much longer for the system in the N.C.R. Factory known as “Teaching through the Eye,”—which, adopted and improved by scientific education, now announces itself as “Visual Education.”

He felt intuitively what might be done with brains and hands, if his ideas or organization,—work, sales methods, etc.—could be transferred from his mind to those in his employ. The first step, he used to say, was to *uneducate* his people, then to educate them,—to *re-educate* them, and to keep it up,—a continuous process. This, briefly, became the method in the factory.

Three inevitable aids were used in its promulgation,—diagrammed charts, the stereopticon and the pedestal pad (a vertical pyramidal structure holding large sheets of blank papers to be torn off as used). Cards in black-faced type on the front of every officer's and clerk's desk read “Do it Now” and “Verbal Orders Don't Go.” Or, (most amusing to those who have plumbed the intelligence of some subordinate minds) the brief but cogent command,—“*THINK!*” Of the process indicated few had the slightest comprehension. Orders from the Execu-

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tive Office must be obeyed (and "Do it Now"), but how very disorganizing and benumbing! "THINK!" How was it done? What did it involve? Where was the chart of instructions? How go about it?

Abundant source of amusement also was furnished by the President's system of making pictures while he talked. With a pedestal pad and a piece of red chalk he punctuated, by rude sketches and diagrams, the plan he was trying to explain to the assembled force. Critics pointed out that out at the "Cash" it was not sufficient to say "Cow,"—you must *draw* "Cow"—the detractors not being smart enough themselves to see the philosophy behind the Patterson tactics. For, if there is one thing the ordinary educator or orator most often misses it is the realization of the vacuity of the run-of-the-mine-brain. It can be observed in almost any audience. The slow mind,—the cud-chewing mind,—struggling hopelessly along three sentences in the rear of the teacher is loath to masticate a new idea. What can also be seen is the exact point where such a mind sits down, so to speak, and refuses to try to keep up. The rapid impact of repeated ideas has been too much for assimilation. Better go to sleep and be done with it! But minds were not going to be allowed to sink into oblivion under Mr. Patterson's tutelage. They must not only be awake but on the edge of their chairs with attention. If he "drew cow" it was not so much to assist the idea into their heads as to give them time to catch up with what he was going to say about cow.

His faith in aphorism was infinite,—and pathetic. A truism stated positively and put on a wall or chimney

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was supposed to call forth responding sentiments of approval and work out into action. Maybe it did. Who, examining the results attained in his day at that factory, would be disposed to deny? Here are some of them:

You cannot build a reputation on things you are going to do.

A competent employe cannot be held down nor an incompetent one held up.

Every failure will teach a man, if he will but learn.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

Genius is the power to take a hint.

It was in the school of salesmanship that these methods of teaching by the eye were most potently used. Mr. Patterson never studied psychology,—scarcely knew what the word meant,—but he had an almost uncanny prescience of the effect of certain stimuli on certain intellects. If the minds in question were the minds of unwilling customers who were to be persuaded to buy cash registers, how very necessary was the knowledge of how to affect them!

In 1887 the first written demonstration of scientific selling was prepared by Joseph H. Crane, who had caught the key idea in the president's mind, and exemplified in a pamphlet that can scarcely be improved upon after now some nearly fifty years of application. The school of salesmanship was pioneering and building in a new way. No head of a business before had considered that a salesman had to be taught definite methods of presenting his wares. That school, and the amplifications of it which have come later, are at the

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bottom of the wide distribution of the cash register. If it is in use from North Cape in Norway to Cape Town in Africa—from Alaska to Montevideo, and from Kamchatka to California, it is not only because it is a profit-saving machine but because salesmen have been taught how to present its claims scientifically.

To illustrate the visual method of presentation,—a salesman sets out to demonstrate that every business transaction consists of one or more of five proceedings; (1) cash sales, (2) charge sales, (3) money received on account, (4) money paid out, and (5) money charged. These five points as fast as stated are numbered and listed on the pedestal pad so that the audience of one,—the merchant, listens not only with his ears but with his eyes. The money, he is told, is checked at three places,—the first when a clerk makes a sale, which is the day's business,—writes "Day's Business"; second, when the day's balance is checked up,—writes

"Day's Balance"

third, when the bookkeeper makes out the bank deposit; writes

"Bank Deposit"

further, the salesman tells the merchant that of course he is interested first of all in results:

"Results"

And that those results should be quick—

"Quick"

And they must be accurate;—

"Accurate"

And entirely under the manager's control;—

"Personal Control"

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Is this puerile? Try to check how many of these points would remain in the head after being merely spoken, and the answer is given. Ask ten different men to recount the leading points in a sermon or a lecture and see how many can do it. Subtracting from the general crowd the college bred minds and the newspaper minds,—both accustomed to listen in order to reproduce,—and the residue that is able to imbibe easily from the spoken word will be surprisingly few.

To return to the salesman, learning how to control the indifferent or antagonistic mind of the Possible Purchaser. First, he is taught to make the appointment, not in the merchant's store where the proprietor is subject to interruption, but in a hotel room where everything contributes to a quiet half hour; that the customer must be offered a comfortable chair, not opposite a window where the glare of light will take his mind off the business in hand; that the salesman himself must be healthy, well-groomed and well-mannered; that he must have prepared in advance to approach the subject, to meet every objection, to close the deal. Here are some maxims intended to smooth the path to selling a cash register:—

"Dignity is essential. Don't lounge against a counter while demonstrating."

"Get the customer's story first and *DON'T INTERRUPT HIM*. Leave cigars alone while conducting a sale."

"No excuse for a shabby hat, soiled collar or unbrushed clothes. A gaudy tie or loud-colored shirt will take the merchant's mind from what you are saying."

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"Show your wares, not yourself."

"Answer even the most stupid questions pleasantly."

"Don't put your feet on the round of the P.P.'s chair."

"Don't slap him on the back."

"KNOW WHEN TO STOP."

Furthermore, the manual instructs him to use only small words, big ideas and short sentences, and to make each sentence convey but one idea. "Selling cash registers," it says, "is mental activity and your mind cannot do good work if your body is not in good condition. Keep in perfect health if you value your job; cut out all habits that make you unfit for work,—late hours, evil thoughts, bad companions, improper food, intoxicating drinks and tobacco."

All this it will be noted is in the interests of a purely commercial enterprise, but where else under the wide sky, is there any institution engaged in the direct, systematized inculcation of such qualities as tact, self-mastery, resourcefulness and personal obligation? In short how to be the best kind of a *man*? How to Win Friends and Influence People.

The colleges? But most of these men never come into contact with college life.

The schools? Indirectly perhaps, and inferentially. But in this common world it is not enough to be academically correct. There are too many slips between the source of knowledge and the brain that needs it, too many avenues of misunderstanding. The idea must be spelled out, pictured, charted, repeated, reiterated,—bracketed with "If you would keep your job"—in short, the teacher must "*draw cow*."

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Once every year the "Hundred Pointers" come to the mother plant for instruction, inspiration and renewed loyalty. Then is when teaching by the eye is seen in its completest development. It is gala week at the factory. The School House is filled with officers and field agents all decked with badges in true Rotarian style. A more receptive audience than the big auditorium full of salesmen could hardly be found. They are out to learn, which few audiences ever are. They come from London, Berlin, South Africa, Mexico, Japan, from five continents, (expenses all paid). They meet men from the antipodes whose aims are their own. They see what a factory can do for a community in the way of social betterment and community progress. A man from Montana is glad to hear that Welfare Work is as much a part of the business of making cash registers in the Latin American republics as it is in the North.

At one of these conventions, as an exemplification of the value of Teaching through Eye, "The Big Idea" was put across.

High up above the middle of the stage, quite too high to be reached by ordinary means, hangs a large bag, marked with the sign of the dollar \$—the goal of their united efforts. (Nothing subtle about Cash Register teaching. Never look for it. The almighty dollar is what the company is after!) There it hangs, high above their reach. A platform overcomes part of the distance by steps composed of blocks marked with the helps the company furnishes to all its salesmen, such as "Proper Supervision," "Plenty of Literature," "Guaranteed Territory," "Good Salaries," "Frequent Instruction,"—but

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in spite of these aids some men never can reach the bag of big rewards. Numbers of them,—the lame, the halt, and the blind, in the business world, try it. Up they came to the platform, each with his label of deficiencies;—men who do not read the company literature,—men who are not punctual in keeping appointments, who are not well set-up in their personal appearance (these defects being represented pictorially by crutches, bandaged limbs and eyes). One by one they go feebly up on the platform and make a gesture of assault at the bag.

During this scene other men are going in and out of the door of a replica in miniature of the School House itself, set at the back of the stage. Here they evidently have found some new ideas for as they emerge, each man bears in his hand a block to be added to the steps under the unattainable bag. One block so placed is marked, "Pleasant to customers," another "Uses Advertising Matter," another "Cuts out cigarettes," etc., and as each one adds his contribution the platform under the bag grows higher and the steps easier. It grows by the qualifications of good salesmanship,—promptness, accuracy, good habits, loyalty, perseverance.

The result is foreshown. The men bearing the good qualifications mount the platform, reach the prize—strike it; out shower dividend checks, salary check and cash prizes! Child's play? Not at all. It is as gripping as an old Miracle Play. The chief, in thus using the principle of Teaching through the Eye, was but exemplifying the primitive and convincing education which the church in the Middle Ages knew and which it has taken



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the world all the centuries since to discover,—that what is *seen* is not only learned but *remembered*.

The men's convention having had its triumphant success, attention was then turned to the wives. Again the School House was filled. This time with women. They filled the seats, listened to the factory lecture, the story of Welfare Work, the aims of the business. The mixture of high production and altruism made its impression and they too caught the N.C.R. spirit. If the husbands' convention showed enthusiasm, what can be said of the wives' convention? It is not a secret that a man's wife has a good deal to do with his business success, but not until Mr. Patterson called this meeting had an industrial leader been willing to stake some thousands of dollars and his business reputation on the conviction that a woman's interest in her husband's business had a solid commercial value.

Before the eyes of these five hundred wives hung the convention motto,—“With your help he can succeed.” A large colored picture on the wall represented “Leaks in his earnings” which it was their duty to stop. Their eyes rested upon printed banners proclaiming the ten things a wife must do to help her husband succeed:

- (1) Serve simple well-cooked food.
- (2) Keep him cheerful.
- (3) Give him plenty of fresh air.
- (4) See that he gets enough sleep.
- (5) Lend encouragement at the right time.
- (6) See that he takes regular exercise.
- (7) Be economical and save for a rainy day.
- (8) Take a real interest in his sales record.

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- (9) Read N.C.R. advertising matter.
- (10) Be cheerful yourself.

This wives' convention was, in the opinion of the man about town, the best Patterson joke up-to-date. All the conventions were. Crowds of be-badged men walked in a procession, and making whoop-em-up speeches, excited the hilarity of men who prided themselves on their respectable conservatism in business management. Such things as Patterson put across were not in good taste. When reminded of the visible improvement in personality evident everywhere in the N.C.R. factory and in the ranks of its representatives they objected that the human product was only the by-product, the real object being to sell cash registers. Which certainly never could be denied.

Of all the means to improve personality by lifting it into contact with the great issues of life, the School House in this too arty regime, must rank first. At the blowing of the noon hour whistle the streets surrounding the factory are filled with workers carrying luncheon boxes, who mount the broad steps and gather in the auditorium to eat and see and listen. Twenty-three hundred the seats accommodate and every day saw them filled. There is much for both eye and ear. A chorus, perhaps, or the factory orchestra manned from their own ranks. There are moving pictures, films bringing to them the news of what the great outside world is doing, the processes of advancing civilization, the accomplishments of science and art.

But they have teachers too. Visitors to the factory, men who are experts in every walk of life, great indus-

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trial captains, savants, soldiers, statesmen, travelers, engineers, writers, physicians,—all who have a message to deliver and are willing to do it because of this admiration for the man from whose brain has come this enterprise. Each finds his best inspiration in the faces before him. A judge of the Juvenile Court keeps them agog with interest in child criminology; a foreign ambassador reveals some of the difficulties in our relations with other nations; a food expert tells them of the science of nutritive values; an aviator gives heart-stirring experiences in flying; a General talks of the great war; a fiscal expert lets in new light on some points of national finance; a U. S. Senator recounts the passage of a certain bill through Congress. No one who sits in these seats and listens can keep the narrow outlook. Their interest has been stimulated, their imagination awakened; their personal periphery widened.

It is the factory forces for which the School House was built and operated but it succeeds in being a house of learning for many others. From thirty to forty thousand people from distant parts come every year to visit the National Cash Register factory. They also sit in the auditorium and become for the time being, pupils in a school. The factory lecture is given twice each day with its history of Welfare Work, city improvement and public health. If, in the audience, there happen to be capitalists and manufacturers they learn the principles upon which modern industry should be built;—not only production but service and cooperation,—a sense of obligation to the working fraternity under their care;—the presentation of the principles of Welfare Work in terms

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of profits rather than philanthropy,—the truth that a factory should be of benefit and education to everyone connected with it.

If to that audience have come city officials, mayors or commissioners on a visit of investigation they learn that city management is business, that clean streets, well planted vistas and abundant public recreation centers actually *pay*, and that public officers should do their work from love and not because it happens to be their “job.”

If there are working people they learn that to put their heart into their work is to transform it. If there are housekeepers and homemakers, they learn how ugly back-yards can be made to bloom with beauty; if more ambitious dwellers, building new homes for themselves, they have practical illustrations of the way to plant shrubbery and beautify their lawns. If no other practical lesson sinks in, one *will*, and that is the pocketbook proof; that these things being carried out as they have been in one city, and by one organization, have resulted in raising the value of real estate five hundred per cent, —an argument that gets a hearing anywhere.

And not only the older people in the factory and the city have the benefits of the School House but the children as well. Mr. Patterson had great hopes of the world through the education of the children—a truism frequently mentioned but seldom acted upon in just this way. Every Saturday morning, from nine until eleven, the children of Dayton are invited to spend the morning in the School House. Up the broad steps they come, hundreds of them, little and big, boys and girls, the

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older ones helping the small ones. No one has sent them. No one could keep them away. The grade teachers say they look forward to it all the week. The attendance is between twenty-five hundred and three thousand.

"Teach them the things they don't learn anywhere else" were the blanket orders to the Welfare Department.

So, first, they learn thrift. Not money-box thrift; (pennies are not mentioned); but how to make the best use of what they have; how to earn a dollar, how to spend a dollar, how to save a dollar; what healthy growth may be; how to stand and walk; how to take care of the teeth, how to sleep with the windows open and why; how to masticate the food, which food will help the body and which hurt; what are good table manners and what not; how to cough and sneeze so as not to distribute germs; how to make things grow in a garden; how to bake a cake; how to make a radio set. Fortunately children, unlike most grown-ups, do not object to new ideas; they rather like it and after the lesson they know there will be wonderful moving pictures of ships and airplanes, of boats and balloons, of Eskimo children, of African villages, of Indians, prize dogs, mountains and the sea.

In the effort to raise the standards of personality in the workers at the N.C.R. factory, books are by no means overlooked. A library of seven thousand volumes in a large pleasant room with willing and expert service is one of the great advantages of the organization. Here on the racks are the most valuable technical works,

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classified for shop use, several hundred volumes of standard fiction, nearly a hundred magazines and technical journals and ten local and eastern newspapers. The books may be taken home by the employes under the rules observed in general library service. Over three thousand of the force are members of the Library; of that number twenty-six hundred are active users. The Library has weekly space in the N.C.R. "News," a magazine published by the employes, which gives notice of late acquisitions, makes recommendations for readers, and answers questions. Among other forms of publicity which the Library uses are Bulletins posted through the plant and changed weekly, display posters in the Library windows, special book exhibits and stereopticon slides projected during the noon-hour meetings of employes. It is above all a humanized Library, where no "high-brow" atmosphere is allowed to over-awe the inexperienced searcher after information.

The idea of the continuation school,—the vocational school,—is no longer new. It has been worked out to uncontradictable conclusions at Antioch College and the University of Cincinnati. But in the early years of the present century it was an unplumbed experiment. Unplumbed experiments being the wine of life to John Patterson we find him working enthusiastically with the Superintendent of Education in Dayton and with other manufacturers and educators, intent on perfecting some kind of a plan by which a boy's school-life and practical training in work could go on at the same time.

The advantages were obvious and needed no explaining. To the student the earning of at least his own keep

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while still enjoying the benefits of school; to the manufacturer school-trained apprentices markedly more alert and receptive. The inquisitive attitude, without which no mind ever advances and which Mr. Patterson was always trying to instill, is kept alive and intentionally encouraged in the shop as well as the school. To take a boy out of the fifth grade at school and shut him in a workshop for the rest of his life was to raise up for our republic a dim mind, filled with mistaken notions, impossible judgments and rank prejudices.

This is why the Continuation School appealed to John Patterson. He did not originate it but he amplified it and improved upon it. One of these ways was a coordinating class for Co-operative Apprentices which supplements the school work with practical shop demonstrations. It meets at the factory every Saturday morning, where they hear instructive illustrated lectures, "Teaching through the Eye" on subjects pertaining to their work. The teachers are experts from the various departments and the apprentices themselves make demonstrations under the direction of the supervisors and foremen. Friendly criticism is given and educational trips to other factories taken. This method serves a double purpose; it brings the shop and the school into closer touch, it affords a means for the teacher and the pupil to meet on common ground. Another amplification of educational methods is called the Foreman's School.

That factotum, known in the factory as the Foreman, on whom the output depends and who, by his personal attributes may make his shop either heaven or hell for

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the workers, is not allowed to take his place in the N.C.R. with haphazard methods, but has careful instructions. Here we have a different type of man to deal with. A foreman is chosen from among his fellow mechanics, not because he is a clever workman but because he shows executive ability. Sometimes an inferior mechanic will make a good foreman because he possesses that exceptional trait known as "getting along." He must first of all have self-confidence and initiative, then he must know how to control his men and himself. These attributes granted, he finds himself in the position of a real middleman between the management and the men. Like all such intermediary positions it has its peculiar problems. None but the initiated know the calamities for an industrial organization that lurk in the personality of a foreman.

Therefore the N.C.R., alive to every element that makes for serenity and peace in its plant, organized the Foremen into a club for mutual help and understanding. Like the apprentices and the salesmen, the foremen actually go to school. In the Friday morning sessions the method of lectures alternates with that of discussion. The discussions cover every phase of a foreman's obligation; how to plan the work for rapid output, how to know his men, how to secure cooperation, how to investigate differences, how to grant or refuse requests, how to criticize, how to place responsibility, how to judge an applicant for work, how to discharge an unsatisfactory employee.

In one large corporation in America the manager of a certain mill was asked his methods in dealing with



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men. He had just one rule, always adhered to. Substantially it was "Treat 'em Rough." Contrast the rules applied in the Cash Register factory dealing with workers. On the blackboard and in the manual they read something like this:

"Get into a proposition without friction."

"Keep on a level with the other fellow."

"Approach a disagreeable subject with a smile."

"Explain reasons for unusual requests."

"Don't belittle co-workers."

"Be fair in your distribution of different classes of work."

"Speak to your employes when you meet them outside of the shop."

"Express appreciation for service rendered."

On one chart is the instruction "*Check yourself up.*"

"Do I take proper care of my health?"

"Do I keep all the promises I make?"

"Do I take a full share of the blame when things go wrong?"

"Do I exercise self-control?"

"Do I notice good work as well as bad?"

The modern factory it will be seen, may resolve itself into a laboratory for the investigation and application of the principles of psychology and pedagogy, and for the working out of the whole big problem of the interdependence and association of individual human units.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### *Building in Health*

Health education, as a part of the Welfare Work at the National Cash Register factory, starts with the proposition that health is not a gift but an achievement, as such should be cultivated,—earned,—like money or anything that one values enough to make an effort for; furthermore that it is everyone's moral duty to keep well. This is part of the large principle that the company has an investment in every employee and wants no investments that do not pay dividends. Good health then being a definite aim the company does its share to help.

As a personal concern of Mr. Patterson health interest began in the summer of 1904 when, in spite of his vitality,—the inheritance of four generations of sturdy ancestors,—indigestion had robbed him of all pleasure in living and, except for his indomitable will, of the capacity for work. It was nature's protest against the wear and tear of his high-pressure life and it brought internal troubles that would undoubtedly end his life at no far distant period.

Starting for Europe for a much needed rest, he took the Mediterranean route and found himself in Venice during the hottest months of the year. Here he put himself under the care of Dr. Van Someren, a digestive

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specialist who advised complete abstinence from food until the stomach should demand it.

Just at that time a book fell into Mr. Patterson's hands which confirmed the physician's advice and made a profound impression upon his patient.

Luigi Cornaro was an Italian belonging to an illustrious Venetian family who spent his early life as a profligate yet lived to the age of one hundred and four. As a young man he was weighted down with money and class obligations, both of which are equally bad for the digestion, seeing that they entail the giving and eating of big dinners. The Cornaro family tree, an important one in the proud republic of Venice, showed in its branches one queen, four Doges, nine cardinals and seven patriarchs of the church, besides diplomats, philosophers and men of letters. The dignitaries are gone to dust and with them all they did and were, all except Luigi Cornaro and he lives through his book "*La Vita Sobria*."

There are three parts to "*The Temperate Life*"; one written when he was eighty-five, one at ninety and a third when he was ninety-six. In all of them the message is the same,—temperance, sobriety, regularity, abstinence, should be the rule of human life if we are to live to see our third generation. Cornaro had had the experience necessary to make of him an authority. He had "gone the pace" and what it had done for him it inevitably does whether in the fifteenth century when he tried it out, or in the twentieth century, as so many moderns are doing. Moreover, he was, as he expresses it, "of a choleric disposition," meaning in plain English

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that he had a nasty temper,—whether a cause or a result of his manner of living makes no difference.

At forty Cornaro was in despair. He had fallen in love and wanted to found a family. He wanted to spend money in a way to give himself and others pleasure but there seemed to be nothing before him but endless years of martyrdom. It seems he was a man of strong will, also perhaps the young lady had something to do with it, for he straightway changed entirely his regime. He determined to eat and drink only sufficiently to keep the body going and not an ounce more. It was an extraordinary conclusion for the fifteenth century, when revellers gorged themselves on roast peacock and high wines until they could hold no more and then went into a small apartment built for the purpose, emptied their stomachs and began again. And when they got into the hands of the doctors of the day, as they inevitably did, they were cupped and bled until what little strength they had left dripped out at the thrust of the lancet. Cornaro asked himself why not prevent the body from getting into a state where such things may be done to it?

It was new doctrine for the fashionable world of Italy in 1558. And no one knew better than Mr. Patterson how much the same gospel of the dinner-table is needed in America of today. Cornaro's rules of living read like a page from a Battle Creek dietetic chart.

“Be satisfied with little.”

“Study what food agrees with you and take only as much as the stomach can digest.”

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"Guard against extreme fatigue and excesses of any kind."

"Avoid poorly ventilated rooms."

"Indulge in no anger, hatred, envy or melancholy."

"Do not allow sleep or rest to be interfered with."

"Eat but little at a time and oftener as you grow older."

These were his general rules. For his own personal regime they were more definite. He ate but twelve ounces at a meal. This limitation of nourishment was what saved him for a patriarch. His bodily ailments gradually disappeared. He found that plain food was delicious, that he could walk miles without fatigue, that he could mount a horse from the ground without help, finally that the world was good and beautiful.

This gospel came to Mr. Patterson just at the right time. Life was gray with discomfort. He was not one to bear discomfort patiently. If Cornaro had cured himself Patterson would do the same. More! If Cornaro ate twelve ounces of food Patterson would go him one better and eat none at all. So, in the company of Cornaro and his doctor he retired to Val Sesia, a remote Alpine valley under the shadow of Monte Rosa, and proceeded to keep his vow.

He put nothing between his lips but hot water. He attended to what few business matters pursued him at that distance, dictated necessary letters and telegrams, read the news of the day as he could get it, took walks, talked, slept,—everything but eat. That was taboo. It was a try-out of endurance between John Patterson and

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his Scotch-Irish stomach. As usual he won out. He lost a pound a day; there was no suffering, no desire for food. On the thirty-seventh day the stomach weakly mentioned that it would like some of the hard crusted bread-sticks of the mountain bakeries and a dish of spinach. It got both and to its master they tasted like nectar of the gods. Other plain foods followed, and in gradually increasing quantities, there was no disturbance, he found he was a well man.

The experiment was a drastic one and reduced him to a condition where his valet wept over him. He had lost forty pounds but his mind was clear as a bell, his eyes bright as when years before they had looked over the fields of his father's farm, his cheeks as pink as when he trudged the snow to the brick school-house on the hill. Life was again worth living. With this renewal came the discovery that almost all the illnesses, dullness of mind and incapacity for work came from improper eating. He made a chart out of it with a diet schedule, and a black list of things he never again would put into his stomach. It included wines and liquors, coffee and tea, beer, rich desserts, fried meats, pastry, and of course tobacco. This chart he read the last thing before he retired at night, after a chapter of the Bible and Cornaro.

He bought Cornaro's book by the dozen copies and presented it to all his friends. He watched himself, weighed himself, charted himself. He kept tab on various articles of diet until it became an obsession with him and an obsession which he wanted to share with his friends whether they cared about it or not. If he could

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have found an inventor to produce an automatic device to forcibly regulate the food consumed by each person he would have built a big factory and gone into mass production.

Of course, in this, as in so many other things he was an extremist,—never satisfied with moderation of any kind. He grasped new notions and ran them to death, pulling everybody along with him. Pepper, he learned, was bad in its action on the lining of the stomach, therefore pepper was barred from the dining-table in the officers' club. No pie! Pie was a gastronomic crime. If shredded wheat biscuits suited him, beef and vegetables were taboo to his associates. Horseback-riding was good exercise so he mobilized his office force every morning at an uncivilized hour to gallop off over the hills when they would much rather have been home in bed. Joseph Pulitzer and John Patterson had one trait in common at least, that they loved to see their secretaries holding precariously on to the back of a horse in momentary danger of being precipitated onto the road. In all matters of hygiene he was tyrannical,—at least in his earlier and more domineering years. Toward the end of his life he laid aside most of these small tyrannies and while his guests rejoiced in rare and beautiful cooking at his table he sat at the head of it eating educator biscuit and hot water.

But, having granted his extremism we must pay homage to the principle which guided him. While others were consuming cock-tails, hot birds and rich entremets he pursued the even tenor of abstemiousness and as a consequence had at seventy the air and carriage of a boy

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of twenty. He looked upon his body as the vehicle of his ambitions and the means of carrying them out.

Work was not only a necessity to him, it was the wine of life. With the elimination of poisonous humors from his body he found an increased vigor that made work a delight. He rose earlier, was at his desk sooner, accomplished more meetings, speeches, visits, conferences than a man of his age had ever been known to do before. He tired out his office force and was obliged to work secretaries and valets in relays.

Having proved to his own satisfaction that Cornaro's theories were true to practice John Patterson resolved they should be worked out in the factory. He had already provided the essentials of hygiene through good ventilation, cleanliness, pure water, many windows and rest-rooms; there must now be direct education on matters of personal health. Men and women, he knew, needed to be definitely instructed on the subject of the care of their bodies.

For this purpose the Department of Health was organized and later Dr. F. G. Barr placed in charge. Its first function was to act as a hospital clinic to those injured in the shops and the second to maintain a constant campaign of education by means of illustrated lectures,—“Selling Health” as it was called. These lectures cover such subjects as taking cold, deep-breathing, sleeping with the windows open, proper diet, the mastication of food, daily baths, physical exercise and the menace of the common house-fly. All these things which the initiated look upon as matter of fact and the uninitiated never get at all are drilled into the minds of



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N.C.R. employees by ear and by eye, from time to time, through every working year.

Individual advice upon the care of the teeth, the eyes and the general health is given in the clinic, free of charge, as well as first aid in any sudden ailment. The patient is then sent to the family physician or dentist for further attention.

The records show that the average number of hours lost per employee on account of sickness (not accidents) is 11.5 hours. Multiply this by 6500 and a rather appalling total is disclosed. Strange that it should be necessary to be continually educating either employer or employee on the value of health. Many employers still look upon health work merely as a welfare feature. But it goes a great deal further than that, for health had a direct bearing upon the quality of the product and the output of the factory. Then, too, the average employee is ignorant of personal hygiene and seldom realizes the value of *disease prevention* work to himself and family.

The selling of health begins before the applicant is placed on duty. The first step is a thorough physical examination given by a doctor who is not looking merely for physical defects, but who is really interested in his patient. A dental examination is also included.

Each new worker during the first hour of his employment attends a Health and Safety lecture. He then takes a trip through the factory. He learns the health and safety hazards not only in his own department, but in others. He sees the factory as a whole, and does not feel that his work is confined to one bench.

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Every six months the employe is rated, and in this rating health is of first importance. The rating is done, usually, by a foreman and a supervisor, and the employe is rated A, B, C or D, depending upon his physical appearance, endurance, freedom from illness, and personal neatness. If he receives a rating of C or D the record is referred to the Medical Department, and the employe is called for re-examination.

The employe is further impressed with the importance of good health, when he sees scales brought into his department every six months. Every employe is measured and weighed. Should he be under weight, he goes to the Medical Department for consultation, and is given a malted milk card. Thereafter, until his weight increases to normal, he receives free malted milk every morning between nine and ten o'clock. In 1921, 26,000 pounds of malted milk were distributed by the company in this way.

The Medical Department has an X-ray apparatus large enough to permit of chest work as well as bone work and in the work of the Dental Department.

Another important part of the equipment is the laboratory, where urine, sputum and blood may be analyzed.

In the Physiotherapy Department, or treatment room, employes receive treatments of various kinds, including fomentations, and electric light cabinet baths.

Fifty-four thousand people went under the care of the Health Department in 1922. Its work in the prevention of disease is noteworthy especially in the case of tuberculosis whose terrible fatality is more and more

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being lessened by instruction, and hygienic measures.

At the first sign of trouble the patient is put under a strict regime. To keep his job is the first necessity and the N.C.R. doctors know better than to dismiss a shop mechanic with advice to go to Southern California. Instead he is shown how to make a window-box and sleep with his head outdoors. His wife is advised about the preparation of simple nourishing foods easily bought and cooked. He is under the best conditions for work right where he is. If he follows their directions he gets back his health. Some are perhaps beyond that and need absolute rest. Then the patient is sent to a local sanitarium and all expenses paid as long as it is necessary for him to remain. If the case actually demands a dryer climate he is sent to New Mexico, expenses paid by the company. When these semi-invalids return they are given their places in the factory on half-time until they are able to do more. The N.C.R. is the only factory under observation that takes back cases of arrested tuberculosis and helps them with the greatest tonic, *a job*. Twenty-two thousand dollars were spent by the company in one year in this work alone.

In 1910 an unexpected and unpleasant duty devolved upon the Health Department. Up to that time it had concerned itself with the matters herein described,—emergency work, and the general health lectures. Now a specific menace raised its shape to the astonished eye of the examining doctor. A blacksmith was found to have contracted gonorrhea and lost his eye. This incident aroused a noble rage in the president. Were the

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dangers to which young men were exposed in the army and of which his experiences in Baltimore as a Hundred Days Man in 1863 testified, to be repeated in his own factory? A factory that it was his pride to have known the length and breadth of the land as "The Model Factory"? How could it continue to hold that name if boys entering its employ were open to contamination of the worst sort?

The disclosure brought a heated conference with the officers of the company and the Health Department. All were determined that such tragedies should never be laid at the door of the National Cash Register Plant. It was suggested that some sane, intelligent educational work be done, using slides and motion pictures to illustrate the ravages of social diseases and the manner of prevention.

At the outset Mr. Patterson was met by the unwritten law that certain subjects should not be matters of public discussion,—a blank wall that has shut in more misery than it has shut out. He determined to break it down. Under his direction statistics were gathered to show the appalling extent of the social evil and its effect on modern society. These were embodied in a lecture that further proceeded to call a spade a spade with appealing frankness and to support it with pictures whose authenticity and truth could not be doubted. This lecture was tried out quietly before small picked audiences of doctors, teachers, ministers and social workers. They were aghast at the frankness of it but impressed with its potentiality. Almost without exception Mr. Patterson's

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plan was indorsed. Having, most of them, known the facts it presented all their lives, none had once thought of the necessity of thus presenting it where it would be most needed.

Venereal disease prevention in the N.C.R. begins when an applicant enters the employ of the company. A rigid examination is conducted on the applicant, thus protecting the other workers. If infected he is rejected. Those already members of the force are instructed, treated and saved, for their own sakes, for the sake of the factory and for their families. The lecture is given to men every six months, and to women, a modified version, less often. One consequence of this plan is that there are frequently voluntary applicants for examination on the part of those who, having had a clean bill of health, suspect infection. These cases are not discharged but encouraged to present themselves for advice and treatment. Instead of secrecy and disaster the patients have open-handed help and sympathy.

No part of the propaganda work of the N.C.R. has received more quiet attention than this phase of health education and, for obvious reasons, less publicity. But gradually throughout the country it was becoming known that a factory in Dayton was doing a mighty work in disease prevention. The lecture was presented to the National Medical Association at Atlantic City during the summer of 1911 and to the Industrial Commission of Ohio sometime later. Chambers of Commerce asked for it, Ministerial Associations, Manufacturers Associations, until Dr. Barr was continually going about,

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with his moving picture machine, to one city after another. The first of these lectures was given to members of the Rainbow division under the direction of Major Noble Judah, Lake Forest 1917. From that time until the Armistice the lecture was given regularly. Hundreds of these lecture trips are taken each year to present the pictures to factory groups. In many cases it is taken up locally, organized, and put into practice. So that the N.C.R. idea has spread, quietly but effectively, and soon it is hoped there will not be a factory in operation in the United States where there is not regular scientific disease prevention as a part of the company program. North, South, East, West the idea is spreading and wherever it is applied the health rate rises.

The war broke out. Suddenly the whole adolescent youth of America moved eastward toward the concentration camps and after some preparation, across the sea. Just prior to the war Mr. Patterson had made an offer to the American Social Hygiene Association to use his large collection of lantern slides gathered in the interests of social health. In 1917 a call was issued by the government through Colonel W. F. Snow of the American Hygiene Association to the medical experts of the country to come to Washington for consultation, the promoting influence being probably the statement made by Dr. W. F. Martin of Battle Creek that according to undisputed statistics, while seven per cent of soldiers were killed in action or wounded by bullets, ten per cent were ruined for life by syphilis.

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Thirteen doctors answered the call of the government, among them Dr. Martin, Professor Warthin of the University of Michigan, Dr. Swan and Dr. Barr of the National Cash Register of Dayton. These men consented to express their views on preventive education in the form of a typical lecture to be delivered before a selected group of Army and Navy officers. Dr. Barr's lecture was found to be the most fully standardized and therefore accepted as the basis for discussion and revision.

When Mr. Patterson learned that his factory lecture had been chosen as a basis for army propaganda on health he decided that it was not as complete as it should be and must be augmented. To this end photographers were sent wherever the medical men indicated the most severe cases and pictures taken. His official photographer with extensive equipment travelled from the New York hospitals to those of the Middle West, getting the camera to record such evidence as would be most convincing. Illustrated material was taken from medical works of antiquity in the Congressional Library at Washington, books unavailable on account of their rarity and cost. Motion pictures in kinema color were taken of the worst cases in Bellevue, in Kings College hospital in London, in New York and Chicago clinics. By Mr. Patterson's orders money did not count in this enterprise—it was "war emergency." All negatives and films were brought back to Dayton, developed, printed or edited in the projection room of the factory with the characteristic promptness of N.C.R. methods. Two lecturers besides Dr. Barr were appointed and equipped with duplicate material.

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But the machinery of the government was not functioning rapidly. General Dawes had not swum into the ken of the Federal authorities and Washington had never heard of the slogan "Do It Now!" It was not until August 1918 that Dr. Barr received his appointment as lecturer under the direction of the Commission on Training Camp Activities in the Quartermaster's Corps of the Army.

In almost every case a hearing could be gotten only indirectly. A military advance agent coming straight from the Surgeon General's office at Washington failed time and again to get an appointment to explain what the lecture was about. After crucial delay Dr. Barr tried to see what a civilian could do—1917-1918. He made three attempts to meet the division surgeon and at the last his proposal was turned down. The evil which the lecture was designed to prevent was an old story to most commanders. It had been the same since Julius Caesar took his armies over the Alps; nothing had ever been done about it and nothing, they were convinced, ever could be.

The way through the impasse was when Dr. Barr got permission from the Chamber of Commerce of the county in which this camp was situated and arranged for a noon presentation of the lecture at which the Commanding General was to be present. It was done and the first to reach the lecturer at the close of the horrifying hour was the General himself. "You are just the man we are looking for," he said, "when can you come out to the camp and give this to our officers?"



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The ice of antagonism was broken and before the week was out not only the officers but 60,000 ignorant young southern boys had been presented, through eye and ear, incontrovertible testimony of the horrors of indiscriminate sexuality. It bit into the hearts and minds of those boys like acid.

The lecturers at other camps were having similarly discouraging receptions. When, however, the lecture was finally admitted to the camps what a volte-face among commanding officers! One general who had been most indifferent declared, after hearing it, that every man in his command "from the cook to the Colonel" should see it. Another insisted upon the same twenty-six hundred men attending the lecture twice, for fear some points had failed of making an impression. At Camp Sherman Dr. Barr gave three lectures a day, in all to 60,000 men.

In the course of its travels the Social Hygiene lecture went to thirty-seven camps and navy yards, and into the horrified ears and eyes of five hundred thousand young soldiers and Dr. Barr is authority for the statement that never was it shown that one or more of the audience were not overcome and had to be carried out.

Never in the history of any war were recruits prepared for the dangers ahead of them in this way. Bayonet practice? Yes. Drinking Water? Yes. First Aid? Yes. Gas Masks? Practice Drill? Yes.—Yes.—Yes. But their minds, their consciences, their understanding wills were never before fortified by plain instruction. It was the Patterson plan to the front again. Educate. Educate.

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Educate. This lecture was given throughout the winter of 1917-18 and Mr. Patterson's name never mentioned. Only those behind the scenes knew that this gospel of clean-living came directly from his practical patriotism, his love for humanity and his personal bank account.

## CHAPTER SIX

### *Building Through Education*

In the widest sense of the word John Patterson was an educator. To make such a statement about a man whose college career was a travesty, who almost never read a book, who had no knowledge of Art, History, Poetry, Music or Literature, will be to risk inevitable contradiction. He could scarcely have passed the initial examination to enter college, to say nothing of the one to get out, in which it is only fair to say, he would have the honorable company of the majority of elderly men of affairs in the world today.

Let us not be too narrow in our definitions. If he never lectured in a class-room, never wrote articles for magazines, had no pedigree of learning, John Patterson did nevertheless "educate." He startled people's minds out of hallowed ruts and sent them careening into new avenues of thought; kept the public informed on matters of vital moment hitherto neglected, stimulated whole communities into different standards and made two ideas grow in minds where only one,—or none,—grew before.

One of his permanent grievances was the accepted program of public education. He saw schools built and conducted at public expense out of which came young people with undisciplined wills, false ambitions and no

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sense of personal responsibility. He saw college graduates who cared nothing for good city government, who knew Latin and Greek but not human needs, and whose single aim in life was to make and spend money. He felt that such schools and colleges were blind alleys,—that they left the student quite unprepared to take his place as a productive and contributive member of society. Dead languages, philosophy and literature should, he believed, be shoveled out of the curriculum. Having no inherent love of literature for its own sake he failed to see the connection between the registered human thought of centuries and the human activities of today. It must be admitted,—in justice to the critic,—that often, in practical matters at least, there isn't any. He believed that it is the narrow outlook that holds the world back; that governments have stagnated because the people did not care; that the death rate rises because people do not know;—that all scientific progress, all political reform, all civic beauty and public health depend upon an educated electorate. So he hammered away at the uselessness of schools and the short-comings of colleges and brought upon himself much opprobrium.

His persistence was irritating because as a rule the last thing people want is to be improved. They prefer their own comfortable nests of unaired prejudice. It called down upon him the title of the "Boss of Dayton," a term which always aroused John Patterson's deepest ire. Very well, he would abandon direct action and take to still-hunting. He would educate other people by giving them opportunities and let them educate the public.

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Thereupon developed a complete system of discovering ambitious and receptive material for his efforts.

A woman worker in one of the shops shows personal capacity. She is made a delegate to some large national convention where she will awake to a thousand things she never dreamed of before. A country school teacher has visions of an equipment such as city schools have and confides her longings unconsciously to a gentleman who has ridden up on horseback to visit the school. She receives a check for \$500 with which to purchase maps, globes, a clay outfit, flower boxes and manual training tools.

A nurse ambitious to perfect herself in her profession but unable to leave her own town is sent on a tour of the hospitals of the east where she may see modern and scientific methods.

A school orchestra trying to earn money to purchase the glories of the symphony season is invited to play at Far Hills. They have dinner on the lawn and each finds under his plate a season ticket.

A firm of young merchants start out with enthusiasm in a new line of business; they are sent to New York where they see what they want and learn what they need.

She is a slight little thing with appealing eyes. Frightened, too. Who wouldn't be, called from her desk to the executive offices? What has she done to offend? She has tried so hard, and if she is going to be dismissed it will mean she can no longer help with the rent or keep on with her evening classes.

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The door opens and a secretary shows her into an office, the office of the president himself, who does not at all look as if he were going to "fire" her. A few questions are asked.

She is studying out of business hours?

Yes.

What?

English composition and business methods.

Why?

She wants a better position, so as to earn more money.

What does she think she could do, and what kind of a position would she fill?

Office secretary, she thinks, or perhaps head of a women's department,—anything so she could get on and help her family more.

Has she ever heard of the work for employees in the Blank manufactory in the east?

She has.

Would she like to visit it, and find out what she could of their methods?

She certainly would, and her eyes register their enthusiasm.

Does she think she could bring back from a trip of that kind some valuable things to tell the company or the employees?

She thinks she could, although she has never tried to speak in public,—at least she is willing to try.

That is enough. To want to do things, and to try hard, is the way to the heart of the head of the company. "And remember," warns the secretary when they are alone, "Mr. Patterson is not doing this for you per-

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sonally, but for all the women in the factory. He does not care to lock up information in one mind. What you see you are to put down so you can tell it afterwards. I will help you get it into shape."

A happy girl goes out of that office, for she bears in her hand a ticket and reservations for New York, and a letter which ends,—“Anything you can do for Miss —— will be greatly appreciated by ——,” nobody less than the president himself! But by one single idea is she further enriched, that all we learn in this world belongs, not to ourselves alone but to those about us. Knowledge, to be of value, must be shared.

Again it is a newspaper woman (not of the factory force), whose report of a meeting has been so well done that it has caught the eye of the person most interested in a certain kind of publicity. She is approached by a woman secretary from the company, who tells her that she has permission to spend three weeks in New York to see and learn all she can. Here is a list of interesting places to visit, newspaper plants, factories, museums, community centers and schools, and to write about in the home paper.

A more confidential talk from the elder woman follows: “The president,” she says, “has been watching your work. He likes what you write and what you say when you speak. He thinks you have a future and he wants to help you. But he wants me to tell you that a woman’s business success depends upon more than the acceptability of her work. She must look right and dress appropriately. You are to go to these addresses and do

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what they teach you. Learn to arrange your hair more becomingly, buy a smaller hat, a suit and an afternoon gown,—no, don't refuse, the president knows what he is about and does it for many people who show they have something in them. And you can repay him by working it out in your career. You know the things he is most interested in,—public welfare, good schools, parks and playgrounds, community betterment, less partisan politics—keep them all before the people in your forcible way. Above all, don't say anything about it to him or anybody else, but give it back to other people and he will know, and be pleased."

In 1915 occurred the most spectacular and far-reaching examples of John Patterson's faith in propaganda and his acting upon it. It will be recalled that the business world at that particular time was at low tide. Uncertainty filled the air. No one knew whether the war would benefit business or ruin it. Merchants and manufacturers were afraid to take forward steps since no one knew what would be the outcome.

The situation was a challenge to the president of the Cash Register Company. If business was not good it was because people thought it was not good. They had only to think it was good, say it often enough, believe implicitly that it was good and it would be good. He was antedating Coué though he did not know it.

To the end of persuading the public that things were all right he had his artists draw a picture representing the country in an overflow of prosperity. Mills with a thousand chimneys, granaries bursting with grain, mines



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producing wealth of coal and iron, fields glowing with heavy crops, everybody at work and everybody happy. The text surrounding the picture declared that America had just had record crops, that factories were working overtime, that labor was in demand at high wages, that exports exceeded imports and that billions of dollars were passing over the merchants' counters. The whole page with the headlines "Business is Booming" in bold faced type was printed in the Saturday Evening Post on March 27th and repeated at intervals in fifteen hundred newspapers, three hundred trade and religious journals, thirty-five monthly magazines, at current advertising rates.

No one can ever reckon accurately the moral effect of this promulgation but many merchants have testified to the general hopefulness that followed the reading of it. Many a man went to his office with new strength in his heart and better hopes for the future. That it carried as a tail to the kite the suggestion that because business was booming merchants would need more cash registers did not in the least detract from its moral value!

Not all Mr. Patterson's efforts were still-hunting. In the beginning he laid positive hands on the school system itself; the first in 1896 when hearing, on one of his trips to Europe, of the advantages of kindergartens he immediately looked into the matter. It was a mere word then to all but the best read people. But it was a peculiar quality of Mr. Patterson's mind to find advantages in new ideas long before any others except the actual promoters did. He saw at once the advantage of teaching little children to use their hands and to so mix play

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and work that they didn't know where one stopped and the other began. He determined to have a kindergarten of his own and teach people how good it was. He therefore sent a primary teacher from the Dayton schools to the east to get training and when she got back, bought equipment and installed her in the N.C.R. Welfare House. To this school came the children of the employees and from Oakwood and South Park generally, wherever the parents could be induced to send them. After everybody was convinced of its value he presented in 1900 the trained teacher and the equipment to the Board of Education; they were installed in a public school near the factory. In the same way Mr. Patterson financed the first cooking-school and in due time turned it over to the Board of Education. It has thus resulted that both Kindergartens and Domestic Science are now a part of the public school system of Dayton. He was not the only man who advanced public education by the very intemperance of his advocacy, and that and the bottomlessness of his pocket book were in most instances the factors that carried the day.

During those formative years when the most far-seeing educators and the most ambitious parents were hoping for a system of public instruction which should include manual training, Mr. Patterson watched and waited, ready at any time to aid in his own way. Convinced of the relations of education to industry it was as a manufacturer that he sensed the value of close association between work-bench and school-desk. More than that, it was his experience as a boy on a farm which fixed his

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convictions that book education, the cultivation of memory, is only half the story, that dexterity in doing is as necessary as cleverness in thinking.

He saw with genuine concern that although the assessed taxes allowed every child to remain in school until the age of eighteen, forty thousand youths in Ohio failed to avail themselves of it. The average age at which they left school was fourteen, approximately at the sixth grade.

The introduction of new methods which might have broadened the school was hindered, Mr. Patterson discovered, by the partisan character of most boards of education and by the indifference of the general public. Aware of the futility of attempting reforms while the board members traded votes, disregarded the expert and put in most of their efforts to push the interest of the party instead of the schools, he continually advocated the small non-partisan board elected at large, which has since become an accepted fact. The idea was an obsession with him and to the general public came as an unwelcome idea. It went down as a new grievance against him,—“just another one of John Patterson’s fads.”

It was but natural therefore that when the movement for non-partisanship in school affairs became an open question he was with it heart and soul. His first move was to get information and to this end sent a clever woman on a voyage of discovery. To New York she went, and to Boston, Philadelphia, Rochester and Cleveland; interviewing teachers, superintendents, public officials,

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citizens and parents. That the data were sufficient was discovered when in anticipation of an approaching election there broke out all over the city a barrage of oral and printed publicity both dazzling and deafening. "Keep Politics out of the Schools." "The children first and Politics last," blazed from bill-boards, from banners in band-wagons, from films in the movie houses. Speakers declaimed from automobiles on street corners, from platforms in churches and clubs; some were volunteer speakers; some were paid; some spoke an hour, some five minutes. Not a voter nor a parent escaped the impact. The measure was a success, the schools benefited but no one knew that Mr. Patterson was behind the whole plan.

Two facts spurred his mind; one the appalling illiteracy revealed by the conscription records during the war; another the officially confirmed fact that Ohio ranked twelfth among the states in educational standing. His deep and personal indignation that Montana should dare to out-rank proud Ohio found immediate action. Again the clever woman was sent, this time to the far west, to collect data on vocational and continuation schools. She investigated in St. Louis, Kansas City, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Portland, Vancouver, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago. The facts sustained the accusation. Dayton *was* behind and it was because she had not waked up to the fact of the part-time school as a solution.

At this time the Bing Bill was introduced into the Ohio legislature embodying many of the desired fea-

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tures—compulsory education to the age of eighteen or through the whole four years of high-school, an enabling clause favoring the establishment of a part-time system, by which a student can spend an equal amount of time in the school room and the factory thus getting his education and earning his living at the same time.

Mr. Patterson was strongly in favor of the bill and when the State Superintendent of Instruction, Vernon M. Reigel, asked him to help it was a logical reply to send the same investigator on a speaking campaign over the state of Ohio. In county seats morning meetings were arranged in the interests of the rural schools, afternoon meetings for the town schools and a general evening session at which prominent citizens spoke and Mrs. McClure-Patterson told her story. On the bill-boards the lecture was advertised as "*Save Our Schools,*" the stereopticon was freely used and thousands of people were informed and impressed.

A chapter on Mr. Patterson as an educator would be incomplete without reference to his support of the cause of Woman Suffrage. If he believed in the children as hostages of the future he believed no less strongly in women. He felt that in their hands lay the safety of all the downtrodden, the discouraged, the weak and the limited. He felt that politics had so deteriorated through partisanship that only under the influence of women could it be saved. He believed they could be trusted to purify and recreate forgotten but important issues. But above all,—let us be candid,—he loved a fight and Suffrage was so unpopular! The more bitterly its ad-

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herents were attacked the bigger checks he sent. Office rent and equipment, secretaries' salaries, publicity, stereopticon, brass bands for parades,—he stood for it all, and no one was more thoroughly happy than Mr. Patterson when the 19th Amendment went through.

At the reorganization of the National Suffrage Association in Chicago in 1920 into the League of Women Voters he read their campaign literature, saw the drift of the organization towards a clean and educated electorate and put his hand in his pocket again. "Did I not tell you," he said triumphantly to a friend. "The women are preparing themselves for their new responsibilities; they will not be led by the nose by ward politicians like the average man voter. They are going to ask questions, go into details, study methods, and make themselves familiar with the government under which we live." From that time he supported the League most generously.

A chapter might be written in mere catalogue style of the various measures for public progress,—indirect education,—fostered by Mr. Patterson. And every time he did so he made himself a target for opposition. He ran square against the accepted current of thought. He set new things in motion; they cost money. He was not content to spend his own money but prompted others to spend theirs—never a popular occupation. People had no patience with him. His assumption of omniscience enraged them. His detractors had one immutable weapon with which to berate his activities. He could afford it, they said, because his business was a monopoly. It was indeed; the fact may as well be faced. He was a

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merciless and inflexible monopolist. It was said of him, with apparent fidelity, that he thought himself divinely appointed to make cash registers,—no one else had a right to enter the field. If one so dared! Quick! The forces of Heaven and Earth and Hell were summoned for his swift annihilation. Buy him out! Bribe him out! Scare him out! Generally, the first sufficed; if not, the court of last appeal, was to write the officers of what Mr. Patterson conceived of as a piratical concern, to visit the N.C.R. factory. Here they were dined after the unusual fashion and then shown over the plant. The first reaction to what they saw was the conviction that a business so vast, so well-intrenched was too formidable to compete with. The clinching argument was a silent one. In a large hall an impressive hill raised itself nearly to the ceiling, of battered and rejected cash registers,—rival registers, cash registers that had started out with fine patents, trained operatives and voluble salesmen. This is what they had come to,—a mass of rusty iron in a junk pile! Was it worth while, then, trying to “buck up” against the N.C.R.? Most of the visitors thought it was not and returned to their homes with that report.

There were darker things hinted at in this furious pursuit of monopoly,—things which in time brought the company into conflict with the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and resulted in a trial in Cincinnati with which all the business world of twenty years ago was familiar. It has no place in this story. One result was a sudden change of orders at the factory. Nothing was ever to be said about the “grave-yard,”—in fact, there was no such

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thing. Inquisitive visitors used sometimes to ask to see it. They were bidden to look everywhere, use their own eyes. They must have been misinformed. There was no grave-yard,—apparently never had been!

Only one thing is to be said, not in defense,—there couldn't be,—but in explanation of the monopolistic habit. The competitive economic system is not an abode of peace and security,—“live and let live,”—but red and bitter war; “every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.” Mr. Patterson did not make it; he found himself in it and had to play the game. His tactics with business rivals were often but retaliation of the methods used against him. If he got imperious, unyielding and intemperate,—well,—that is war. He felt that his back was to the wall and took any way to defend himself.

One thing the worst of his detractors would never hesitate to deny and that is that the results of his monopoly were used to good purposes. Having built up an enormous money-making machine he defended it at all cost, not only, or very little, for the sake of the profits but for what the money would do for other people. He made his business the tool of all his benevolences and contributions. He boldly stated once that it was the moral duty of a man to make a lot of money, for only through it could he contribute his share to the uplift of the world. If it is true that he “lived and breathed cash registers” it is also true that he lived and breathed a lot of other things,—all good, all with high spiritual elements and which never would have come about except for the cash register. “Honor to whom honor is



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due";—credit to whom credit is due,—homage to whom homage is due! The world itself is a trickish place; the commercial part of it still more so. To have conquered from both the wherewithal to pull humanity as far towards righteousness as John Patterson did should have at least the reward of appreciation.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *The Seamy Side*

John Patterson's love for his own city was rather a European than an American quality. As men, in times past, used to be known as Athenians, as Florentines, as Genevese, so in the same sense might he be known as a Daytonian. The average American can live equally well in England or on the Continent but John Patterson could live only in Dayton. He tried to live elsewhere once when he was in a bad temper with his towns-men but he could not stand it long. His local fealty sent him back to where he could see the Oakwood hills and the glistening bends of the Miami River.

An impartial observer would certainly not set Dayton on a pedestal of perfection. As a center of certain forms of commercialism it has advantages. Those who were born there love it and those who came later take it as it is. But for John Patterson, although he was a frequent and extensive traveler, Dayton was in itself the best place and the only place to come back to. His grandfather had selected it for a home when it was almost a wilderness and his grandson kept the tradition and the faith. The most outstanding proof of this is an instance which will take some time in the telling.

In April 1896, Dayton discovered itself to be just one hundred years old. A century before that date a boat

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load of settlers had come up the river from Cincinnati, landed at a steep bank, built four log cabins and called it Dayton. The local patriotism evolved by this anniversary expressed itself mainly in the clanging of locomotive and factory bells, three days of prolonged fire-crackers and cannon booming, processions of school children and fire-wagons and wound up with a mass meeting of citizens at the Opera House. Here it was that John Patterson struck the high note of constructive patriotism. In an address entitled "What Dayton must do to become a Model City," he began by looking into the past and recalling the courage and high-mindedness of their pioneer ancestors and ended by planning for the future in order that Dayton might be a better place for those who came after them. It was a remarkable prophecy and has had a still more remarkable fulfillment.

He made more than fifty suggestions for civic improvement, including the establishment of public kindergartens, industrial training-schools, domestic-science classes, and evening schools, a system of traveling libraries, Saturday half-holidays for workers, more skilled artisans that Dayton might lead as a manufacturing center, and a shorter day for working-men. He outlined the city government as a business enterprise; where politics had no play; he advocated Art Loan Exhibitions, the loaning of money to the poor at reasonable rates, the reduction of dirt and noise in the streets, a competent and authoritative Board of Health, a municipal hospital for contagious diseases and the parking of the banks of the Miami.

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How have his forecasts been fulfilled? The answer is an inspiring one. Of the fifty-seven definite projects outlined in 1896, we find at the time of his death in 1922 twenty-six actually realized, nineteen partly achieved or on the way to completion. And, it is said by those informed, that over ninety-five per cent of those forty-five improvements were initiated or financed or both,—either entirely or in part, by John Patterson.

The date of this meeting will serve to emphasize to the most casual reader how exceedingly progressive was Mr. Patterson's program. The subjects he outlined were, at that time, discussed only in magazines devoted to municipal research and in the sessions of such organizations as the National Municipal League, then only two years old. As matters of common discussion they had made but the smallest appearance and were even then dismissed as "fads." Mr. Patterson was not a student in government research work, he was a mere business man, in love with his own city and devoted to its welfare. That he should treat these things as realizable possibilities was astonishing and at that time not altogether welcome.

What Matthew Arnold called "the instinct for perfection," Mr. Patterson had to a large degree. His great passion was for having things just right. He wanted things improved, re-improved, then cast aside for something fundamentally different. Things must be perfect, no less. Half-good was a crime.

How impatient people got with him! How easy-goers hated him! He was always raising standards instead of letting well-enough alone. And that, the average, laissez-

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faire individual never forgives. In the 'Seventies and 'Eighties wise people left things as they found them,—hand-overs from their fathers. They had serene faith in themselves and the good old way of getting along. It was uncomfortable to be told as often as John Patterson did, that things were not at all what they ought to be and that everybody's duty was to set them right as quickly as possible.

His bete noir was dishonest politics. In this as in so many things, John Patterson was a good half century ahead of his time. In the 'Nineties it was as amusingly futile to object to a "Boss" or deny that "to the victor belong the spoils" as it was to disapprove of lightning, tempest and sudden death. All alike were held to be regrettable dispensations but, in the nature of things, inevitable. But to Mr. Patterson, anything that was wrong could be changed,—*should* be changed—*must* be changed!

In 1888, when Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth" wrote, "There is little use in denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure in the United States," Mr. Patterson had already sensed that until Boss rule was abolished we could have no approach to the real spirit of Democracy. Most people accepted the political Boss as a necessary evil. At the first mention of that functionary Mr. Patterson charged like an enraged steer. The Boss represented waste and waste he abhorred because it diverted public money into private pockets and lessened the effective administration of civic control.

This was the rankest unorthodoxy for those years.

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Now when the political parties are so mixed in their principles that one hardly knows whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, or why, it is difficult to realize how hard and fast party lines were drawn thirty-five years ago. By birth and conviction Mr. Patterson voted the Republican ticket because he felt that in national concerns the Republican tradition was safest for the nation. But in municipal affairs he thought partisanship had no more to do than in the running of his own factory. He saw beyond the narrow and ridiculous partisanship of those days into a future when public business should be conducted with as careful an eye to expenditure as private business, when the citizens, like the stockholders in a corporation, should control policies and where an official, like the manager of a factory, appointed (not elected), on the basis of his expert qualifications would be at the head of the City of Dayton.

This conviction, stated in no moderate terms, repeated at the club, sometimes in the very presence of the obnoxious Boss himself, in the parlors of his friends, and on the street, dragged into every conversation, contradicted by everyone who heard it, made the author of it frankly unpopular and enraged him accordingly. Pleasant social occasions devoted to such popular interests as bridge, gossip and heavy food were utterly ruined by John Patterson discoursing on good city government. History never confesses that reformers are bores. It is too respectful of their achievements. But in the beginning they are undoubtedly great trials to their friends. Breaking ground is hard on the nerves.

In 1896 when John Patterson made his Centennial

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speech Dayton was like most unambitious, unawakened, straggling, untidy middle-western cities. From its wide thoroughfares pigs and cows had but recently been banished. No appropriation existed for cleaning the streets and piles of rubbish abounded. Unsightly back-yards and blatant bill-boards profaned the vista. There was no public spirit, no cooperation of effort, no civic pride.

But John Patterson had conceived of a new public conscience. He felt that a city was, in a way, a conscious organism, the product of the combined minds of the engineer, the educator and the artist. He believed that the men whom the city elected to care for its interests should plan for the comfort, convenience and happiness of its people. He wanted Dayton to be the most healthful, the most beautiful, the happiest city in the world. But, as has been explained, he was alone. There had been in Dayton, in times past, men who felt as he did but they had gone out of life and their ideas out of fashion.

His first efforts were mainly towards scenic beautification. He brought, at his own expense, landscape artists from Boston to give his ideas shape. From them he learned much and made haste to pass it on. To drive with him was to hear plan after plan for changing ugly places into lovely ones. On his own estate and that of Hills and Dales he was always doing it; building winding roads and rustic bridges, opening vistas through which the roofs and spires of the city could be seen, planting thickets of wild roses and honeysuckle. Sometimes his horseback trips through the suburbs led him to the back premises of people who were singularly in-

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different to suggestion. They had no idea what landscape gardening was and did not care to learn. He was apt to make imperative suggestions not always well-received. This old shed should be "planted out" with shrubbery; that ugly fence pulled down; this straight road altered to a curve, this wall covered with ivy. Sometimes the house-holders in question belonged in his own large family connection, in which case he was apt to get, what the vulgar called, "a piece of their minds."

A favorite Patterson idea was a boulevard which, beginning south of the corporation line should follow the windings of the river, carry across the circumference of the older part of the city, relieve the traffic congestion and lead to the north up the valley of the Miami. The old Miami and Erie canal, dragging its muddy and odoriferous length through the middle of town he wanted gotten rid of. Its usefulness (in the past very great and promoted by his grand-father), was at an end. However good a thing had been, when it was outgrown no sentiment should stand in the way of its abandonment. From 1896 when he first proclaimed his ideas for the betterment of Dayton until 1910 when his patience gave out, John Patterson worked unceasingly, after his hammer and tongs fashion, to win public opinion to his plans.

But the road to all his dreams was long and arduous and exceedingly thorny. Success is a heady beverage and the quaffing of it does not always make people amenable to control. And success,—measured by the standards of the commercial world,—John Patterson was certainly having. The phenomenal expansion of the cash register



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business with the attendant wear and tear of administration took its toll in both health and temper. If, during those years, he doubled his friends it is safe to say he trebled his enemies. An old friend once said, that "John Patterson made more people glad and more people sad and more people mad than any other man who ever lived." His benefactions sometimes went hand in hand with tyrannical exactions so that in the sting of the last the benefits of the first were apt to be lost sight of. People were not as tractable as horses when he pulled at their bridles.

Those who knew John Patterson in his later years and whose memory presents a gentle and restrained old man in his home at Far Hills, a man who spent his days in making true the motto, "our religion is to do good," those who knew how he had outlived most of his mistakes will wish some chapters of his life might remain unwritten. But a man's mistakes, no less than his successes are a part of his life. No one can escape the double role of example and warning which prominence thrusts upon him. The wise ones are they who cease to be a warning and become an example in time for the first to be forgotten.

Among the weaknesses that are the common lot was, in his case, that of allowing himself to be advised and led by the wrong personality. He had a streak of guilelessness that made him a mark for the unscrupulous. He was apt to take the view of the last person who got his ear. This was sometimes taken advantage of by those who wanted to influence him for their own ends. But not for long.

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Charmed with a new view, as a child with a toy, he would follow the idea relentlessly,—taking the bit in his teeth and running away down hill. But once at the bottom and seeing his mistake he never held on to it for the sake of consistency. He laid it squarely down and made off in the opposite direction. This volte-face his subordinates did not always perceive in time to adjust themselves to it. The effect was to leave them cavorting wildly and breathlessly at a wider circle than their minds could compass, like the last boy at the end of the line in the game of "Crack the Whip."

A sprightly chapter could be written on the mind-changing attributes of millionaires. It seems to be a quality inherent in them all. A young secretary in Mr. Patterson's employ once said, during the temporary absence of his chief, that he would give a month's salary to know just what the President would be most interested in when next he turned up. The particular obsession in command when he was last seen would have been cast into limbo and something new and astonishing, sure to have taken its place. The man who guessed quickest was on the inside for the time being.

The idea would strike him to go to Bermuda, look into distribution and take a section of slides to show them about Welfare Work in the home factory. When time came to step into his motor for the station, engines running, he had a new idea. Not Bermuda but Nova Scotia! Perhaps they had fewer cash registers up there and knew less about welfare work. More jazzing among secretaries to reconstruct arrangements and no knowing if there might not be a third change. Like Joseph

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Pulitzer, Mr. Patterson kept his secretaries on the qui vive. He would put ten men to work on one enterprise and then make them drop it for something entirely different. The point of view of the subordinates is not a matter of record but it must at least have kept their mental joints supple and inured them to vicissitudes. Consistency was not one of the executive virtues. "What do we live for?" he would explain. "To do good," and then go out and fire another secretary. And he did not always stop at secretaries. He might fire a fifteen-thousand-dollar man because he did not like his neckties; a ten-thousand-dollar man because he smoked cigarettes and a five-thousand-dollar man because he was tired of seeing him around. A blunderer he would not abide but wiped the offender from the face of the earth with one obliterating gesture. An official might sit up all night at his office desk getting out plans for a convention and the chair never hear of it, but some small trifle dexterously done to expedite things and the official's salary was doubled.

His employees became affected with a complaint known in Dayton parlance as "acute cashregistritis." They all had it more or less and the president was at the bottom of it. He was subject to incandescent impulses which scorched everybody within reach. One of his favorite occupations was making temperamental tours through the factory. Followed by a train of pale and harried secretaries and stenographers, he went from department to department jacking up things that had been better left alone, blanketing with sarcasm what he did not in the least understand and leaving behind him

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like an oriental potentate a number of decapitated persons whose worst fault was that they tried to carry out his orders.

One of Mr. Patterson's frequent projects was to exact the impossible. This he called teaching people not to say "Can't." Riding around the premises of the factory one day he discovered that two buildings did not satisfy his sense of arrangement and demanded that they should be immediately gotten rid of. One was a large hall used for meetings, the other a club-house. They were in the wrong place; should be moved further west on the land and the site sodded and planted with shrubbery.

"Have this done by this time next week" were his orders.

His major-domo, unwise enough to argue the matter, represented, respectfully enough, that such a job would take much longer than a week, that the moving of buildings, large or small, was something that could not be done in a hurry. Mr. Patterson's only comment was the curt order,—

"Have it done *by this time tomorrow.*"

And it was done! Never ask how! Those who summoned carpenters, excavators, moving-trucks and dismantling tackle from all over the city and superintended the hundreds of men required for that job through the passing hours of the next day and the next night, might tell of it. But they are not available now. Suffice it to say that the change was carried out and when John Patterson next guided his horse past that side of the factory he found a smooth lawn planted with flowering shrubs where the obnoxious buildings had been and those

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buildings re-erected in the new locality. It seemed a useless performance but he had taught a lot of people that an undertaking need not be impossible because it was difficult.

In 1892 a convention was being held at the factory and a night parade composed of the agents and the workmen was to be a feature of the occasion. Mr. Patterson thought it would add to the prestige of his entertainment if the line of march were lighted up. So he sent messages, which were more like orders than requests, to the citizens on the streets leading to the factory, to have lights in all their windows. Most of his emissaries received curt refusals. He then had the wood-working shop make temporary candlesticks,—a board holding three candles, which were distributed to every house, fifteen or twenty candles to a house, together with a polite request to have them lighted up during the parade. When the procession passed along those streets the brilliant illumination must have warmed the president's soul. He had gotten what he wanted.

Some of his greatest successes were when he took an idea that had been kicked about under foot until it was threadbare, used it, improved it out of all resemblance to its original intent until it was to all purposes an invention of his own. He saw latent possibilities where others saw only an insufficient skeleton. He was an uncompromising reformer even to the extent of spoiling a good thing by changing it. He reformed his organization, reformed his official personnel, reformed his business, reformed his city and it is only fair to add, reformed himself.

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The virtue of this drastic overhauling was that it made openings through which vivifying breezes might blow, and carry off heavy outworn notions. The vice of it was that he often got rid of the best things and his staunchest aids because he was tired of having them that way. This was so well understood that a young office man was heard to remark, "Well, the chief blew into my office the other day and found me with my left leg crossed over my right instead of my right over my left and now I may expect to hear 'No more use for you.'"

Action was what John Patterson wanted,—action and progress. His engine worked always at high pressure and all other engines had to speed up. He would be in Dayton one day, in New York the next, back home the third, out to San Francisco as fast as the Limited would take him, then across lots through China and India to meet his district managers in Berlin, organizing, dictating to secretaries, exhorting on platforms, carrying the details of his business with him in Pullman cars if he happened to be in Europe or America, or on camel back if he happened to be in Asia.

There came a time when all his deep-seated grievance against a corrupt and inefficient city government came to a head. The City Council was at that time considering giving a franchise to the Cincinnati, Lebanon and Dayton railroad which approached the city limits from the south. Allowing this line to enter the city from that direction would facilitate freight transport as well as coal supply, both outstanding advantages to a factory whose business was constantly developing. John Patterson wanted the railroad and with it a spur track to take

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his registers out towards their destination and obviate the hauling down town to the freight depots.

But the Council was obdurate. What held the matter up no one seemed to know. It ought to be plain, Mr. Patterson thought, that a factory which gave employment to thousands of men should have some concessions from the city. After much haggling it transpired that in order to get this concession it would be advisable to plant ten thousand dollars "where it would do the most good,"—"legitimate advertising" was the euphemistic phrase employed.

When this ultimatum was conveyed to Mr. Patterson his anger was for once inarticulate. His face was ominous. Not only indignation that he was denied so reasonable a request but shame that the government of his own city made such a procedure possible. It roused all his Scotch-Irish "dander" and he made up his mind with a click, that he was through with Dayton forever. He would go elsewhere and take his business with him.

But he would not slink away unnoticed. No. His exit should be made the greatest grand-stand play of his life. Trust him for knowing how to do it! Invitations were issued to several hundred people of Dayton to be his guests for the day at the factory,—preachers, teachers, editors, lawyers, bankers, merchants, business men. Characteristically and to begin with, he gave his guests a good dinner. Then they were ushered into the auditorium (the School House had not at that time been built), to see some pictures. Here they were, the leading lights of Dayton's business, professional and social world. On the stage the slight, blond, indignant speaker.

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Of the nearly two-hour speech he made on that occasion there seems to have been no stenographic report. It is likely that everybody concerned was too paralyzed to think of it. But those who heard it will never forget. It ate into their consciousness like acid.

Upon the screen came portraits of the men who built the beginnings of Dayton, sturdy, brave, honest pioneers in the early years and followed by scholarly, able men of the highest integrity who placed the welfare of the growing city co-equal with their own affairs,—who gave of money and time and love that Dayton might become the best home for their children. He made it plain that in urging better laws, less politics and higher standards he was but wearing their garment and preaching their gospel. There was a Daniel Cooper who surveyed the broad streets and gave land for schools and churches; Van Cleve who led the town in music, art and books, planned the cemetery and planted trees along the levee; Robert Steele who organized the Public Library and worked for good schools. Not one by whom Dayton had benefited in the past was forgotten.

All this was but innocent preliminary. When he got to the present generation, then John Patterson warmed up to his task. Plain and clear on the screen came, smug and benevolent, the "Boss" who ruled Dayton politics. Then those of his various henchmen, accompanied by the most candid and vitriolic comment on their sins of commission and omission; facts which everybody knew but no one except of the opposite political party ever dared mention. Not a disgraceful instance of political graft was left unaired. Not a secret



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accusation but found for once the most open expression. The hall was so quiet one could almost hear the quick take-in of the breaths. How did he dare? What would be done to him when it was over?

None of these considerations seemed to touch John Patterson. He was having the time of his life and all knew it. He paused only to take breath and a cup of tea at the back of the platform; when refreshed by a moment's rest he was back again with fresh invectives.

A new set of pictures. This time the "leading citizens." A manufacturer, well-known and successful.

"Here is X. What do you think of him? Makes all his money in Dayton and won't do a thing for it. Pays his working people as little as he can and does nothing for them." (Mr. X on the front seat squirms and swears into his mustache.)

"Here is Mr. Y. Fine fellow he is! Got a fat franchise from the City Council, for nothing, to run his street cars and won't stand his share of street-paving and bridge repairs." (Mr. Y tries to look nonchalant and does not succeed.)

"Here is Mr. Z. another leading citizen. Won't go to the primaries to see that his party nominates an honest candidate. Bribes councilmen to fix things easy for his business." (Mr. Z makes as if to bolt through the nearest window but knows he can't.)

As a change from the portraits comes into view a back alley way, furnished with ash barrels and heaps of rubbish. The owner of it thinks he has escaped but from the platform comes the inexorable voice reciting that this beautiful spot belongs to Mr. W. "Why does he

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not get rid of it? Because it would cost some money and take some time. What does he care for Dayton, the town that gives him his living." (Mr. W. on the front seat crumples with disgust.)

And so on all down the line. Heckling with scorching truth, damning with sarcasm, holding up to ridicule, denouncing, condemning.

On they came, one after another. Just as baited as the ones who had been shown were those who knew they were going to be. The men who used Dayton to fill their own pockets; the men who took bribes to put over public measures without regard to public needs; the men who sacrificed good for the city for the good of the party. One by one they were held up to the eyes of their fellow-townsmen and flayed, root, stock, and branch, by the orator of the day.

The climax came when he stated his plans. He was going to quit Dayton once for all,—take his factory, his pay-roll, his citizenship, his various contributions to the growth of the community away from such a boss-ridden hole as Dayton! He knew several good locations where a business like his would be welcomed because it put money into thousands of pockets. He would take the name "Dayton" off the machine he manufactured,—the name which was spread by his product to the uttermost ends of the earth. He would "forget the town!"

His last words were in the nature of farewell advice,—an admonition that if those before him loved Dayton and wished it to take a stand among the proud, free, useful, cities of America they should look to it that party politics played no share in her government, that

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only honest men and experts be elected to public office and that when elected they should work not for salary but for love of public service.

With which blast the audience dispersed in chastened silence and that was the last that Dayton saw of John H. Patterson for three long years.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### *Building a New City Government*

The events related in the last chapter grew dim in the minds of those who had suffered most from them. The factory wheels continued to run and pour money into the pockets of the workers and through them into the banks and stores of Dayton. No one knows why John Patterson did not keep his threat. A biographer with a glimpse behind the curtains may hazard a guess. He loved Dayton and could not live elsewhere. Even his Scotch-Irish will could not make him. Back he came at the end of three years with no splash at all. Everybody looked pleasant and there was a tacit agreement to say nothing of past things such as dinners and speeches.

During these years of absence his theories were unchanged but his methods of application were different. Perhaps he had discovered that a bludgeon is not the most persuasive argument for the conversion of the public. Perhaps too, his fellow citizens had begun to discover how much he was right. It seems plain to those who based their judgements on later developments that John Patterson returned from his self-imposed exile with one determined end in view—to get, some way or other, a practical business government for his home city.

The defects of municipal management in Dayton were not materially different from those obtaining every-

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where in the late years of the last and the early years of the present century. An unwieldly council composed of members who worked for the benefit of the respective wards which they represented, careless of the claims of the city at large, which paid poor salaries or none at all, and dealt out offices as rewards for party loyalty and activity. The piling up of debts, knowing the next election would bring in another party which might as well be left something to make them inefficient and give cause for the everlasting political blame, was the rule;—all of which resulted in traded votes, the convenient committee scrap-heap for all unwelcome measures, red-tape, graft, and a mountain of debt for the people to pay as best they could.

Mr. Patterson knew that any private business run as the city business was, would be in the courts of bankruptcy in no time. But things had been ripening in his absence. There was a different and a broader view-point among the leading men of Dayton. Through the action of a later and more intelligent City Council, the railroad that he wanted had become an accomplished fact. The newspapers were giving more space to news of an impartial character.

The Rubicon Club of South Park, organized to discuss aspects of city government, had been imitated in other sections of the city and a number of improvement clubs were holding meetings and letting light in on the various phases of municipal questions. It was the dawning of a new day.

John Patterson himself had learned some lessons. Although his hatred of political chicanery was no less pro-

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nounced, the expression of it was diverted into quieter and saner channels. He seemed to be satisfied to take a less prominent part. He stayed more in the background and paid bills.

One of his new plans was to teach the teachers and thus set more numerous ways of approach to the public consciousness. But who were the teachers in a community, the leaders of thought and opinion to whom the mass of people looked for guidance. Evidently they were, or should be, first the city officials, next the newspapers, third the public school teachers and the ministers in the pulpits.

What of the first; the city officials. More puppets of the elections, thrust into office, ignorant of the first principles of city management and wise only in manipulating party machinery to ensure their re-election at the polls.

What of the second, the Press, Hopeless too, because, buckled tight in the harness of the "gang," they were bound to oppose every measure, good or bad, that came from the opposite camp, to give one-sided, if not false, information and to see things through the myopic eye of party adherence.

He had some hopes of the teachers, especially the High School teachers until, perceiving that they also were gagged into silence by the influence of the party politics in the Board of Education, he abandoned all hope in that direction.

There remained for John Patterson's purposes of education in the principles of civic regeneration only the ministers in the churches. It was their business, he

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thought, to show people the better way. They were less influenced by partial views and outside intimidation. They had generally a pretty free hand in touching the public pulse and conscience. He would send them on trips where they might see for themselves what he had seen in his wide travels,—other cities, other ways of managing, and bring home new ideas and new enthusiasms to their congregations.

Under the new plan therefore, minister after minister took his wife and his round-trip ticket, and after spending weeks or months in investigation came home glowing and grateful. However, it did not work out altogether as Mr. Patterson intended. The preachers declined to give up the whole of their time for exhortation to the things Mr. Patterson wished. They were apt to go on preaching the gospel as they saw it instead of the gospel as he saw it. They preferred the New Testament story as their permanent subject to the advantages of landscape gardening, city government and the care of the teeth.

The year 1912 was one of much active thinking and planning among the citizens. They were tired of "Government by deficit" and felt the need of an honest, efficient and responsible city management. Dayton was tied hand and foot by the laws at Columbus. Nothing could be done until she had a right to self-determination. On September 3, 1912 a revised State constitution adopted that day by the voters of the State extended to Ohio municipalities a large measure of home rule. This left Dayton free to adopt any one of several kinds of local government. The Home Rule provision specified that

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cities might, upon petition or by special election, decide to draft a charter. In the charter might be incorporated whatever changes in the plan of government the citizens desired. The movement to avail ourselves of this new provision was started by the Chamber of Commerce of which George B. Smith was president. A committee of five was appointed with Leopold Rauh as chairman, to consider the drafting of a Charter for the City of Dayton. This committee was enlarged to fifteen, later to one hundred, and still later to three hundred and fifty. Through the labors of this committee finally emerged our present City Government.

While this was going on another plan of Mr. Patterson's took shape. Dr. Garland, one of the ministers who had caught the spirit of the new day, had been sent by Mr. Patterson to Europe to study the government of cities and had returned full of the kind of information Mr. Patterson most desired. He had seen city after city governed with honesty, scientific administration and personal loyalty. He had ascertained what the common funds of a community would do if applied with vigilance for the common good. His material and his testimony Mr. Patterson thought would be of immense benefit to Dayton if they could be applied.

At the same time another emissary had been sent to New York with instructions to look into the workings of the National Civic Association of which Mr. Patterson had a vague idea of organizing a branch in Dayton. In order to get her material Miss Dilks was obliged to consult the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, spending much time there and gathering information



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which, when brought home, convinced Mr. Patterson that it was not so much reformation which Dayton needed at that juncture as it was information.

Before a new type of government should be established it was advisable to have an organization of trained experts to keep the public informed on all matters relating to the business of managing a city and to furnish a fact-basis on which to build.

It therefore happened that the information Dr. Garland secured together with the information Miss Dilks furnished, were the controlling forces which brought about the establishment of the Dayton Bureau of Municipal Research. In the fall of 1912 with Dr. Garland as President and L. D. Upson as Director it was organized by John H. Patterson and privately supported by him to the extent of a thousand dollars a month for the next four years. Later it passed into the control of a Board of Trustees and four years afterwards was abandoned as having served its best purpose.

During the eight years that the Bureau functioned it was a most effective instrument for promoting honest and economical government. The staff, acting upon the rights of every citizen, attended meetings of the City Council, the Board of Education and the Board of Health, examined the records, noted receipts and expenditures, published all data for the benefit of the tax-payers and served as a clearing-house for information of all kinds.

All through the winter of 1912-13 Mr. Patterson worked, hoped, talked and paid bills. It was the flood of March, 1913, the story of which will be found else-

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where, that gave his theories a chance to come to sudden fruition.

In those dark days when Dayton was emerging, dripping and mud-soaked, from the calamity which had overtaken her, where were the city officials? This was an occasion in which the citizens should have been able to turn to the men they had voted into office with assurance that they knew how to meet emergencies. Alas! They had been elected not because they were experts in city management but because they had always voted the straight party ticket and now, in a crisis, they were found sadly wanting.

Never was there such complete and triumphant vindication of all Mr. Patterson had fought for! The plain circumstance itself was the clinching argument. Nothing more was needed. The fact that not a single city official knew what to do and that Mr. Patterson was the one the city looked to, was to convince every citizen that if he ever got out of this muck of mud and terror alive he would see to it that his Dayton was governed by men who were trained organizers and not trained party hacks. The Flood Prevention plan was not the only blessing that came in the wake of the calamity of 1913.

This is not a history of Dayton but an account of the work of one man in it. He never sought to do things himself but to get so many people interested that the result would be the combined action of all. So the Dayton charter and the Commission-Manager plan was planned by him in the beginning but half way through was gaining adherents by the hundreds and in the end was the work of a united city.

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The history of all his so-called "fads" was the same. Each time he made a new discovery, or thought he did, it met with the same uncomprehending opposition from those around him. This was because he rode his hobbies at such a terrific rate. Reaction was inevitable. When he persisted people laughed at him, endured him in silence, then washed their hands of him. When he had carried it along for a time people began to see something good in it and to wonder why it had not been done before. Too late to be of any help they began to examine his plans, then to respect him, to admire him and finally ended in something akin to hero-worship. When he got to the end of his enterprise he was found to be so everlastingly right that people were convinced in spite of themselves. But being right when other people were wrong is not the road to popularity; it is the last thing some natures will forgive.

The advantages of the new plan of government are evident to any student of public affairs. A Commission of five, elected at large, on a non-partisan ticket and subject to recall, a City Manager selected by the Commission in whom would repose all administrative duties relative to the government of the city, upon whom all obligation rests for the carrying out of unpopular regulations (and all regulations are somewhat unpopular), over whose head hangs no sword of vengeance called re-election, who holds his job because he is the only man who knows how to run it, and whose only fear is of dismissal if he does not make good. That, in principle, is the keynote of the Commission-Manager plan.

The head of a department in a big business knows

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that if he controls results he is safe, if he fails he is fired. Politics have nothing to do with it. So with the City Manager. He is appointed, not elected. He is a free agent, subject only to his employers, the City Commission. In short it is a purely business proposition, untainted by the infection of partisanship. In the Commission-Manager plan there is centralized responsibility. The lawmaking department and the administrative department are separate; one holds the other in check; a rigid accounting system requiring a public hearing on budget estimates before enactment into law. The purchasing department which buys all supplies and equipment under competitive bidding presents a rigid requisition system, requiring the signature of the head of the department demanding the supplies as well as the head of the Division and the head of the bureau, the approval by the Director of Finance and the final authority to purchase by the City Manager. With such checks as this extravagance and graft are impossible.

After twenty years the wisdom of Mr. Patterson's general ideas of city government becomes increasingly apparent. He did not enumerate nor tabulate the final plan but his principles were adhered to.

Dr. Frank Garland, the first Welfare Director of the City of Dayton and who, next to Mr. Patterson, should be credited with the adoption of the plan wrote in these words to an engineer of another city who had asked for information on the success of the Commission-Manager plan:

"In my judgment this plan of government is the best yet devised for our cities in America. It is non-partisan.

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It destroys ward lines and 'log-rolling' in the council. It provides for centralized authority. It separates the legislative from the administrative. It makes possible the selection of skilled men for service. It provides a short ballot and fixes definitely the responsibility of every public official. It gives authority commensurate with the responsibility. It is democratic, providing for the Initiative, Referendum and Recall. It demands an itemized budget and a modern system of accounting.

"It has worked well in Dayton for twenty years. Among the things it has brought about for the good of Dayton are the following: a lower death rate, a lower infant mortality rate, an increase of five hundred more acres of park lands, playgrounds for the children, a city-wide garden movement, newly paved streets, the saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars in the efficient handling of funds and efficient operation of administrative service. It has made city government a dignified and worth-while agency for the advancement of the city's interests and the welfare of the people.—It is here to stay. It will never be abandoned. It will be amended from time to time and thus improve but we will never go back to the old partisan federal plan."

## CHAPTER NINE

### *The Challenge of the Flood and the Conservancy Plan*

One of the convictions possessed by the subject of this biography was that difficulties need not hinder, they may help and that hardships, more than anything else are challenges to our inventiveness and our courage. The morning of March 25th, 1913, put this principle to the test. It brought a challenge to the whole Miami Valley which few knew how to meet and of that few one stood out in the perspective of events in a remarkable way.

To make plain to the reader what happened on that fateful day some perhaps uninteresting details must be given. Dayton, lying at the junction of four streams,—spasmodically uncontrollable streams,—is in a peculiarly assailable position in regard to high water. The Miami, Stillwater, Wolf Creek and Mad River, each with a wide drainage area, unite to pour their accumulated volumes of water upon her. For over a hundred years at widely separated intervals, she has been the victim of such inundations. Unfortunately the crises were too far apart for their influence to result in any scientific flood regulation. Besides, the problem was a most intricate one and any possible solution enormously costly. So between scares, the citizens cleaned out the city, dried out

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their belongings and thought it would never happen again. The most to be done was a periodical patching up of levees and intermittent attempts to straighten the channel.

During the latter half of March 1913, rain came in torrential quantities, for four days in succession. It was the end of the winter season when the ground was saturated and absorption slow. Toward evening of Monday the 24th, the water had reached flood stage; at midnight the gauge on the wall at Main Street Bridge showed fifteen feet. Twelve hours later two and a half times as much was going through the channel. People were somewhat uneasy, but there was no excitement. The idiosyncrasies of the Miami were too old a story to those living within the sickle curve of its banks, to arouse apprehension. At five thirty in the morning the river bed was carrying one hundred thousand feet of water a second, but still less than had occurred in other flood years. At six, the local weather bureau telephoned people in the lower streets that the back water might cause them some trouble. Then they began to move out, and some had to do it in boats.

But in the central part of Dayton, the so-called safe part, people refused to worry even when the whistles blew. From year to year the river had risen with the spring rains, filled cellars, and gone down again. That was all there was to it.

Things were in this condition of sleepy acquiescence when President Patterson came down from his home at Far Hills to the factory. It was barely six, and the air was filled with a drizzling fog. He stood at his office win-

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dows, overlooking the low-lying pastures and fields south of the city. By his side, according to office routine, stood a secretary waiting for orders and a stenographer to take them down. After a time of silence he led the way to the roof, ten or eleven stories above the street, which commanded a wide view of the valley with its onrushing flood. Then he spoke:

"A great disaster is going to fall on Dayton and we must get ready for it. The whole town will be under water and thousands of people in danger of their lives. Before night this factory will be a big hospital. Take down."

The stenographer took down and the secretary waited and listened. To them the situation seemed no worse than it had been many times before.

"Get beds," the chief continued, "as many as possible, blankets and pillows, right in the offices, make every office a bed-room, with places for as many as possible. And they will need bread; order a thousand loaves,—no, two thousand,—baked immediately.—Then we will need water"; he pointed to a pumping station situated in the calm security of an apparently dry field west of the factory. "If that is shut off we will have no water supply. Have the wood-working department make a boat, any kind that will float, and rush it so we can get out there and keep the engines running."

These were amazing orders, but more amazing what followed. "More boats will be needed to help the people down town, so tell the force to cut out cash registers and make boats."



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Boats! Change the whole output of the factory because the river happened to be high!

The two young men looked at each other.

Boats? Was the chief crazy? A boat to cross a meadow of dry land? Two thousand loaves of bread? Who would eat them? But if he said boats and bread, boats and bread there should be, so the orders went. They had taken a good many of what were privately termed "fool orders" before, but with some kind of reasonableness behind them. This was sheer lunacy. A much be-fogged secretary took these astounding commands to the proper place and things began to happen.

Down the hill in the city people were sleeping calmly in their beds or rising and preparing to go about the business of their ordinary hum-drum lives. A few householders, it is true, had the foresight to carry their market baskets to the second story on their return from buying the day's provisions, saying they did not like to see so much water in the gutters. Some prided themselves afterwards on having drawn an extra supply of drinking water in case the mains broke. A few factory owners at daylight, removed from the offices on the bottom lands valuable papers and patterns. Movements to meet the emergency were being started in suburbs across the river, but only one man in a city of a hundred and sixty thousand planned a system of general relief, only one man thought of anything beyond his own business and his own household.

This one man was at work trying furiously to instill his conviction into those about him. Only the ironclad organization of the factory force held them to the new

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orders. And it was organization that was going to be needed as never before in the history of this particular factory. Each man a cog in a wheel,—a cog,—to keep his place,—turn when he had to,—never ask questions,—hold fast and do his part.

The value of it was soon apparent. By eight o'clock the water was just where the president had said it would be. The slope of Main Street at the Fairground hill made a landing place where Mr. Patterson himself directed the relief work for the next twelve hours. A long life-time passed in the Miami Valley had not been for nothing. He knew the contour of the land.

He had when a boy in 1866 navigated cellars in a tub, he had lived through the high water in 1882 and 1883, and he knew of what the Miami River was capable when aroused. Nothing occult or mysterious in his premonitions, simply a faculty of putting two and two together.

There is no connected story for the next twelve hours of murky daylight on that March day. The end of it, towards five or six o'clock, was just as had been described by Mr. Patterson at 6:30 in the morning. Water pouring through the down-town streets of Dayton, deep as the clusters of electric lights on the corners; up to the second story of houses in the lower suburbs; people hacking their way wildly through the shingles of the roof to sit and scream on the ridge pole; horses mad with fright beating their ineffectual way against the current; whole houses swept from foundations, piled together and heaped with the foul wreckage of the flood. Each main artery south of the city had its landing stage where the slope of the ground made an edge to the current.

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Mr. Patterson knew about where these stages would be at Main and Brown and Wayne, and in some cases his boats were there ahead of the water.

For twenty hours out of the first twenty-four he worked, directing boats, helping the half-drowned and terrified people to shore, sending them to the factory; mothers with babies, mothers with babies soon to come, little children, men half-crazed with fright. Need enough was there for the beds and bread he had ordered in the morning. The dignified offices saw such sights as they never had seen before. Babies came into the world there in that center of severe commercialism. Nurses and doctors connected with the organizations went from bed to bed giving help. Here was use for food and drink, medicines and alas,—coffins. While the imprisoned people down town had begun to suffer for water, there was plenty at the factory. Plenty of everything and from one source; and when the waters went down leaving homes still uninhabitable, a tent city was erected on vacant ground near the shops, where those who wished stayed at his own expense until their houses were disinfected and once more in order.

As soon as the liquid sewage receded from the streets of Dayton and people could go about, a Citizens' Relief Committee was organized with John Patterson as chairman, with "full authority, to take entire charge of the relief work for the present and future upbuilding of the city." More application of organization! The same principles in force in the factory were put into practice in the city. As able co-adjutors Colonel Frank T. Huffman and Harry E. Talbot, Adam Schantz, and John R.

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Flotron. Tirelessly and faithfully they all worked, and when on the third day after the flood the United States Government representatives arrived on the scene to direct the rehabilitation of the flooded area, they found that much that they had expected to do was already done. Thus for those first horrifying days and for some time afterwards the National Cash Register factory and its head were, as Arthur Ruhl expressed it in the Outlook, "the stricken city's brain, nerves and almost its food and drink."

By the time enough dry land had appeared to make walking possible, Dayton was put under martial law with General George H. Wood in command. His report to Governor Cox gives a clear impression of the conditions, an historical document of no mean value. Mr. Patterson was put in control of the southern part of the city, the other members of the Relief Committee to other localities. The third day after the flood four men of Company A, 4th Ohio Infantry, appeared, to assist in reorganization, and with this small force and with whatever civilians could be mustered, General Wood began the work of guarding the banks and stores. Later, members of seven other Ohio regiments, a company of the Signal Corps, an ambulance company and a ship's company were added to the military force directing the work of guard and salvage. The Pennsylvania railroad sent a completely equipped work train with sixty-five mechanics, picked men, to aid in the work.

There was desperate need for all. Dayton was in darkness, all light, sewer, water and fire service destroyed, transportation ruined, the people helpless with suffering

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and fright. On Saturday, March 29, Secretary of War Garrison and Major General Leonard Wood visited Dayton to view the scene of one of the greatest catastrophes in the history of the nation, and were guests at Far Hills.

Considering the lack of everything, the destitution of even the richest of the citizens (who stood in a bread line with everybody else until supplies came in), the work of rehabilitation proceeded with marvelous speed. Streets were patrolled and every passerby subjected to rigorous scrutiny. Expectant sightseers were sternly repulsed at the corporation line. If they persisted in getting in they were sorry, for they were immediately put to work in the mud. Groups of men, organized for different kinds of salvage or sanitary work, worked steadily, some seining the mud for diamonds in front of the jewelry stores, others removing dead horses from the streets. The wreckage in some cases reached to second story windows; street cars, grand pianos, painted manikins in party dresses from department-store windows, deceased pigs, bales of hay, furniture,—all rapidly gluing themselves together with a foul paste composed of the rinsings of garages and paint stores, of country backyards and city cess-pools. If left to harden it became a sort of concrete which resisted anything less than a pick-axe. In addition to hunger and cold and indescribable dirt there was hurry. Dayton must not be allowed to add pestilence to her other miseries. Merchants, bankers, doctors, lawyers, worked with spades in the streets, stood in line at the end of the day to get their allotment of canned beans, and went to bed without washing because

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there was no water. Their wives caught the spirit and dived in the mud of their parlors for hidden treasures. Everybody was tired and so dirty neighbors did not recognize each other.

Through it all Mr. Patterson was a moral leader and actual organizer if he was not the military head. People besieged him at his office for the most unheard-of necessities, milk for their babies, coffins for their dead, information about friends outside. He saw everybody,—denied nobody, made himself financially responsible for all supplies sent in to Dayton, worked harder than any of his subordinates, slept only two hours out of the twenty-four, and then and there lifted himself into the hearts of his fellow citizens.

The loss of life during the flood can never be definitely known. Hundreds of persons disappeared, their bodies being probably carried to the Ohio River or buried in the shifting sands of the Miami. Thirty-two persons were committed to the Dayton State Hospital, having lost their reason during the terrible experiences of those seventy-two hours. Many old people who came unhurt through the days of actual danger succumbed to pneumonia as a result of the fatigue and discomforts of cleaning-up time.

The property loss for the city was roughly estimated at a hundred millions. Buildings by the score were totally destroyed either by fire or water and thousands severely damaged. The loss of household articles such as books, pictures, papers, musical instruments, mementos, which cannot be estimated in dollars, was heart-breaking. Furniture fell to pieces at a touch, walls were

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soaked with the foul water which penetrated them, gas mains and water pipes were filled with mud, shade trees uprooted or broken off, asphalt paving rolled up into huge bales like carpet.

Inconceivable damage was done to farm lands, being in one place stripped of top soil, in another imbedded in a dozen feet of gravel.

But, as Mr. Patterson had predicted, the flood brought certain compensations which might almost be construed into blessings. The weeks following the twenty-fifth of March taught the people many lessons, among them a renewal of the sense of solidarity in a community and an emphasis upon a common inter-dependence, revealed by mutual danger and mutual work. They had suffered together in a common danger, they worked together for their common city. New points of view were formed. The difference between essentials and non-essentials was emphasized. If the family were safe what was it that the furniture was wrecked?

The first move for public discussion of the situation was made when Mr. Patterson called a meeting of the leading citizens of Dayton in the Schoolhouse at the factory. His opening words to the assembled audience were, "This must never happen again." The answering applause measured the conviction of all present. His address briefly epitomized the losses that Dayton had suffered in the far past and the near present and always would suffer unless there was adequate protection.

It was Mr. Adam Schantz who first suggested that a fund be raised by popular subscription to proceed with the preliminaries, at least, to provide permanent pro-

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tection for the valley. An organization was formed then and there to put on a campaign for the raising of \$2,000,000 for this purpose. The Chamber of Commerce and other existing organizations were appealed to for assistance. The campaign organization got under way with the Hon. Edward E. Burkhart as its active Chairman.

Notwithstanding the severe losses sustained by nearly everyone, people responded with generous subscriptions to the fund. The time approached for the completion of the campaign and the fund was still short about \$750,000. The committee was faced with failure. The Executive Committee was in a panic and it remained for Mr. John H. Patterson to throw himself into the breach with a suggestion as he was usually capable of making. Again all those interested were invited down to the Schoolhouse for a rally meeting. It was on Sunday evening and the auditorium well filled. Mr. Patterson presided in person. He had a number of very striking stereopticon slides to tell the story of the city, the Valley, the flood disaster, and the institutions, industrial and otherwise, that must be protected, as well as the homes and the lives of our people. In his favorite attitude, upon his feet with a piece of crayon in his hand and his ever ready chart before him, he inspired the audience as only *he* could inspire a discouraged and downcast lot of people.

Finishing with his chart talk he proposed that the balance of the amount must be raised then and there and largely by those who had already subscribed to the fund.

He announced the subscriptions he, his son and



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daughter had made would be doubled if the audience would respond in like manner. As they had been very generous in amounts, the doubling of them was the occasion of tremendous applause from the audience. Taking advantage of that state of mind, he called loudly for "doublers," "doublers." Men rose to their feet in response with their hands in the air, asking for recognition, while they doubled their former subscriptions. Some climbed upon the seats and yelled above the increasing din. As Mr. Patterson recognized each "doubler," he reached behind the scenes and brought out a banner in the shape of a large piece of cardboard attached to a plaster lath, the card containing the words, "I am a doubler." This he sent by messenger down the aisle to be placed at the chair of the subscriber. He was even ready for the man who, screaming above all others, asked to be recognized as a "trebler" and he had a banner for him. From time to time the brass band played fortissimo, the people sang and shouted and crowds surged up and down the aisles. Mr. Patterson paced back and forth across the stage, urging, complimenting, congratulating, smiling, talking, gesticulating—in every way evidencing his enthusiasm and earnestness until he had nearly everybody worked up to the point where they wanted to help put the great project over.

After hours of this marvelous demonstration of enthusiasm, patriotism and sacrifice, the totals were announced, which ran the aggregate to about \$2,125,000.

A mammoth imitation cash register had been erected on the old court house lawn at the corner of Third and Main Streets. Each day the indicators had shown the

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total subscribed. Thousands of people knew of the inspirational meeting being held at The National Cash Register Schoolhouse. The center of town was packed with people waiting for the final figures to be set up on the great cash register. They were not disappointed. About eleven o'clock, or later, Mr. Patterson proposed that the crowd march from the Schoolhouse to Third and Main Streets. Most of those present fell in line, with the brass band at the head of the column, Mr. Patterson and Mrs. Carnell next and the great company of enthusiastic citizens following. Mr. Patterson had a supply of red light and other fire works, so that the procession up Main Street lacked nothing of the spectacular.

Arriving at the courthouse, the new totals were displayed and a tremendous shout went up from the great multitude. More than dollars were amassed by that recording machine. The citizens of Dayton had been digging, sweeping, shoveling, mourning the loss of things they loved; by the time the last marchers fell in behind the band at that triumphant procession to the center of town the head of the parade had already reached the railroad, making a parade fully a mile long. Nobody owned up to being tired, even Mrs. Carnell, whose last brave "doubling" had sent the subscription figures over the top. It was one of the most fatiguing of those very fatiguing days and the end of an evening packed with feverish excitement but "No, nobody was at all tired."

Arriving at the Court House the thousands in the procession add themselves to the packed crowds on the corner of Third and Main Streets and it became next to impossible for anybody to move. The new totals amassed

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at the factory Schoolhouse were shot into view on the giant cash register. Two millions, a hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the Daytonians went wild. A tremendous shout went up from the watchers. What a sight for the old Court House to preside over! Not in all the seventy-five years of its sentinelship on that corner had it seen anything like this. Floods it had seen, war departures it had seen. Fourth of July,—how tame! War funerals, Presidential campaign addresses,—Lincoln himself even, but not this.

The blaring of bands, the intermittent glow of colored light, the scream of sirens, above all the din one name heard repeatedly. "Who do we want? We want,—we want,—We want. WHO? JOHN H. PATTERSON." They had been tired to the breaking point, they had been hungry, discouraged and dirty, forlorn and disgusted, and now, by a stroke of fate they were smiling and cheerful! "We are safe forever," was heard on every side. The moral and spiritual value of it hardly can be measured.

The telling of this story does not by any means convey the picture of the great enthusiasm and inspiration of those hours in the Schoolhouse and that period which followed on the streets of the city. It is doubtful if anyone could have aroused the people to such a pitch excepting Mr. Patterson. His unique methods, his boundless personal resources and his intense interest in the city and its people combined to make him the one man for the occasion. He did not fail the people and the people did not fail him. That evening will go down in the history of the city and the valley as an out-

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standing date that must never be forgotten or omitted from the annals of this region.

That night the Chairman of the Citizens' Relief Committee sent a telegram to Governor Cox at Columbus which read:

"We have forgotten that we lost one hundred millions in property and are remembering only what we have saved. We are building a bigger and a safer Dayton." It went straight to the heart of a man who also loved his home city and the spirit of enterprise and power to lead, resulted in what followed.

With the money thus raised preliminary surveys were made by expert engineers and their staffs. Thousands of drillings were made on the banks of the several streams. Studies of the rainfall over a long period of years were made. The capacity of the channels of the several streams was carefully computed, the U. S. War Department sent engineers out to confer with the citizens and to make their independent surveys, but it remained finally for Arthur E. Morgan, engineer, to answer the call to come from his office in Memphis, Tennessee, to Dayton and make a thorough study of the whole problem. This study resulted in Mr. Morgan ignoring all suggestions and recommendations made by others who had been on the ground and in recommending a comprehensive system of earthen dams and retention basins for the control of flood waters at all times. From the drillings they were able to ascertain the kind of construction required to anchor these dams on the banks of the streams. From the rain fall studies they were able

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to figure the height and the strength of these dams, as well as the area of the retention basins.

A local Flood Prevention Board was authorized and appointed by act of the State Legislature. To the Hon. John A. McMahon was committed the task of drafting a bill to be presented to the State Legislature providing for the creation of a Miami Conservancy District, embracing the whole or parts of some nine or ten counties in the flood area. It is a marvelously comprehensive piece of work, perhaps the crowning achievement of that eminent lawyer and statesman, Mr. McMahon. The act provided for a system of taxation extending over a period of thirty years, to finance the entire cost of the flood prevention project. Thus it will be seen that no financial aid came from the national government or from the state. The whole cost was assessed upon the property owners in the area on the basis of their probable benefits afforded by the permanent protection.

Five dams were constructed—the one known as the Huffman Dam, east of Dayton across Mad River; one known as the Englewood Dam, north of Dayton across the Stillwater River; one known as the Taylorsville Dam, northeast of Dayton across the Miami River; one known as the Germantown Dam, southwest of Dayton across Twin Creek; and the one known as the Lockington Dam, several miles to the north across the Laramie Creek. How well they were built and how completely they have functioned may be understood when we realize that two or three severe floods have come into the area since they were completed. In each case the dams have held back the waters. The retention basins have

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helped to control them and the outlets through the dams permitted the waters to come down slowly and without damage of any sort.

In this greatest of Patterson "building" four names stand out; Morgan the engineer, McMahon the legislator, Cox the Governor, and Patterson (true to type) the promoter. While the McMahon bill was going through at Columbus and the Morgan plan at Englewood a mountain of crass opposition had been piling up against the project. It was discovered that the mountains of dirt to be removed were as nothing to the mountains of prejudice that had to be excavated from the minds of some of the inhabitants of the valley before the great undertaking could be launched. The village spirit,—that narrow self-seeking view that sees things from only one angle,—manifested itself at every turn in the proceedings. The first mention of retention basins fired popular suspicion in the northern counties. They felt they were being exploited for the benefit of the counties south. Those apostles of self-interest who see personal profit in stirring up trouble on public matters,—were nobly to the fore. Also the people who thought something could be done without raising the tax-levy; and those who knew the dams would break because they always had and those who knew there would be graft and the people robbed because the people always were. These objections were shouted from platforms and head-lined in the newspapers of the valley for long weary months after the affair should have been well under way.

These obstructionists, or their representatives, gath-

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ered in Columbus and fought step by step Mr. McMahon's Conservancy bill, making the way of the committee doubly hard and adding enormously to the expense. But at Dayton forces were mobilizing for defense. The rendezvous was in the projection room of the Cash Register factory. Miles of films were gotten out; depicting the flood-swept streets of Dayton, the drowning horses, the gutted stores, the struggling people, the rescuers in boats. But always and principally the plainest and simplest explanations of the principle of flood prevention to be employed; how the dams would work and why they would work. It was but just. Thousands of people were being asked to give up their homes and move to strange localities. One whole village was to be vacated and moved bodily to another site. If it were done completely it should also be done mercifully. No one knew that better than Mr. Patterson. Always and every time that slogan repeated until it became a battle-cry. "*It shall never happen again*" and "*Remember the promises made in the attic.*" It was a crescendo of passionate challenge extended to meet the skepticism of hundreds of small centers who lacked the courage to think for themselves. The Flood Prevention Association installed publicity offices at Columbus, and with Mr. Patterson's lecturer, with Mr. Patterson's stereopticon, held daily conferences on Conservancy. They showed pictures, maps, and diagrams, answered questions and held themselves constantly at the service of all inquirers. Thus were the people of southern Ohio gradually educated to have confidence in and accept the great Conservancy Act. It was presented at a special

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session of the legislature convening in January of the year following the flood, passed, and signed by Governor Cox March 17, 1914.

Now that it is past and done, a matter of history, honor should go where honor is due. The Conservancy law is the monument to John McMahon; the five dams are monuments to the man who conceived them; but the man who sold the idea by his system of propaganda must not be forgotten. For without the Patterson symbolic cash-register, the Patterson stereopticon, the Patterson slogan, the Patterson soap-box propagandists, the Conservancy law would have had a longer road to completion. The expert scientific spirit to prevail must have the mass weight of public opinion back of it. And that is the divine function of ballyhoo.



## CHAPTER TEN

### *The Right Hand and the Left of Giving*

Henry Bergson, the eminent French philosopher, on a visit to this country made the naïve discovery that the American did not worship the dollar, as Europeans had always claimed, but "regarded the dollar as the unit of measurement of achievement and success." That was precisely John Patterson's attitude toward money. It was as a means to the end of public service that he valued it. No one enjoyed giving more than he did. It began early in life and kept with him until the end. But it was always giving with certain definite, but not always disclosed, ends in view.

What has already been chronicled in these pages will serve to show that his philanthropies were not inconsiderable. Yet he did not want to be known as a philanthropist. Aside from two outstanding gifts his generosity was anonymous. Indeed it has been difficult for a biographer to trace definite instances. In his giving, as in all else, he was "sui generis." The benefactions indulged in by men of great wealth sometimes aroused his ire. They assumed great credit for huge gifts bestowed on universities or cathedrals which lowered their income tax. John Patterson had no use for either. He believed large institutions should be left to carry on by their own power. And anyway such benefactions required

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only the muscular effort of pushing a pen on the dotted line. When he wanted to benefit humanity he threw his own personality as well as his dollars into the enterprise. In most of his benefactions he kept his own counsel. Even his secretaries did not know all of them. A member of his family connection once said, "John buys Ford cars and moving-picture machines by the gross, to give away," a manifestly not recordable piece of testimony.

The claims of large established organizations moved him but little. He thought they already had the ear of the public and would go by force of impetus. He preferred to find small uncertain organizations that had made no large sensation but were filling a certain need, and help them. Or, better still, to organize a new enterprise himself and watch it grow.

There is no university with the portrait of John Patterson on the chapel wall, nor any library with his name above the lintel. He never endowed a college, nor a museum, nor a church. These were spectacular benevolences that did not appeal to him. "What do we live for" was not an empty question; "to do good" not a pose or a pretense; it sounds like a Sunday school motto but it was really the ruling passion of his life. Through it, he got more interest in living, more hard work, more hard blows, more vision, more of the essence of high existence than could come in any other way. In defense of his policy he said, "I endow people. My best investments are in humanity."

It sometimes happened that he was approached by those who expected a large cheque for some prominent institution. They were seldom successful. Once, a deputa-

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tion from a university waited on him with aspirations in their heart toward a new building on the campus. They wanted a gymnasium to be known as the "Patterson Gymnasium." His well-known interest in bodily health and his notable generosity filled them with high hopes for success. The Committee were bountifully received, both at the factory and at Far Hills. They were invited to inspect the Welfare and the Health departments, which they did with tepid attention.

So they gave but scant acknowledgment for matters of this kind and fixed their minds unalterably on the contribution they were sure would be forthcoming as soon as they had an opportunity to present its claims.

So far from coming to immediate terms on the proposition Mr. Patterson constantly evaded it. One after another the professors sought to button-hole him, gain his attention and the coveted contribution. One of them was a professor of psychology. He knew so little about the working of the human mind that he never guessed that the straight way,—the only way to John Patterson's bank account,—lay in the full and hearty admiration of every-member of the committee for all that he was doing for human betterment in his factory. They were not even wise enough, for the sake of the object in view, to assume an admiration they did not feel. After two barren days they departed as gymnasium-less as they had come.

Whether Emerson's characterization of charity had ever come under the eye of our subject is doubtful, but if it had he would have agreed enthusiastically; "he who helps me to get something for myself does me a high benefit." It was the unconscious principle underlying

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most of Mr. Patterson's benefactions. They were for the purpose of helping people to get something for themselves. If, when they had the chance they did not make use of it for their own or others' advantage, he never again held out his hand.

He sought constantly to educate the public in advance for the things he introduced. He never continued indefinitely to contribute to any organization. If some proposed benefit was suggested, it began to take shape in the papers, then there were meetings held and details of the plan shown by stereopticon, then an office was opened with secretaries and publicity agents, it became an active and effective business and Mr. Patterson was back of it. He might preside at its initial meeting, give his view on the line of work to be undertaken, send a monthly cheque to cover office expenses and let it go on for a certain length of time. If the interest continued to grow, the organization to develop of its own initiative and the public to notice and approve, he kept on with his support. But not too long. In the end the organization or the individual who had enjoyed the bounty must go it alone. If they had any vital self-sustaining power they did go it alone. And that is what he was after.

As far as possible his gifts were confidential and the giver incognito. The leaders of the movements knew where the money came from but not the rank and file. Even his office secretary who made out the cheques seldom knew their real destination. Appealed to as a source of information on the subject of Mr. Patterson's many generousities, his answer was that the chief's frequent way was to request him to get him a thousand

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dollars in cash, which in a couple of days had disappeared. And not for running expenses but to persons, or to the causes which these persons represented, and always accompanied by the request, "Please do not mention this to anyone." He was a modern Haroun-al-Raschid, which makes the telling of a consecutive story difficult.

Those in the inner circles of the Boys' Gardens, the first Kindergarten Association, the Playgrounds and Parks Association, the Woman's Suffrage Association and later its offspring the League of Women Voters, knew of his regular monthly cheques. The Dayton Bureau of Municipal Research, the Continuation Schools, the health lecture were his own special enthusiasms, undertaken for the consuming personal interest of seeing their potent contributions to the causes they represented. When it was a question of large national interests he never stopped at mere membership fees but sent unasked cheques whenever the press reported new activities and accomplishments. The League to Enforce Peace, the National Child Welfare Committee, the Relief of French Wounded, the Rehabilitation of France Fund, the Red Cross fund, the Near East Relief fund, all had abundant reason to feel his practical interest.

There was one gift,—one outright gift, of Mr. Patterson to the people of Dayton that never can be hidden under a bushel. Its three hundred acres of space make that impossible.

Three miles south of the city of Dayton is a tract of beautiful unspoiled territory, partly rolling pasture land,

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partly the aboriginal woods as they existed in the early years of the last century. The oaks and elms have stood there since old Colonel Robert Patterson drove through them on his patriarchal way up from Kentucky in 1803. John Patterson foresaw the time when the growth of the city would swallow up these fair acres into building lots and paved streets. He owned these woods and wanted to keep their primitive beauties secure.

In the late nineties Mr. Patterson was one of a group of generous minded people in Oakwood who offered each a part of his own tract of land to the City Council for park purposes. The gift, for reasons not now plain, was refused. Mr. Patterson saw behind the refusal the fact that the public in general did not understand the advantages of outdoor recreation nor the value of open park lands to the development of a city. It was another case of the necessity of educating public opinion. Whereupon he instituted one of his quiet campaigns of propaganda, although the term had not then been invented, so when next he made the offer it would not be refused.

It took, first, the form of building log camps throughout the hills and offering them free for the use of picnickers. They were copied from those in the Adirondack mountains, a log lean-to, open to the front, with a fireplace in the back and containing equipment for the preparation and serving of a meal for twenty or more persons. Some of these camps were built in the thick woods where stately oaks and elms swept the roof with their branches. Some topped a hill whence could be seen a stretch of valley for twenty miles to the south. The

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names were in themselves alluring;—Inspiration Point, Big Hill Camp, Hickory Knob, Indian Mound, etc.

The public were invited to use these camps. They came, first by single parties, then, as their charms became known, they came by dozens and by hundreds. Reservations were made weeks in advance throughout the season. The summer evening air was filled with the sounds of laughing voices, the tinkle of the ukulele and the fragrance of coffee. The only requirements were that campers should leave the place in good order and a mounted policeman came smiling up into the firelight to remind them of the regulation.

Mr. Patterson's next plan took shape around an old barn, a "bank-barn" the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers called it. This ancient building stood on a declivity where the hay wagons could drive in on the upper side and the stock be sheltered underneath. It had adz-hewed timbers a hundred years old, held together by oaken pins,—not a nail in its construction. The hayloft would make a spacious dancing floor, the lower space a dining hall.

With Mr. Patterson to conceive was to execute. Men were put to work, the barn moved to a higher situation commanding a wide view, joined by porches to the farm house, a huge fireplace constructed, sleeping-rooms above the main room, dining rooms below, and a dancing floor outside. The Old Barn Club organized under the control of a permanent committee of Dayton citizens.

There never was a more shining success. The membership open to the people of the Miami Valley, cost one

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dollar a year. The lists swelled with the seasons. It was essentially a people's club, as Mr. Patterson intended it should be. The bi-weekly dances, the dinners, and luncheons, the card parties, literary afternoons, were the most popular in all the country round. He loved to go there himself and always found groups of people enjoying the view, the pleasant surroundings and the invariable good company. It satisfied his theories that not only the very rich should participate in such activities but those of more limited means. Over fifty thousand people made use of the Old Barn Club every season.

In June 1918 Mr. Patterson gave a warranty deed to the city for approximately three hundred acres of land, already adapted to club purposes and worth three thousand dollars an acre. Accompanying the deed was his personal check for \$10,000 to pay the cost of operating the club for the first year and the promise of a like sum for two years following, that the city might have no trouble in financing the details of management. In addition there was the stipulation that thereafter the city should provide at least \$5,000 a year for maintenance and operation.

The deed stated that "The premises shall be forever used and maintained as a public park for the enjoyment of the people" and that if it becomes necessary to impose charges they shall be "purely nominal and in no wise interfere with the free use and enjoyment by the public of said premises for a public park."

The usual Country Club is an exclusive resort open only to those who pay large admission fees and equally large yearly dues. To be a member one must have a full



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bank account, a handsome wife with a gift for spending and a set of luxurious friends who expect to be entertained. "But," argued Mr. Patterson, "a man on a limited salary needs to play golf as much, or even more than his employer does. He needs the recreation and so does his family. We will have a country club that everybody can belong to." Like the Old Barn Club the basis of the Country Club was a reconstructed farmhouse. It stood in the center of a tract of three hundred acres lying three miles south of Dayton. To reach it one passes through the winding roads of Hills and Dales, or takes a plebeian but convenient trolley car. It offers a dance hall, ten tennis courts, wading-pools and swings for children, three base-ball diamonds for the boys, golf-links for their fathers, rest-rooms, kitchens, luncheon tables under the trees.

From opening time in June until closing time in October the club is indeed a "Community Club." Twenty thousand people attended the opening exercises in June 1918. A hundred and sixty thousand came during the whole season and the numbers have increased yearly. Six hundred and fifty members of the Golf Club play there frequently. Seven thousand people attended the sixteen Sunday School picnics held there.

As John Patterson grew in years it began to be borne in upon him that many of the good enterprises which he had so gallantly fostered might die with him. He had seen so many human plans trickle to nothingness after the guiding spirit had passed away. Continually therefore, he dwelt upon a project to insure the con-

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tinuance of his own spirit of initiating and fostering and financing things for the good of the city of Dayton.

How could it be done? What kind of an endowment could be maintained that would cut both ways,—help the city and train the givers? The last was the more important of the two, for unless he could in some way stimulate and preserve the public habit of giving, he saw no hope for a continuation of his ambitions for Dayton.

Hearing of the success of the Cleveland Foundation he sent an emissary to look into it and render a report. The result of this journey and report took tangible shape in the course of the following year, by the establishment of a fund jointly contributed by John H. Patterson, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Julia S. Carnell and his nephew, Mr. Robert Patterson, as an incentive to future benefactors.

Long after he is forgotten as president of the National Cash Register Company John Patterson will be remembered as the founder of the "Dayton Foundation." It was he and he alone, who first conceived the plan and induced others to join with him and put it into practice. He knew it for a permanent means of paying for the things which go undone because they are nobody's business; for furnishing a means (as his Bureau of Research was in its day), for finding out how public utilities are run and reporting observation for the benefit of the tax payers. He knew that permanently functioning, under an efficient disbursing committee, it would serve to keep schools, hospitals and commissions to a high standard of efficiency.

Lastly, it would be a constant education in giving,

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without which the human product in a municipality perishes of dry rot. He believed it to be the personal salvation of the giver to have a permanent reminder of personal obligation under the assurance that such giving would be wisely administered. He knew that not only should the rich man give but the man in moderate circumstances. Dayton, under the Foundation, is now in such a position, having a trust fund for public needs, a fund to which none need be ashamed to contribute even a small amount and which will grow with the years.

And it was not to be called the Patterson Foundation but the "Dayton Foundation."

The first contributors to the Dayton Foundation were John H. Patterson, \$137,000, Mrs. Harrie G. Carnell, \$93,750, Robert Patterson, \$18,750.

Nothing that he did in his long life gave Mr. Patterson more satisfaction than the initiation of the Dayton Foundation. He talked much of it during the months that preceded his death. He looked into the future and saw a definite assurance that the things he had forwarded all his life would go on after him. He had great faith in the wisdom of so managing it that things of which he had no knowledge at the time of its inception would be helped when the time came. He did not want his own "dead hand" to control conditions of which he was ignorant.

But his deeds have the advantage of being definite stimuli to others who have as much or less wealth, in the various and different objects of his interest. Those who, to absolve their own consciences from the con-

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straint of giving and dismiss with a breath the colossal benevolences of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie as utterly beside the capacities of the ordinary rich man, may get, from the story of John Patterson's lesser benevolences, a hint of their own practical obligations.

If souls could become articulate what a chorus would go up from the thousands he has known and helped. From the younger people he encouraged and the older people he strengthened; from workers whose health and intelligence has been fostered; from employees whose vision has been sharpened; by civic workers who found at Far Hills their greatest inspiration! What testimony would come from organizations whose precarious but highly necessary existence has been safeguarded by monthly checks; from young men trained in business efficiency under his tutelage; from campers on the hills and dancers in summer evenings at the Old Barn Club; by the child musicians in the school orchestras whose yearly treat of symphony tickets has made them lovers of good music; from the boy gardeners taught the joys of agriculture during vacations; from the school children enjoying every Saturday the moving pictures at the factory Schoolhouse!

On the fly-leaf of his Bible, the following sentence was outlined with the approving red pencil:

"Blessedness and riches are joined together only when the riches are rightly and wisely used."

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### *The Host at Far Hills*

From the tenth story windows of the Administration Building at the N.C.R. factory, the eye, sweeping the expanse of wooded hills south of the city of Dayton, met a break in the greenery through which appeared, like a transplanted Swiss chalet, the brown walls and low overhanging eaves of a dwelling. This was Far Hills, the home Mr. Patterson dreamed of in the days when, a barefooted boy, he lived at the farm and played in the woods surrounding it. Curtained and blanketed in the forest as it is, there is still a vista through which may be seen the valley below, the city by the river and the group of factory buildings with their myriads of windows. Mr. Patterson loved to imagine what his grandfather, Colonel Robert Patterson, the original owner of these acres, would think if from this vantage point he could look down on what his grandson had wrought.

It was an understandable and a pardonable pride, especially when carried out with so little ostentation. Some middle-western millionaires would have run to Corinthian columns, arched and gilded ball-rooms and Venetian mirrors inside the house,—outside, clipped yews and marble Venuses reflected in fountain basins. But gilding of any kind aroused Mr. Patterson's ire, and as for Venuses, they appealed to him not a whit,—marble or

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otherwise. Instead of such potential grandeur his builder gave him a substantial wooden house of generous proportion, whose low-beamed ceilings in dark oak, glowing fires, warm-hued rugs and comfortable chairs—a homey home—bespoke the quiet tastes of its owner. From every window one saw noble oaks and maples, stretches of soft turf, banks of flowers, while the balconies and roof were draped with hanging vines.

Intended originally as merely a place to spend the week-end, Far Hills at last became Mr. Patterson's permanent home. He loved the situation, the quiet design and the generous simplicity of the house. Many others besides the owner, in all walks of life and of many nationalities, have also loved Far Hills for what it gave them. Like all his family, past and present, Mr. Patterson loved nothing so well as to preside at the head of a long table lined with guests; better still to have two long tables, or three, the sun porches called into service and the lawn outside dotted with smaller tables, always as many as the premises, outdoors and in, would hold. He loved to lead his friends from point to point, show them the view and his favorite trees; human companionship was like wine to him,—the only kind that flowed at Far Hills.

And not only his special guests pleased him but the uninvited guests, the young people of the surrounding suburb, who, informed by a permanent lettered sign that Far Hills was for them and their pleasure, played golf on the links that came to his very door. They swam in the pool, cooked *al fresco* dinners at the Adirondack Camp, and kept the place free from the curse of selfish

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occupation which is the fate of most private country homes. If he could look from his window and see a hundred young men and women enjoying his property he went back to his task satisfied with life.

Nothing but the force of prejudice against over-statement has kept this chapter from being headed, "The Greatest Host in the World." It is not, though it so sounds, superlative. That is the way people who have sat at his table, and later made part of the group around the fire, during the more than twenty years when Mr. Patterson was host at Far Hills, think of him. If hospitality means mere gastronomics we withdraw the term. Whenever people gathered at his invitation it was not a matter of physical entertainment, it was social opportunism. For there was an end in view always, and a large end. Many new ideas developed, many fine enterprises took their rise, because of the meeting there of inspirational souls. He meant things to happen. He was not satisfied unless they did. The train was always laid for creative results. Many a plan for the good of the city he lived in had its conception on his hearth-stone. The principals involved did not know it, but the purpose was there just the same.

Therefore the same offering of bed and board that had characterized Robert Patterson of Lexington and the later Pattersons at Rubicon Farm was re-enacted at Far Hills but always with the hidden motive of making some good thing come true. Mr. Patterson believed that most problems of this world could be settled if people understood one another. To understand one another it

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was necessary they should be brought together. To bring this about he constituted himself the means.

The ghost that haunts hostesses, known as the juxtaposition of uncongenial temperaments, never bothered Mr. Patterson. They might be uncongenial before they came but in the atmosphere of Far Hills their animosities melted away. The big thing they had heard far transcended small personal discrepancies. And the end to which these means led was the confronting with each other of bitter political opponents, or leaders in the labor world and great capitalists—men who in ordinary life were arrayed against each other with acid animosity.

His dinner lists were as full of surprises as a pack of cards. One never knew who his table mate would be, sure, however, that it would be somebody unusual and interesting. Perhaps an eminent New York financier, perhaps a writer one longed to meet; perhaps the Chief of Police; perhaps a noted French publicist; perhaps a labor leader or a rank socialist. He might be a bank president, or a lumber-jack, a noted traveler or inventor, or a representative of foreign commercial interests; or *she* might be the principal of a normal school or the head of welfare work in a big department store, or a titled Englishwoman.

When they had warmed up to the occasion and had a clever prod from the host the personal element began to come out, clear, vivid and convincing. People never talk so well as when the subject is their own work. In the largest sense hospitality assumes a welcome to the ideas and opinions of one's guests and should release



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the vital worth of the individual. No one knew so well as Mr. Patterson how to draw it out. Back of the roast there was a reason, and that was to teach and be taught,—himself most of all.

None but the most unaware guests ever flattered themselves that an invitation to Far Hills meant social recognition. If a man who has never used finger-bowls found himself at that dinner table it was either because he had done some public service well and was expected to talk about it, or because he had done something very badly and needed some new ideas.

The zest of this situation to the casual and inexperienced guest lost its force when he learned that the rule worked both ways, and that he, as well as his more eminent neighbor, was expected to take part in the intellectual menu. No use to sink back behind a neighbor's chair and assume insignificance. Your turn came and you had to do it justice as best you might. Your occupation, your difficulties, your hopes and ambitions were under friendly scrutiny. It was as searching, if more courteous, than Carlyle's "Thy Work! What is thy work? Swift! Out with it! Let us see thy work!" Sometimes, however, people were invited who had no work, who had no object in life, who scorned gainful or helpful occupations. The fact that they were *not* called on would have bitten into their conscience, had they had any.

Which brings us to another of Mr. Patterson's idiosyncrasies. In nothing was he more impatient, more unmanageable than in the demands of mere perfunctory

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social duties. He had no use for ceremonial circles where a system of book-keeping exacts a dinner for a dinner, a reception for a reception, a dance for a dance. He was apt bluntly to characterize those whose idea of hospitality began and ended with feeding people, as the "damned society set." They were idlers, drones in the hive; they drank cocktails, played cards, cared for nothing but themselves, and he dismissed them and all their ilk with an expressive wave of the arm. Admission ticket to the dinners was not family nor clothes but a place among the necessary people of the world. If you worked, at anything, you had something to give and something to gain. No use asking with lorgnette superciliousness, "How did *she* get in?" She had entered by the gate of some small personal achievement which Mr. Patterson had heard about. All helpful people were his kinsmen and belonged at his fireside.

To speak for a moment with more definite purpose of the guests at Far Hills,—among the eminent and notable have been several U. S. Presidents, General Pershing, General Leonard Wood, Colonel Myron T. Herrick, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Prince Hohenzollern, Princess Murat, President Nicholas Murray Butler, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Miss Jane Addams, Miss Ida Tarbell, Judge Ben B. Lindsay, M. Marcel Knecht, Lieut. Coningsby Dawson, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Dr. Frank Crane, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Otto Kahn, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Mr. Hamilton Holt, Olga Petrova, Dr. Stephen Smith, Lord Northcliffe, Julia Marlowe, Colonel Bunau-Varilla,

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Daniel O. Willard, Mr. S. S. McClure, Elbert Hubbard, Senator Foraker, Count Ilya Tolstoi, Major Schroeder, Frederick Olmstead, the Paris Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Doubleday, Ole Hanson, Booth Tarkington, Beatrice Forbes Robertson Hale, George Arliss, Josef Hoffman, Rudolf Ganz, sixty Italian soldiers just out of the trenches on the Austrian front, B. C. Forbes of the Forbes Magazine, sixty members of the Swiss Mission, Bishop Boyd Vincent, of the Southern Ohio diocese, Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Mr. P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Roger Babson, Jacob Riis, General Goethals, Minister Wellington Koo, Cardinal Satolli, William H. Taft, and others among the editors, ministers, educators, aviators, club women, army and navy people and writers of this country and beyond.

Remembering that each of these guests represented different interests, that each was a disseminating point for new conceptions, that each had groups of guests asked to meet him (or her) and it will be conceded that no better clearing-house for ideas was ever designed than the fire-side at Far Hills.

Most of these guests spoke at the Schoolhouse to the factory force at the noon hour. Invited to meet them at Far Hills were people from Dayton who had similar interests. In this way Mr. Patterson brought together people who never, under imaginable circumstances, could have come into contact. That they learned of one another goes without saying. The liberal education of a

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good many Dayton people began at Far Hills. Many a crass politician has had his eyes opened to a wider horizon than that of his own party; many a city official who had been opposing a measure of reform, suddenly, from the drift of the conversation between outsiders of eminent standing, saw new light; many an educator found his own ideas confirmed by contact with better minds than his own and was thereby comforted and encouraged.

This was illustrated at one time when, in a small group before the living room fire, there came, face to face, a girl from one of the factory departments and a woman writer well known for her articles upon the working woman. While they eagerly exchanged views the host himself kept in the background. Here was the means of dissemination meeting the source of personal experience. The girl at first was shy and uncommunicative, but, warmed by the sympathetic attitude of the elder woman, encouraged by the pleasant surroundings to forget she was in the home of her employer, she talked. And she talked well. There was both frankness and insight in her tale. In the eyes of her listener could be seen the light of a new point of view. Things were going on and that was what the host wanted. Did he know this shy worker from his indicator department had something in her to bud and blossom? Did he suspect that the woman writer would be enriched by some first-hand information? No one knows, but it was a pleasant thing to see.

One evening is recalled which thrilled with interest

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and profit, when the guest of honor was Colonel Philippe Bunau-Varilla, the hero of a score of battles and the builder of the Panama Canal. Those asked to meet him included Mr. Arthur Morgan and Mr. Charles Locher of the Conservancy Plan for Flood Protection, Mr. Orville Wright and Miss Wright, with a few insignificant others to act as a background to these stars. The Frenchman was resplendent in his beautiful blue uniform blazing from shoulder to shoulder with a row of honorable decorations, and not the least dimmed, rather glorified, by the peg leg protruding from his trousers. He talked wittily and in perfect English,—talked of his work, of the war, of his son whose row of medals was all earned in four months of successful air raids, of the Canal, of the Conservancy work, of politics and Congress and the Allied Powers. Even the technical part of it was comprehensible to a layman or lay-woman. Foreign as he was and in alien atmosphere, his uptake of any sally was instantaneous.

With quick courtesy he was on his feet if a woman moved to change her chair, and that it was with physical effort could plainly be seen. When he resumed his seat the muscles of his one remaining knee had difficulty in letting him down with ease. The end of each such gesture was a sudden drop in the last few inches between himself and the chair. Some would have found it embarrassing, but he only laughed, and said to Orville Wright, "It's like aviation, you see. I'm all right when I'm up, it's the landing that gives me trouble."

As proud as a boy, of his glittering trophies and his

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arm stripes he explained them all by request to the group; this one for being wounded at Verdun, "this to show I did not lose my leg in an automobile accident," these for years of service, this for rank, etc. To the young soldiers in the company it was a presentation of the noble side of war, if there is one, and a never to be forgotten incident.

Once there was a Community Dinner at Far Hills, and this, had he lived, Mr. Patterson meant to be a yearly occasion. Representatives of all the organizations for community betterment in Dayton were bidden to dine. There were presidents of clubs, trustees of hospitals, secretaries of leagues for service, matrons of reformatories, city health officers, teachers of cripples or delinquents, judges of juvenile courts, heads of clinics,—mental or physical, scout-masters, Associated Charity Workers, Red Cross organizers, and volunteer enthusiasts for fresh air and recreational activities,—eighty all told.

The program was in the hands of a toast-master with a genius for drawing out the strong points of the guests. Each was expected to give a three minute account of his or her work. If a speaker wasted two minutes in compliments to his host he got no more and was obliged to sit with his tale untold. His work and not his futile enthusiasms was what was wanted. Warmed to the task in hand, it was wonderful how much meat the speakers put into their stories. Each felt it his great chance to impress upon the company that his work was the very most important in Dayton. But as the chapters grew, a story new

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to them all, was developed, which was that Dayton was being pushed forward, improved, saved, not by *one* but by *many* faithful servants, that each must comprehend and appreciate the other, that all must do their best for the sake of the city they loved. It was a lesson that could be taught only in just that way. Scattered officials, each working in ignorance of others, came face to face and heard the other's story. Fifty-two after-dinner speeches full of the wine of enthusiasm in personal service! It can be no exaggeration to say that this occasion was one of the turning points in the history of Dayton. It brought selfconsciousness to personal endeavor, together with the illumination of mutual discovery and the incentive of team play.

Sometimes a group of people gathered whose primary interests were in education. The guests from abroad were leaders in the world of school affairs, writers on pedagogical subjects, or lecturers; the Dayton people members of the school board, teachers and organizers of the Parent-Teacher associations. Sometimes the subject of the evening would be civic betterment, when the hospitality centered upon representatives of the national organizations devoted to that purpose and city officials from Dayton asked to meet them. In most cases the give and take was divided equally, Dayton having successfully solved some of her own problems and offering solutions to others.

Knowing that most of the advance of humanity is in the hands of writers in the daily press Mr. Patterson was fond of entertaining newspaper people. Conventions of

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teachers, editors, reporters, ministers, met a warm welcome at Far Hills after having used the Schoolhouse for their meetings. He was fond of inviting people en bloc. Sometimes meeting a party on an ocean liner, representing certain European interests and headed for the United States on a tour of investigation, he would introduce himself and issue a blanket invitation to the whole party, sixty or seventy, to come to Dayton as his guests. Once there, they would be put up at a hotel, taken on a trip through the factory, instructed in business methods and public efficiency, luncheon or tea at Far Hills, a drive in automobiles to see the big dams in the Conservancy work, and given a god-speed at the station when they departed.

During the war this program was repeated many times. It might be a party of French bankers, or of Swiss editors, sometimes of English welfare folk or of Belgian textile workers. In numbers they ranged from a dozen to a hundred. No matter how many, there were cups and plates enough at Far Hills. These dinners were sometimes sudden affairs arranged with a few hours' notice. Taking up the morning paper Mr. Patterson would read of the coming to Cincinnati of certain persons important in the business or governmental world. They must be brought to Dayton for the usual give and take. A rush telegram, an answer in the affirmative, six secretaries busy telephoning people in Dayton to make up the party, orders to the kitchen for sixty plates at seven o'clock.

Or, again riding through Hills and Dales a sudden thought strikes him, that a certain subject has not had



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the airing it should. Quick to the factory! It is four o'clock. More wire invitations, more orders to the kitchen. Forty people to dinner with the notice only from four o'clock! Who but a fairy godmother with a wand could do things in that time? What generalship in the kitchen, under stewards, butlers and cooks, what wizardry in the matters of chickens, hothouse vegetables, fruits and ice-cream! But when the guests appeared all was smooth, quiet, certain and accomplished. It was organization,—the same kind of organization which prevailed in the factory prevailed in the home. Both were as accustomed to rush orders as a fire company is to alarms. Nothing ever surprised the people in Mr. Patterson's employ, nothing ever disconcerted them.

At the annual prize-winning party the guests numbered into the thousands, all dined under the trees at Far Hills. The prize suggestions were read and the awards presented. The inevitable stereopticon regaled the audience with the details of the workers who had added to the value of the output by valuable suggestion. A band of music added to the cheer and if there was a moon so much the better.

Twenty thousand covered the guest list at a monster picnic given by Mr. Patterson at the Community Country Club during the depression of 1903. They marched from their desks or their benches at the factory,—whole families joined in as the procession wound down the Cincinnati pike to the club grounds. There, entertained with golf, tennis or baseball, consuming mountains of sandwiches and cake, gallons of coffee and lemonade,

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they forgot that the papers talked of hard times and took heart for the future.

Always the double purpose, the tool that cut both ways, the constructive, hopeful, encouraging emphasis that bolstered flagging courage and sent people home warmed with hopefulness.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### *"Things to Do in the Next Five Years"*

On the night of December 13th, 1919, John Patterson, wrapped in a heavy coat, stood in the rain looking over the expanse of field and woodland—the land that his grandfather had bought, that his father had cultivated and where he himself had been born. Said he, "In less than two hours I shall be seventy-five years old. Time enough to recall past years. It was right down there on the farm where as a boy I learned some of the most valuable lessons in life,—hard work, simple living and good health."

One who was with him expressed the hope that he would enjoy many more anniversaries.

"I hope so," he replied, "the older I grow the more I see to do. Sometime in the next ten years Dayton will go over the three hundred thousand mark in population and she must be able to take care of her growth. We must have more municipal facilities, good streets, more parks, and playgrounds, the best water system, adequate sewage disposal and the highest type fire and police protection."

"But," he added, "there must be progress in other ways. Industry must come to an appreciation of the fact that we are facing new conditions. Working men and women are ready to do their part but there must be on

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the part of the employer not mere talk of a square deal but an actual square deal. People who work are entitled to a fair share of the rewards, among them wages that are more than sufficient for mere existence. They are entitled to share all the privileges coming to those who produce,—that is to say good working conditions and a co-operating responsibility with capital. This can be brought about by direct and intimate associating and co-operation and by the most rigid fair dealing on both sides,—in other words team-work both in production and distribution.”

It was with the intention of furthering these ideas and others akin to them that in July 1921 John Patterson resigned the presidency of the company in favor of his son. It was by no means to retire into inaction. It meant rather the taking on of new activities. At seventy-five he had a larger program before him than at fifty. But it was to be extended beyond his own concerns into the conduct of world affairs. Insatiable idealist that he was he had enlarged his territory to take in the world. The factory was not big enough. For him there was to be in everything an all-embracing internationalism.

Now, world affairs have hitherto been exclusively in the hands of statesmen and diplomats, but John Patterson suffered from no inferiority complex. He was no statesman, no diplomat, but that was no reason for his not doing his share to push the world along by means of the things he thought he knew better than anyone else,—publicity, organization and education applied to the people as a whole and the subsequent pressure from them to those in control, higher up. It was the literal

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application of democracy, to which so many are ready to give lip service and so few to put into practical utilization. This publicity, this organization, and this education he felt he was in a position to give. His part would be that of the silent agent who works the levers and pays the bills. Propaganda would move mountains if intelligently directed,—advertising raised to the highest degree.

In every case it was somebody else's ideas which he used, improved out of recognition, adopted to wider uses and spread by publicity that made John Patterson's work so effective. If he wore to better purpose than the original owners the garment of good citizenship it was due to his purposeful initiation and constructive propaganda. Other men had planted trees, laid out roads, established libraries and labored for the advancement of their native town but not one of them had ever scheduled his efforts and given them wide circulation.

But John Patterson planted himself across the pathways of public indifference and shouted his plans for community betterment through the stereopticon and from the lecture platform. What he would have done if the radio had been invented is a matter for deep conjecture. He wanted the churches to advertise. "If you have a good thing let the public know it," and the idea, so distasteful forty years ago has been accepted and the churches advertise. He once argued the matter with a prominent woman known nation-wide for her philanthropies. "You do a great deal of good with your money," he told her, "but not half you might do if you gave it

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publicity and got it talked about until others learned to be ashamed not to give."

In time he began to have imitators. Good suggestions are contagious. The "City Beautiful" idea began to grow. Investigators from other cities came to study the Dayton Plan of City Government, to look into the Boys' Gardens, to drive up the valley to where five stupendous dams demonstrate the greatest flood prevention plan ever known. It is not mere smug "boasting" to say that there are forces now in operation in Dayton,—social, commercial, industrial and educational, in splendid juxtaposition,—which were undreamed of forty years ago, many of them the result of the indomitable forcing of his ideas into the public mind by this one altruistic citizen. If he had been less of an advertiser it could never have come about.

With his new leisure two subjects took possession of Mr. Patterson's ambitions. They were, first, the centralization of aviation at Dayton and second the understanding by the public and acceptance by the government of the League of Nations. The subject of aviation had always been a cherished one with Mr. Patterson. It was a matter of joy that the invention of the airplane came from the Wright brothers,—Dayton men, and that the initial experiments had been made at Dayton. Here, he believed, on the spot where aviation was born, should the necessary research work be carried on at the field which would be at once the seat of experimentation and a memorial to the originators of the science of the Air. A flying field had indeed been established at the beginning of the war, abandoned after the armistice, removed

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to a more accessible location and now threatened with extinction if the government withdrew or limited its support.

The Congress of the United States had been requested for an appropriation of \$4,200,000 for aviation research work, a request approved by General Dawes. But the sub-committee of the House Military Affairs Committee recommended a reduction. The army appropriation bill as finally passed by the House included only \$3,250,000 for experimental and research work. Orville Wright had once declared that “the expenditure of ten million dollars in aeronautical research and experimentation before the war would have saved hundreds of millions that had to be spent to accomplish the same results after the war.” To be provided with less than one third of that sum for so important a task seemed bad management, which Mr. Patterson hated with all his thrifty soul. He had studied the subject of aviation protection and understood how far ahead of the United States were the countries of Europe. France, he knew, had seventeen hundred planes to our five hundred, that Great Britain had a thousand and that our quantity production of bombing planes came only as the war closed. He knew that when the U. S. entered the World War we did not possess a single fighting airplane. He was ashamed that America was taken by surprise and came so tardily into the manufacture of air munitions. He wished we might have been ahead of all the rest.

As in all other instances, Mr. Patterson’s interest in focusing aviation research in Dayton was a mixture of sentiment and practical business acumen. He could fore-

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see what the retention of the Field would mean to the city in increased population and prestige. He felt that the citizens of Dayton should, from their own resources, provide the land for such a project and expect the government to appropriate only the necessary upkeep expense.

Early in December 1921 Major Thurman H. Bane, Commandant at McCook Field, gravitated to Far Hills in search of possible sympathy and encouragement, as so many others had done. He laid the fact before his host, the necessity for a generous appropriation by Congress instead of the reduction of the proposed sum and the consequent crippling of aviation. His last words were, "If this appropriation fails of carrying it will be a calamity to the Air Service of the United States."

Mr. Patterson's reaction to this plea was immediate and emphatic. Two of his official force were dispatched to Washington where they remained for three months urging upon congressmen the necessity for a generous appropriation. The result of their efficient lobbying was to have \$1,750,000 added to the original sum which saved the day.

The purchase of a new site for the Field was a step further on, which fate denied to Mr. Patterson the opportunity of assisting. Suffice to say that where he left off other willing hands took up the work. Some months later, in the unprecedented time of two days and a whirlwind campaign under the leadership of Frederick Beck Patterson, the citizens of Dayton subscribed the sum of nearly half a million dollars for the purchase of five thousand acres of the tract of land upon



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which the Wright experiments had been made and presented it to the government.

With the announcement of the government's approval of the site, together with the increased appropriation, Dayton, the birthplace of aviation, became the permanent home and center of air science. But he who more than anyone else had thought and dreamed of it, worked for it, spent strength and time and money to bring it about was not here to see it triumph.

The second plan to which Mr. Patterson's soul had risen was the League of Nations. The mere idea, whether working a hundred per cent efficient or less, was what gripped him, for it embodied the principle of his life except with a wider arc of function. The waste and cruelty of war had always horrified him. His conviction, dating from his first dealings with his fellow men, that in most cases of misunderstandings and conflict all that was necessary was to get together and talk it over, seemed to be exemplified in this latest great international effort of co-operation.

Therefore, in the summer of 1920 Mr. Patterson made another trip to Europe, and his last. He went to make a study of the League and see for himself. Was it what its originators declared,—the first rational attempt in history to settle international disputes by arbitration and agreement instead of by arms? Or was it, as its detractors maintained, only an expensive, cumbersome aggregate of selfish national representatives, each out for gain at the expense of the rest? Therefore to Geneva he went, a man of seventy-seven, with no official position, no inside influence, a plain citizen of the world, out to discover at

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first hand what this stupendous experiment might signify. He meant, when he had found out, to let the whole world know, to spend the rest of his life press-agenting the League of Nations!

Established in a suite at the Hotel Beau Rivage he gave himself up to an intensive study of the principles, aims, personnel and organization of the League. The official members of that body put in an ordinary working day of seven hours at their desks. Mr. Patterson put in nearer seventeen. He attended all the conferences, mornings, afternoons and evenings, and then studied far into the night. He held long conversations with men in high control, Sir Eric Drummond, Sir Robert Cecil, Premier Lloyd George, Mr. Brantung of Sweden, Sir Arthur Sweetsir, Senor Madariaga, all of whom kept him informed of phases not known to the casual visitor. He met many connected with the personnel of the Secretariat and from each, owing to his insatiable curiosity, he gained something. As the weeks passed his conviction grew that here was functioning,—faultily and perhaps inadequately,—but really functioning,—an organization that contained the hope and the only hope of the world.

The revelation carried with it the certainty that others besides himself had been mis-informed as to the purposes of the League of Nations. Another chance to educate! The covenant of the League must be newly set forth and in such a way that the reader could see at a glance. Columns of newspaper print were no good. People did not read fine print. The chart was the thing. And the chart it should be.

So out came the old N.C.R. text-book, the pedestal

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pad, with its five black type headings, (1) Mentally, (2) Morally, (3) Physically, (4) Socially, (5) Financially;—the five avenues which are the way into the mind of the man to be reached. Every hour that could be snatched from the daily sessions of the Assembly was devoted to getting the exact data and putting it into chart form. Plainly and concisely put were what so few people even at this late day appreciate,—the objects of this co-operation between the nations of the world; (1) to eliminate the causes of war, (2) to co-operate in the search for raw materials and for world markets; (3) to promote trade and substitute team-work for competition, (4) to assure mutual help in the prevention of disease and (5) stop world-wide waste of effort.

On the second sheet of the chart the composition of the League was set forth; the (then) forty-eight participating and affiliating states; on the third the plan of organization,—the Secretariat, the Council and the Assembly and the functions of each. On a fourth the auxiliary organizations with their territorial administration, their permanent committees and advisory commissions; another explained the Secretariat with its administrative and clerical departments. There were eight of these leaf-charts bound together to fit over a pedestal and giving at a glance the whole story of so complicated an organization.

All this, it will not be surprising to learn, was most exhausting to the author of it. He literally worked day and night. Friends who met him in Europe that summer and fall testify to his excitability and general unmanageableness. He had a devoted professional attendant

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who counseled restraint and quiet but to wilfully deaf ears. It was growing late, the evening shades of life inevitably closing down and John Patterson had no time for rest. The world at large must know of this wonderful experiment in co-operation that was going on at Geneva. John Patterson was the means to that end. How could he rest? He strained his voice, his nerves and his heart in the effort.

Not that he believed the League of Nations a final and complete agency for preventing war, nor did he feel that it was without faults. He was strongly opposed to any coercion upon the United States to enter a war on behalf of other nations. But he wanted to see first, intelligent interest and understanding and then at least the beginning of co-operation. He compared the covenant of the League to the Constitution of the United States, both capable of being modified as occasion arose. He had supreme faith that if the man on the street (and his wife) got an idea straight in their heads, it would go through.

The charts when he had brought them home to Dayton were reproduced in quantity and erected at the factory where all could see. They were explained by speakers at the noon-hour in the Schoolhouse. They were sent as "copy" to trade journals; they were reproduced in the large form for use on platforms and in small size that could be carried in the pocket. They were sent to members of Congress and state legislatures; to ministers and public speakers, to Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce. Banks displayed them; schools put them up before the pupils, travelling men got them

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out of their pockets and studied them on the train. Thousands of people who never could have been induced to read the fine print pamphlets in technical language that the League puts out, “fell for” the Patterson charts.

In addition to the professional propagandists he talked the League constantly to people who came to his house. The effort took its toll physically. He had come home thoroughly exhausted in body, if not in spirit, and with a distressing hoarseness that made him at times almost inarticulate.

On Saturday, May sixth, 1922, medical advisors to Mr. Patterson held an informal consultation,—“checking up” it was called, to ascertain his general physical condition. He had expressed the wish to know how long he had to live,—he had so much yet to do. Doctors are known to be good prevaricators and the kinder they are the better they do it. Mr. Patterson’s heart, strained by his incessant exertions at Geneva, was not in the best condition. Manifestly it would do no good to tell him so. The answer to his question was one of those reassuring generalities which may be interpreted according to the optimism of the patient. This one received the impression that men with less vitality than himself had been known to live many years longer,—which was true as far as it went.

With this impression Mr. Patterson betook himself to the consideration of his pedestal chart upon which he had worked out a program of “Things to do for the next five years.” He meant to broadcast through the world the principles which had made his business successful

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and which he was certain if applied would solve the problems of the world,—democracy, fairness, getting together to talk it over, putting yourself in the other man's place, "doing justly, loving mercy and walking humbly." He would, so the chart declared, devote himself to furthering the needs of industry, the community, the state, the nations, the world. Under each heading was a detailed plan of procedure to fit the needs of all demands.

Having seen then, through the eye of imagination and the medium of chalk and paper, the world regenerated according to schedule, Mr. Patterson ordered his car and took what was his farewell view,—though he did not know it,—of the city he loved. Was it mere provincialism that to him Dayton was the loveliest place in the world? If so it was a proud provincialism shared with some of the greatest minds of history.

He knew every bend of the Miami River, every winding road, he almost knew every tree. On his own estate at Far Hills and the rolling reaches of Hills and Dales he did know trees individually and would drive his friends to see a certain dogwood lifting an unusual wealth of white blossoms to the April sun, or, if it were October, to a flaming maple setting the woods ablaze with color. To drive with him was to see unexpected beauties never imagined before. He knew where to stop his car at the summit of a hill whence the maximum curve of the river and the perspective of the valley might be seen.

To the writer, at the close of her last talk with him at Far Hills, in April 1922 he presented an armful of

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snowy dogwood branches and pink Judas-tree sprays saying, “Heaven itself can never be more beautiful than the Dayton hills in the spring.” He loved to recall how the woods gave him all his pleasures when a boy, the sugar-camp in the early spring, the Saturday expeditions after nuts, the river where he fished and the pools where he swam. Piles of red apples, tangles of scarlet sumac bushes, brown butternuts, wild roses growing among the elder flowers in fence corners,—these free and simple glories gave him pleasure which no money could have purchased. Those to whom such things bring no measure of enjoyment, thought him sentimental and old-fashioned. Those who cherished them as he did thought it the happiest and most lovable side of his nature.

That night Mr. Patterson took a late train to Atlantic City where he meant to rest by the sea, while thinking over new plans for the occupation of his short future.

How short he was never to realize. Happier that he did not! On the train a few miles out of Philadelphia, he put his hand to his throat with a sudden gesture of distress. His valet gave him air and called for help, but it was all over before remedies could be applied.

A few hours later there was borne in at the door whence he had so valiantly issued a short time before, all that was left of John Patterson. There, in the room where he had planned his ambitious program of human service they laid his quiet form.

The shears of Destiny had made a sudden end of “things to do in the next five years.” An end to the planning for the improvement of the factory, the city, the state, the nation, the world. An end to organizing

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and advertising, an end to influencing and educating, an end to investigating, learning and doing.

The city John Patterson loved and served was in sorrow,—mourning for its best citizen.

And when he was carried to his last resting place in Woodland Cemetery fifteen hundred children from the city schools lined the pathway of the hearse and piled it high with the blossoming branches of the spring.

If a worthy testimonial were erected to the memory of John H. Patterson it would read something like this:

### DEDICATED

BY A GRATEFUL CITIZENRY OF DAYTON

TO THE MEMORY OF AN

APOSTLE OF PROGRESS AND A CREATIVE IDEALIST

WHO MADE GOOD THINGS COME TRUE

**PROMOTER OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP**—He stimulated a high sense of community pride and fathered advanced ideals in municipal government.

**PRACTICAL EDUCATOR**—He made two ideas grow in minds where only one grew before.

**PIONEER IN INDUSTRIAL WELFARE AND CO-OPERATION**—He believed in mutual understanding between employers and employes and between the nations of the world.

**ORIGINATOR OF SCHOOL AND MUNICIPAL GARDENS IN AMERICA**—He taught boys and girls the value of thrift and the love of the soil.

**BENEFACTOR DURING THE FLOOD OF 1913**—He saved many lives and led a successful movement for the permanent protection of this valley.

**PROMOTER OF HEALTH AND HYGIENE**—He taught and practiced the virtues of abstinence, sobriety and self-control.

**LOVER OF DAYTON**—Its hills, woods and rivers; he gave to the city the park in which this monument stands.

**FRIEND OF CHILDREN** and a stimulating influence in the lives of young people, he said:

**“MY BEST INVESTMENTS ARE IN HUMANITY”**



